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REVEREND VICESIMUS KNOX, D.D.

A New Edition

PREPARED BY

James G. Percival

VOL. VI. POETRY.

Engd by J.B.Nicoll

BOSTON

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PRINCIPALLY DESIGNED

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ORIGINALLY COMPILED BY THE

REV. VICESIMUS KNOX, D. D.

A new Edition, embellished with elegant Engravings.

PREPARED BY

JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. VI.—POETRY.

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JNO. W. DAVIS, *Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.*

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ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

POETICAL.

BOOK THE THIRD.

DRAMATIC, CHIEFLY FROM SHAKSPEARE.

§ 1. ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL. SHAKSPEARE.

Advice.

BE thou blest, Bertram! and succeed thy father
In manners as in shape; thy blood and virtue
Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodness
Share with thy birth-right. Love all; trust a few;
Do wrong to none; be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key; be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech. What Heaven more will, [down,
That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck
Fall on thy head!

Too ambitious Love.

I am undone; there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. It were all one,
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it, he is so above me!
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere,
Th' ambition in my love thus plagues itself;
The hind that would be mated by the lion
Must die for love. 'Twas pretty tho' a plague,
To see him every hour; to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table: heart, too capable
Of every line and trick of his sweet favor!
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relics.

A parasitical vain Coward.

I know him a notorious liar;
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him, [bones
That they take place, when virtue's steely
Look bleak in the cold wind: withal, full oft we see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

Character of a noble Courtier, by an old Cotemporary.

King. I would I had that corporal soundness now,
As when thy father and myself in friendship
First tried our soldiership! He did look far
Into the service of the time, and was
Discipled of the bravest. He lasted long;
But on us both did haggish age steal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father. In his youth
He had the wit which I can well observe
To day in our young lords; but they may jest
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honor:
So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride or sharpness; if they were,
His equal had awak'd them; and his honor,
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speak; and at that time
His tongue obey'd his hand. Who were below
He us'd as creatures of another place, [him
And bow'd his imminent top to their low ranks,

Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praise he humbled; such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times,
Which, followed well, would demonstrate them
But goers backward. [now
Would I were with him!—He would always
say—
(Methinks I hear him now; his plausive words
He scatter'd not in ears; but grafted them
To grow there, and to bear) "Let me not
live,"
—Thus his good melancholy oft began,
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime, [he,
When it was out—"Let me not live," quoth
"After my flame lacks oil; to be the snuff
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain; whose judgments
are [stancies
Mere fathers of their garments; whose con-
Expire before their fashions"—This he wish'd.
I, after him, do after him wish too,
—Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home,
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
To give some laborer room.

Honor due to personal Virtue, not to Birth.

Strange is it, that our bloods, [together,
Whose color, weight, and heat, pour'd out
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand
In diff'rences so mighty. If she be [off
All that is virtuous, save what thou dislik'st,
—A poor physician's daughter, thou dislik'st
Of virtue for the name,—But do not so——
From lowest place when virtuous things pro-
ceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed.
Where great addition swells, and virtue none,
It is a dropsied honor; good alone
Is good without a name; vileness is so:
The property, by what it is, should go,
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;
In these, to nature she's immediate heir;
And these breed honor: that is honor's scorn,
Which challenges itself as honor's born,
And is not like the sire. Honors thrive
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our fore-goers; the mere word 's a slave
Debauch'd on every tomb, on every grave;
A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb,
Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
Of honor'd bones indeed.

Self-accusation of too great Love.

Poor lord! is 't I
That chase thee from thy country, and expose
Those tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-sparing war? And is it I [thou
That drive thee from the sportive court, where
Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of smoky muskets? O you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aim; move the still piercing air,
That sings with piercing, do not touch my
lord!
Whoever shoots at him, I set him there:
Whoever charges on his forward breast,
I am the caitiff that do hold him to it:
And though I kill him not, I am the cause
His death was so effected. Better 'twere
I met the raving lion, when he roar'd
With sharp constraint of hunger, better 'twere
That all the miseries which nature owes
Were mine at once. No, come thou home,
Rousillon,
Whence honor but of danger wins a scar,
As oft it loses all. I will be gone:
My being here it is, that holds thee hence.
Shall I stay here to do it? No, no, although
The air of Paradise did fan the house,
And angels offic'd all: I will be gone;
That pitiful rumor may report my flight,
To consolate thine ear.

Custom of Seducers.

As, so you serve us, [roses,
Till we serve you; but when you have our
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,
And mock us with our bareness.

Against Delay.

Let 's take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
Th' inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals, ere we can effect them.

Excuse for unreasonable Dislike.

At first
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the impression of mine eye enfixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favor;
Scorned a fair color, or express'd it stolen;
Extended or contracted all proportions
To a most hideous object; thence it came,
That she whom all men prais'd, and whom
myself,
Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in my eye
The dust that did offend it.

§ 2. AS YOU LIKE IT. SHAKSPEARE.

Playfellow.

WE have still slept together; [ther;
Rose at an instant; learn'd, play'd, eat toge-
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled, and inseparable.

Fond youthful Friendship.

Celia. O my poor Rosalind, whither wilt
thou go? [mine.
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee
I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than
Rosalind. I have more cause. [I am.
Celia. Thou hast not, cousin. [Duke
Pr'ythee be cheerful: know'st thou not, the
Has banish'd me, his daughter?
Rosalind. That he hath not. [the love
Celia. No? hath not? Rosalind lacks then
Which teacheth me that thou and I are one:
Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet
girl?

No, let my father seek another heir.
Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us:
And do not seek to take your change upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out:
For by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Solitude preferred to a Court Life, and the Advantages of Adversity.

Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The season's difference; as the icy fang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind;
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say,
"This is no flattery; these are counsellors,
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.
I would not change it!

Amiens. Happy is your grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style!

Reflections on a wounded Stag, and on the melancholy Jaques.

Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should in their own confines, with forked heads,
Have their round haunches gored.

1st Lord. Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
And, in that kind swears, you do more usurp
Than doth your brother who hath banish'd you.
To day my lord of Amiens and myself,
Did steal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique roots peep out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish: and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,
Much mark'd of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on th' extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke s. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

1st Lord. O yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping in the needless stream,
Poor deer, quoth he, thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much. Then, being alone,
Left and abandoned of his velvet friends;
'Tis right, quoth he; thus misery doth part
The flux of company. Anon, a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him: Ah, quoth Jaques,
Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
'Tis just the fashion; wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life; swearing that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
To fright the animals, and kill them up,
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

Duke s. And did you leave him in this contemplation? [commenting

Amiens. We did, my lord, weeping and
Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke s. Shew me the place;
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he is full of matter.

Conspicuous Virtue exposed to Envy.

Adam. What! my young master? O my gentle master,
O my sweet master! O you memory [here?
Of old Sir Rowland! why what make you
Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you? [liant?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and va-
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bony priser of the humorous duke? [you.
Your praise is come too swiftly home before
Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours; your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
Oh! what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it? [

Resolved Honesty.

Orlando. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?
Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do—
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood, and bloody brother.

Gratitude in an old Servant.

Adam. But do not so; I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
Which I did store, to be my foster nurse
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown.
Take that; and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;

All this I give you; let me be your servant:
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did I with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility:
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty but kindly. Let me go with you,
I 'll do the service of a younger man,
In all your business and necessities.

Orlando. Oh! good old man, how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When servants sweat for duty not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion;
And, having that, do choak their service up,
Even with the having. It is not so with thee—
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
But come thy ways, we'll go along together,
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on; and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty——
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek,
But at fourscore it is too late a week;
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better
Than to die well and not my master's debtor.

Lover described.

Oh thou didst then ne'er love so heartily.
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into
Thou hast not lov'd——
Or if thou hast not sate as I do now,
Wearying thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not lov'd——
Or if thou hast not broke from company
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not lov'd—

Description of a Fool, and his Morals on the Time.

Jaques. As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down, and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms—
In good set terms—and yet a motley fool.
"Good-morrow, fool," quoth I: "No, Sir," quoth he, [fortune."
"Call me not fool, till Heaven hath sent me
And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says, very wisely, "It is ten o'clock: [wags:
Thus we may see," quoth he, "how the world
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine:
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven:
And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
And then from hour to hour we rot and rot.
And thereby hangs a tale." When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep contemplative:
And I did laugh sans intermission,
An hour by his dial.

Duke. What fool is this? [a courtier;

Jaques. O worthy fool! one that had been
And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms. Oh that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat!

Distress prevents Ceremony.

The thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility.

A tender Petition and Reply.

Orlando. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:
I thought that all things had been savage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you
That in this desert inaccessible, [are,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days;
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to
If ever sat at any good man's feast; [church;
If ever from your eye-lids wip'd a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied—
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be;
In the which hope I blush and hide my sword.

Duke. True it is that we have seen better days, [church,
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to
And sat at good men's feasts: and wip'd our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd:
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command what help we have,
That to your wanting may be minister'd.

Orlando. Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love; till he be first suffic'd,
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,
I will not touch a bit! [

The World compared to a Stage.

Thou see'st we are not all alone unhappy—
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play.

Jaques. All the world 's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,

Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms:
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress's eye-brow. Then the soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on 's nose and pouch on 's side:
His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shanks; and his big manly voice,
Turning again towards childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Ingratitude. A Song.

Blow, blow, thou winter-wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude:
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Tho' thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.

Scornful Love.

Sylvius. The common executioner,
Whose heart th' accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humble neck,
But first begs pardon; will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?
Phœbe. I would not be thy executioner:
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye;
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:
Now counterfeit to swoon: why now fall down;
Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee:
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it: lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps; but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
Now, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt to any.
Sylvius. O dear Phœbe,
If ever (as that ever may be near) you meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That Love's keen arrows make.

Scorn retorted.

Od's my little life!
I think she means to tangle mine eyes too.
No, 'faith, proud mistress! hope not after it.
'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain!
You are a thousand times a properer man
Than she a woman: 'Tis such fools as you
That make the world full of ill-favour'd children.
'Tis not her glass, but you that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper
Than any of her lineaments can show her.
But, mistress, know yourself; down on your knees and thank Heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can, you are not for all markets.
Cry the man mercy, love him, take his offer:
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.

Tender Love.

So holy, and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then
A scatter'd smile, and that I 'll live upon.

Real Love dissembled.

Think not I love him, though I ask for him;
'Tis but a peevish boy:—yet he talks well.—
But what care I for words? Yet words do well,
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth;—not very pretty;—
But sure he's proud: and yet his pride becomes him:
He'll make a proper man: the best thing in him
Is his complexion: and faster than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall;
His leg is but so so: and yet 'tis well:
There was a pretty redness in his lip,
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.
There be some women, Sylvius, had they mark'd him

In parcels, as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him; but, for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love
For what had he to do to chide at me? [him;
He said mine eyes were black, and my hair black;
And now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me:
I marvel why I answer'd not again;
But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.

A fine Description of a sleeping Man, about to be destroyed by a Snake and a Lioness.

Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
And high top bald with high antiquity,
A wretched, ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back; about his neck
A green and gilded snake had writh'd itself,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
And with intended glides did slip away
Into a bush; under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry, [watch
Lay couching, head on ground, with cat-like
When that the sleeping man should stir; for
The royal disposition of that beast ['tis
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead.

§ 3. COMEDY OF ERRORS.

SHAKSPEARE.

Man's Pre-eminence.

WHY head-strong liberty is lash'd with woe,
There's nothing situate under Heaven's eye,
But hath its bound, in earth, in sea, in sky;
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' subjects, and at their controls.
Men, more divine, the master of all these,
Lords of the wide world, and wild wat'ry seas,
Indued with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pre-eminence than fish or fowls,
Are masters to their females, and their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.

Patience easier taught than practised.

Patience unmov'd, no marvel though she pause;
They can be meek, that have no other cause.
A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry; [pain.
But, were we burden'd with like weight of
As much or more we should ourselves complain.

Defamation.

I see the jewel best enamelled
Will lose its beauty; and tho' gold bides still,
That others touch; yet often touching will
Wear gold. And so no man that hath a name,
But falsehood and corruption doth it shame.

Wife's Exhortation on a Husband's Infidelity.

Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange and frown;
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects:
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife. [vow
The time was once when thou, unurg'd, wouldst
That never words were music to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well welcome to thine hand,
That never meat sweet savor'd in thy taste,
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd. to thee. [comes it,
How comes it now, my husband, Oh, how
That thou art thus estranged from thyself?
Thyself I call it, being strange to me:
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear self's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me:
For know, my love, as easy mayst thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulf,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition or diminishing,
As take from me thyself, and not me too.

Document for Wives, and the ill Effects of Jealousy.

Abbess. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck at sea? [eye
Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?
A sin prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?
Adriana. To none of these, except it be the last;
Namely, some love that drew him off from home. [hended him.
Abbess. You should for that have repre-
Adriana. Why so I did.
Abbess. But not rough enough. [let me.
Adriana. As roughly as my modesty would
Abbess. Haply in private.
Adriana. And in assemblies too.
Abbess. But not enough.
Adriana. It was the copy of our conference;
In bed, he slept not for my urging it;
At board, he fed not for my urging it;
Alone, it was the subject of my theme:
In company, I often glanced at it:
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.
Abbess. And therefore came it that the man was mad.
The venom clamors of a jealous woman
Poison more deadly than a mad-dog's tooth.
It seems his sleeps were hindered by thy railing;
And therefore comes it that his head is light.
Thou say'st his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraidings;
Unquiet meals make ill digestions,
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;
And what 's a fever, but a fit of madness?
Thou say'st his sports were hindered by thy brawls:
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue
But moody and dull melancholy,
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair?
And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures and foes to life.

Description of a beggarly Conjurer, or a Fortune-Teller.

A hungry, lean-faced villain,
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller,
A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,
A living dead-man: this pernicious slave,
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer:
And gazing in my eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no face as 't were outfacing me.
Cries out, I was possest.

Old Age.

Not know my voice! O time's extremity,
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?
Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up:
Yet hath my night of life some memory;
My wasting lamp some fading glimmer left;
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:
All these old witnesses,—I cannot err,—
Tell me, thou art my son, Antipholus.

§ 4. LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

SHAKSPEARE.

A laudable Ambition for Fame and true Conquest described.

King. LET Fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace us in the disgrace of death;
When, spite of cormorant devouring time,
Th' endeavour of this present breath may buy
That honor which shall bate his scythe's keen edge,
And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors! for so you are
That war against your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's desires;—
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force.
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world:
Our court shall be a little academe,
Still and contemplative in living art.

On Study.

Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep search'd with saucy looks;
Small have continual plodders ever won
Save base authority from others' books:
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights,
Than those that walk, and wot not what they are.
Too much to know, is to know nought but fame,
And every godfather can give a name.

A conceited Courtier, or Man of Compliments.

Our court, you know, is haunted
With a refined traveller of Spain;
A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain:
One whom the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony:
A man of compliments, whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny.
This child of fancy, that Armado hight,
For interim to our studies, shall relate
In high-born words the worth of many a knight,
From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.
How you delight, my lords, I know not, I:
But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,
And I will use him for my minstrelsy.

Biron. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight.

A Merry Man.

A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal.
His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

A Comical Description of Cupid or Love.

O! and I forsooth, in love!
I, that have been love's whip:
A very beadle to a humorous sigh:
A critic; nay, a night-watch constable;
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
Than whom no mortal more magnificent;
This whimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy,
This Signior Julio's giant dwarf, Dan Cupid,
Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
Th' anointed sovereign of sighs and groans;
Liege of all loiterers and malcontents;
Sole imperator, and great general
Of trotting 'paritors: (O my little heart)
And I to be a corporal of his file,
And wear his colours! like a tumbler's hoop!
What? I! I love! I sue! I seek a wife!
A woman, that is like a German clock,
Still a-repairing; ever out of frame,
And never going right, being a watch,
But being watch'd, that it may still go right?

Sonnet.

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye
('Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument)
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows, for thee broke, deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore; but I will prove
(Thou being a goddess) I forswore not thee.
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love:
Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me.
Vows are but breath, and breath a vapor is;

Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost
Exhal'st this vapor vow; in thee it is: [shine,
If broken then, it is no fault of mine;
If by me broke, what fool is not so wise,
To lose an oath to win a paradise?

Another.

On a day (alack the day!)
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spy'd a blossom passing fair
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, 'gan passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;—
Air, would I might triumph so!
But, alack! my hand is sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn.
Vow, alack! for youth unmeet,
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.
Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee:
Thou for whom e'en Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiope were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.

Commanding Beauty.

——Who sees the heavenly Rosalind,
That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,
At the first opening of the gorgeous east,
Bows not his vassal head, and, strucken blind,
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?
What peremptory eagle-sighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majesty?

The Power of Love.

Why universal plodding prisons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries,
As motion and long-during action tire
The sinewy vigor of the traveller.
- - - - - - - - -
When would you, my liege—or you—or you—
In leaden contemplation have found out
Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes
Of beauteous tutors have enrich'd you with?
Other slow arts entirely keep the brain;
And therefore finding barren practisers,
Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil;
But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain;
But, with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every pow'r;
And gives to every pow'r a double pow'r;
Above their functions and their offices,
It adds a precious seeing to the eye;
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind:
A lover's ears will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of theft is stopt.
Love's feeling is more soft and sensible
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails.
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste,
For valor, is not love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
Subtle as Sphinx; as sweet and musical
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair:
And when love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.
Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were tempered with love's sighs:
O then his eyes would ravish savage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire:
They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world;
Else, none at all in aught proves excellent.

Ladies mask'd and unmask'd.

Fair ladies mask'd are roses in the bud;
Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown,
Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown.

A Lord Chamberlain or Gentleman Usher.

This fellow pecks up wit, as pigeons pease;
And utters it again when God doth please:
He is wit's pedler; and retails his wares [fairs.
At wakes, and wassels, meetings, markets,
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.
This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve;
Had he been Adam he had tempted Eve.
He can carve too, and lisp: Why this is he
That kiss'd his hand away in courtesy;
This is the ape of form, Monsieur the nice,
That when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honorable terms: nay, he can sing
A mean most meanly; and in ushering
Mend him who can: the ladies call him sweet;
The stairs as he treads on them kiss his feet.
This is the flower that smiles on every one,
To show his teeth as white as whale his bone:
And consciences that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honey-tongu'd Boyet.
- - - - - - - - - - -
See where it comes! Behaviour, what wert thou [now?
Till this man show'd thee? and what art thou

The Effects of Love.

For your fair sakes have we neglected time,
Play'd foul play with our oaths; your beauty, ladies, [mors
Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our hu-
Even to the opposed end of our intents;
And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous—
As love is full of unbefitting strains,
All wanton as a child, skipping and vain;
Form'd by the eye; and therefore like the eye,
Full of strange shapes, of habits, and of forms,
Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll
To every vary'd object in his glance:
Which party-colored presence of loose love,
Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
'T hath misbecom'd our oaths and gravities,
Those heavenly eyes that look into these faults
Suggested us to make them; therefore, ladies,

Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewise yours.

Trial of Love.

If this austere, insociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging and thin weeds,
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial, and last love;
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge me.

Jest and Jester.

Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my lord Biron,
Before I saw you: and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;
Full of comparisons, and wounding flouts;
Which you on all estates will execute,
That lie within the mercy of your wit: [brain
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful
And therewithal to win me, if you please,
(Without the which I am not to be won) [day,
You shall this twelvemonth term, from day to
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches: and your task shall
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit, [be,
T' enforce the pained impotent to smile.
Bir. To move wild laughter in the throat of death?
It cannot be, it is impossible:
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony. [spirit,
Ros. Why, that's the way to choak a gibing
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools:
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it. Then, if sickly ears,
Deaft with the clamors of their own dear groans,
Will bear your idle scorns, continue then,
And I will have you, and that fault withal;
But if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.

Spring. A Song.

When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckow buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight:
The cuckow, then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckow!
Cuckow! Cuckow! O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!
When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are plowmen's clocks;
When turtles tread, and rooks and daws;
And maidens bleach their summer smocks:
The cuckow then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckow!
Cuckow! Cuckow! O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

Winter. A Song.

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail;
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail;
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl
To-whoo!
Tu-whit, to-whoo, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot
When all aloud the wind doth blow
And coughing drowns the parson's saw;
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw:
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl
To-whoo!
Tu-whit, to-whoo, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

§ 5. MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

SHAKSPEARE.

Virtue given to be exerted.

THERE is a kind of character in thy life,
That, to the observer, doth thy history
Fully unfold: thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, them on thee.
Heav'n doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd
But to fine issues: nor nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goodness, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use.

Dislike of Popularity.

I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause and aves vehement:
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
That does affect it.

Neglected Laws.

This new governor
Awakes me all th' enrolled penalties,
Which have, like unscour'd armor, hung by the wall [round,
So long, that nineteen zodiacs have gone
And none of them been worn; and for a name,
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
Freshly on me: 'tis surely for a name.

Licentiousness the Consequence of unexecuted Laws.

We have strict statutes, and most biting laws, [steeds),
(The needful bits and curbs to headstrong

Which for these nineteen years we have let
Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave, [sleep;
That goes not out to prey: now as fond fathers
Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight
For terror, not for use; in time the rod
Becomes more mock'd than fear'd; so our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;
And liberty plucks justice by the nose:
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

A Virgin addressed.

Hail, virgin, if you be; as those cheek-roses
Proclaim you are no less!

A Religious profest.

I hold you as a thing ensky'd and sainted;
By your renouncement, an immortal spirit,
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a saint.

Resolution.

Our doubts are traitors;
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt.

All Men frail.

Angelo. We must not make a scare-crow of the law,
Setting it up to scare the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape till custom make it
Their perch and not their terror.
Esca. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruise to death: alas! this gentleman,
Whom I would save, had a most noble father.
Let but your honor know,
(Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue)
That in the working of your own affections,
Had time coher'd with place, or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of your blood
Could have attain'd th' effect of your own purpose,
Whether you had not some time in your life
Err'd in this point, which now you censure [him,
And pull'd the law upon you.
Angelo. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall. I'll not deny, [jury,
The jury, passing on the pris'ner's life,
May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try; what 's open made
To justice, that justice seizes. What know the laws [pregnant,
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very
The jewel that we find, we stoop and take it,
Because we see it; but what we do not see,
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence,
For I have had such faults: but rather tell me,
When I that censure him do so offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial.

Mercy in Governors recommended.

No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does. If he had been as you,
And you as he, you would have slipt like him,
But he, like you, would not have been so stern.

The Duty of mutual Forgiveness.

——Alas! alas!
Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once,
And he that might the vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If he, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? Oh! think on that:
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.

Unprepared Death.

Isab. To-morrow! O, that 's sudden! spare him, spare him: [kitchens
He 's not prepar'd for death! Even for our
We kill the fowl of season; shall we serve
With less respect than we do minister [Heaven
To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, bethink you;
Who is it that hath dy'd for this offence?
—There's many have committed it.
Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept;
Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,
If the first man that did th' edict infringe
Had answer'd for his deed: now, 'tis awake;
Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass, that shows what future evils
(Or new, or by remissness new conceiv'd,
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born)
Are now to have no successive degrees,
But, ere they live, to end.

Justice.

Isab. Yet show some pity. [justice;
Ang. I show it most of all when I show
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall;
And do him right, that, answering one foul
Lives not to act another. [wrong,

The Abuse of Authority.

Oh, 'tis excellent
To have a giant's strength! but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

Great Men's Abuse of Power.

Could great men thunder, [quiet;
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be
For ev'ry pelting, petty officer [but thunder!
Would use his heav'n for thunder! Nothing
Merciful heav'n! [bolt
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous

Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
Than the soft myrtle. O, but man! proud
Drest in a little brief authority, [man,
Most ignorant of what he 's most assur'd,
His glassy essence—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heav'n
As makes the angels weep; who, with our
Would all themselves laugh mortal. [spleens,

Consciousness of our own Faults should make us merciful.

Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me? [others,
Isab. Because authority, though it err like
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skims the vice o' the top: go to your bosom: [know
Knock there; and ask your heart what it doth
That 's like my brother's fault: if it confess
A natural guiltiness, such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

Honest Bribery.

Isab. Hark how I 'll bribe you! Good my
Ang. How! bribe me? [Lord, turn back.
Isab. Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,
Or stones whose rate is either rich or poor
As fancy values them; but with true prayers,
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there
Ere the sun rise: prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

The Power of virtuous Beauty.

Isab. Save your honour! [Exit *Isab.*
Ang. From thee; even from thy virtue!—
What's this? What's this? Is this her fault or mine? [ha!
The tempter, or the tempted, who sins most?
Not she; nor doth she tempt; but it is I,
That, lying by the violet, in the sun,
Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be,
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground
Shall we desire to rase the sanctuary, [enough,
And pitch our evils there? Oh, fie, fie, fie,
What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo?
Dost thou desire her foully, for those things
That make her good? Oh, let her brother live:
Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges steal themselves. What! do I
That I desire to hear her speak again, [love her,
And feast upon her eyes? What is 't I dream
Oh, cunning enemy, that to catch a saint, [on?
With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
Is that temptation, that does goad us on
To sin in loving virtue: ne'er could the strumpet,
With all her double vigor, art and nature,
Once stir my temper: but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite.———

Love in a grave severe Governor.

When I would pray and think, I think and pray [words:
To sev'ral subjects: Heav'n hath my empty
Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel. Heav'n 's in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew his name;
And in my heart the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception: the state whereon I studied,
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown fear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
Could I with boot, change for an idle plume
Which the air beats for vain. O place! O form!
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming! Blood, thou still art blood!
Let 's write good angel on the devil's horn;—
'Tis not the devil's crest.

A simile on the Presence of the beloved Object.

———O Heavens!
Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,
Making both it unable for itself,
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitness?
So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;
Come all to help him, and thus stop the air
By which he should revive: and even so
The gen'ral subject to a well-wish'd king,
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness [love
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught
Must needs appear offence.

Heroic Female Virtue.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life
(As I subscribe not that or any other,
But in the loss of question), that you his sister,
Finding yourself desir'd of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-binding law; and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body,
To this supposed, or else to let him suffer;
What would you do? [self:
Isab. As much for my poor brother as myThat is, were I under the terms of death,
Th' impression of keen whips I 'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death as to a bed
That longing I have been sick for, ere I 'd
My body up to shame. [yield
Ang. Then must your brother die.
Isab. And 'twere the cheaper way:
Better it were a brother died at once,
Than that a sister, by redeeming him
Should die for ever.
Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the
That you have slander'd so? [sentence

Isab. An ignominious ransom, and free pardon,
Are of two houses; lawful mercy sure,
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

Hope.

The miserable have no other medicine
But only hope.

Moral Reflections on the Vanity of Life.

Be absolute for death; either death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing [with life:
That none but fools would keep: a breath thou
Servile to all the skiey influences, [art,
That do this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool;
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet runn'st tow'rd him still. Thou art not noble;
For all the accommodations that thou bear'st
Are nurs'd by baseness: thou art by no means valiant;
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st: yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself;
For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains;
That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not;
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get;
And what thou hast, forgett'st. Thou art not certain;
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
After the moon. If thou art rich, thou 'rt poor;
For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee. Friend thou hast none;
For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,
The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,
For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth nor age,
But as it were an after dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld; and when thou art old and rich, [beauty,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor
To make thy riches pleasant. What 's yet in this,
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thousand deaths: yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.

The Terrors of Death most in Apprehension.

Claud. Is there no remedy? [head,
Isab. None but such remedy as, to save a
Would cleave a heart in twain.
Claud But is there any?
- - - - - - - - - - - - -
Isab. O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,
Lest thou a fev'rous life shouldst entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honor. Dar'st thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corp'ral sufferance feels a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

Resolution from a Sense of Honor.

Claud. Why give you me this shame?
Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flow'ry tenderness? If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in my arms! [father's grave
Isab. There spake my brother; there my
Did utter forth a voice.

A sainted Hypocrite.

Isab. Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble to conserve a life [puty
In base appliances. This outward sainted de-
Whose settled visage and delib'rate word
Nips youth i' th' head, and follies doth emmew
As falcon doth the fowl, is yet a devil;
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.
Claud. The princely Angelo?
Isab. O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damnedst body to invest and cover
In princely guards!

The Terrors of Death.

Isab. O, were it but my life,
I 'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin!
- - - - - - - - - -
Claud. Ah, Isabel!
Isab. What says my brother?
Claud. —— Death's a fearful thing.
Isab. And shamed life a hateful. [where;
Claud. Ah, but to die, and go we know not
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the dilated spirit
To bathe in fiery floods; or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice:
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendant world; or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling! 'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury, imprisonment,
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

Cowardly Apprehension of Death reproached.

Isab. O, faithless coward! O dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is 't not a kind of incest, to take life [I think?
From thine own sister's shame? What should
Heaven grant my mother play'd my father fair!
For such a warped slip of wilderness [ance—
Ne'er issued from his blood.—Take my defi-
Die, perish! might but my bending down

Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed—
Oh, fie, fie, fie!
Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade;
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd;
'Twere best thou diest quickly!

A beautiful Song.

Take, O take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again;
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.
Hide, O hide those hills of snow,
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are of those that April wears;
But my poor heart first set free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

Execution finely expressed.

By eight to-morrow
Thou shalt be made immortal!

Sound Sleep.

As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guiltless labor
When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones.

Character of an Arch Hypocrite.

O, I conjure thee, prince, as thou believ'st
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madness: make not impossible [sible
That which but seems unlike: 'tis not impos-
But one, the wickedest caitiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute,
As Angelo; even so may Angelo,
In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms,
Be an arch villain: trust me, royal prince,
If he be less, he's nothing: but he's more,
Had I more names for badness.

Respect due to Place.

Respect to your great place!—and let the devil
Be sometimes honor'd for his burning throne.

Impossibility of Intercession.

Against all sense you do importune her.
Should she kneel down, in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror!

Reformed Man sometimes best.

They say best men are moulded out of faults! [better
And for the most, become much more the
For being a little bad; so may my husband.

§ 6. THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

SHAKSPEARE.

Natural Presentiment of Evil finely pointed out; with a Contrast of a cheerful and melancholy Man.

Ant. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad;
It wearies me: you say, it wearies you:
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn.
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.
Salar. Your mind is tossing on the ocean,
There where your argosies with portly sail,
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or as it were the pageants of the sea,——
Do over-peer the petty traffickers,
That curtsey to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.
Salan. Believe me, Sir, had I such ven- [tures,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still forth,
Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind:
Peering in maps, for ports, and piers, and roads:
And every object, that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,
Would make me sad.
Salar. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats;
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,
Vailing her high top lower than her ribs,
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all her spices on the stream:
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks:
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think of this! and shall I lack the thought
That such a thing bechanc'd, would make me
But tell not me; I know Antonio [sad?
Is sad to think upon his merchandise.
Ant. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore my merchandise makes me not sad.
Sal. Why then you are in love.
Ant. Fie, fie.
Sal. Not in love neither! Then let us say you are sad,
Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easy
For you to laugh, and leap, and say you are merry, [Janus,
Because you are not sad. Now by two-headed
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time: [eyes,
Some that will evermore peep through their
And laugh like parrots at a bag-piper:
And others of such vinegar aspect, [smile,
That they 'll not show their teeth in way of
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Cheerfulness and affected Gravity contrasted.

Let me play the fool: [come;
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles
And let my liver rather heat with wine
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man whose blood is warm with-
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster? [in,
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio,
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks:
There are a sort men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond;
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be drest in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who should say, "I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark."
O, my Antonio, I do know of those,
That therefore only are reputed wise,
For saying nothing; who, I am very sure,
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears,
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
I'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fish not with this melancholy bait,
For this fool gudgeon, this opinion.

Generous and disinterested Friendship.

Ant. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know
And, if it stand, as you yourself still do, [it:
Within the eye of honor, be assur'd
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way, with more advised watch,
To find the other; and, by advent'ring both,
I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much; and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost: but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt—
As I will watch the aim,—or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Ant. You know me well; and herein spend but time,
To wind about my love with circumstance;
And, out of doubt, you do me now more
In making question of my uttermost, [wrong,
Than if you had made waste of all I have.
Then do but say to me what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest unto it: therefore, speak.

- - - - - - - - - - - -

—Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at
Neither have I money, nor commodity [sea;
To raise a present sum: therefore go forth,
Try what my credit can in Venice do;
That shall be rack'd even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is; and I no question make
To have it of my trust, or for my sake.

A Jew's Malice.

Bass. This is signor Antonio.

Shyl. How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him, for he is a Christian: [*Aside.*
But more for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice
If I can catch him once upon the hip
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation; and he rails
E'en there, where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

A Jew's Sanctity and Hypocrisy.

Shyl. When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep,
This Jacob from our holy Abraham was
(As his wise mother wrought in his behalf)
The third possessor; ay, he was the third.

Ant. And what of him? did he take interest? [would say,

Shyl. No, not take interest; not as you
Directly interest; mark what Jacob did:
When Laban and himself were compromis'd,
That all the eanlings, which were streak'd and py'd, [rank,
Should fall as Jacob's hire,—the ewes being
In end of autumn turned to the rams:
And when the work of generation was
Between those woolly breeders in the act,
The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands,
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,
He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes;
Who then conceiving, did in eaning time
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest;
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

Ant. This was a venture, Sir, that Jacob serv'd for;
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of Hea-
Was this inserted to make interest good? [ven.
Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?

Shyl. I cannot tell; I make it breed as
But note me, signior.— [fast:

Ant. Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple, rotten at the heart:
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

The Jew's Expostulation.

Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my monies and my usances:

Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gabardine,
And all for use of that which is my own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help:—
Go to then;—you come to me, and you say,
"Shylock, we would have monies;" you say so;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me, as you spurn a stranger-cur
Over your threshold:—Monies is your suit.—
What should I say to you?—Should I not say,
"Hath a dog money?—Is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?"—or
Shall I bend low, and, in a bondman's key,
With 'bated breath and whisp'ring humbleness,
Say this: "Fair Sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much monies?"

An Apology for a black Complexion.

Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbor, and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northern born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant; by my love, I swear
The best regarded virgins of our clime
Have lov'd it too: I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

Merit no Match for the Caprice of Fortune.

——Lead me to the caskets,
To try my fortune. By this scymitar,
That slew the sophy, and a Persian prince,
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,—
I would o'erstare the sternest eyes that look,
Out-brave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady: But, alas the while!
If Hercules and Lychas play at dice,
Which is the better man? the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Alcides beaten by his page;
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

Gravity assumed.

Bass. ——But hear thee, Gratiano;
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults:
But where thou art not known, why there they show,
Something too liberal; pray thee take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit; lest, through thy wild behaviour,
I be misconstrued in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.
Gra. ——Signior Bassanio, hear me:
If I do not put on a sober habit, [then,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely; [eyes
Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say Amen;
Use all the observance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent,
To please his grandam—never trust me more.

The Jew's Commands to his Daughter.

Hear you me, Jessica: [drum,
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the
And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber you not up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public-street,
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces: [ments:——
But stop my house's ears:—I mean my case-
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house.

Fruition more languid than Expectation.

O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
To seal love's bonds new made, than they are
To keep obliged faith unforfeited. [wont
——Who riseth from a feast
With that keen appetite that he sits down?
Where is the horse that doth untread again
His tedious measures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first? All things that
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd. [are,
How like a younker, or a prodigal,
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!
How like a prodigal doth she return;
With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

The Parting of Friends.

I saw Bassanio and Antonio part:
Bassanio told him, he would make some speed
Of his return; he answer'd, "Do not so;
Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay the very riping of the time:
And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love.
Be merry; and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship, and such fair ostents of love
As shall conveniently become you there."
And even there his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung Bassanio's hand, and so they parted.

False Judgment of the Many.

——Fortune now,
To my heart's hope!—Gold, silver, and base lead. [he hath."
"Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all

You shall look fairer, ere I give or hazard.
What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:—
"Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire." [meant
What many men desire!—That many may be
Of the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach: [martlet,
Which pries not to the interior, but, like the
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.

Honor ought to be conferred on Merit only.

Why then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:
"Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves."
And well said too; for who shall go about
To cozen fortune and be honorable [sume
Without the stamp of merit? Let none pre-
To wear an undeserved dignity.
O, that estates, degrees, and offices [honor
Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover, that stand bare!
How many be commanded, that command!
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd [honor
From the true seed of honor! and how much
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times
To be new-varnish'd!

Love's Messenger compared to an April Day.

I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love;
A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

Music.

Let music sound, while he doth make his choice!
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music.—That the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream
And wat'ry death-bed for him: he may win;
And what is music then? Then music is,
Even as the flourish, when true subjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch: such it is
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And summon him to marriage.—— [ear,
——Now he goes
With no less presence, but with much more love,
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice;
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
With bleared visages, come forth to view
The issue of the exploit.

A Song. On Fancy.

I.

Tell me, where is fancy bred;
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?

Reply.

II.

It is engender'd in the eyes;
With gazing fed: and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies:
Let us all ring fancy's knell:
I'll begin it,—Ding dong, bell.

The Deceit of Ornament or Appearances.

So may the outward shows be least themselves.
The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars;
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk!
And these assume but valor's excrement,
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight,
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it.
So are those crisped, snaky, golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind
Upon supposed fairness, often known [wind
To be the dowry of a second head,
The scull that bred them in the sepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the gilded shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word, [on
The seeming truth which cunning times put
T' entrap the wisest—Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee:
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge, [lead,
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre
Which rather threat'nest than dost promise aught,
Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence,
And here choose I; joy be the consequence.

Portia's Picture.

What find I here?
Fair Portia's counterfeit? What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips

Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends: Here in her hairs
The painter plays the spider; and hath woven
A golden mesh t' intrap the hearts of men,
Faster than gnats in cobwebs: but her eyes,—
How could he see to do them? Having made one, [his,
Methinks it should have power to steal both
And leave itself unfurnished.

An amiable Bride.

Portia. Though for myself alone
I would not be ambitious, in my wish,
To wish myself much better: yet for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times more rich;
That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full sum of me
Is sum of nothing; which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd:
Happy in this: she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this, in that
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all is, that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be direct,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.

Lovers' Thoughts compared to the inarticulate Joys of a Crowd.

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words;
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins:
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As, after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing, pleased multitude;
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy
Exprest and not exprest.

Valuable Friend.

Por. Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble? [man,
Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest
The best condition'd and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honor more appears
Than any that draws breath in Italy.
Por. What sum owes he the Jew?
Bass. For me three thousand ducats.
Por. What, no more?
Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Should lose a hair through my Bassanio's fault.

Implacable Revenge.

I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak,
I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors.

Generous Friendship.

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit [ly
Of godlike amity: which appears most strong-
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But, if you knew to whom you show this honor,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the work
Than customary bounty can enforce you.
Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit;
Which makes me think that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord; if it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestow'd
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish cruelty!
This comes too near the praising of myself:
Therefore no more of it.

A pert, bragging Youth.

I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accoutred like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with a braver grace;
And speak, between the change of man and boy, [steps
With a reed voice: and turn two mincing
Into a manly stride; and speak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint lies,
How honorable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and died;
I could not do with all; then I'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell; ['em!
That men shall swear I've discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth: I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging jacks
Which I will practise.

The Jew's Reason for his Revenge.

Shyl. I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose;
And by our holy sabbath have I sworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond.
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter and your city's freedom.
You 'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats: I 'll not answer that;
But, say, it is my humor. Is it answer'd?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats

To have it ban'd? What, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
Some that are mad if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bag-pipe sings i' th' nose,
Cannot contain their urine for affection:
Masters of passion sway it to the mood
Of what it likes, or loathes. Now for your answer:
As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
Why he, a woollen bag-pipe; but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame
As to offend, himself being offended;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate, and a certain loath- [ing
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

Unfeeling Revenge.

You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use questions with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise
When they are fretted with the gusts of hea-
You may as well do any thing most hard, [ven?
As seek to soften that (than which what 's
His Jewish heart. [harder?)

Retaliation.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none?
Shyl. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs and
You use in abject and in slavish parts, [mules,
Because you bought them: shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs;
Why sweat they under burthens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands: you will answer,
The slaves are yours. So do I answer you:
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, is mine, and I will have it:
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice:
I stand for judgment; answer: shall I have it?

Mercy.

The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth as a gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings:
But mercy is above the sceptred sway:
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings:
It is an attribute to God himself; [God's,
And earthly power doth then show likest
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
That in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to
The deeds of mercy. [render

Cheerful Resignation, with friendly Tenderness.

Ant. I am arm'd and well prepar'd—
Give me your hand, Bassanio: fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom.—It is still her use
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow
An age of poverty; from which ling'ring pe-
Of such a misery doth she cut me off. [nance
Commend me to your honorable wife:
Tell her the process of Antonio's end!
Say how I loved you, speak me fair in death:
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt.

Description of a Moon-light Night, with fine Music.

Lor. The moon shines bright: in such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise; in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan wall,
And sigh'd his soul towards the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid' lay that night.
Jes. In such a night,
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew;
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran away dismay'd.
Lor. In such a night,
Stood Dido, with a willow in her hand,
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waft her love
To come again to Carthage.
Jes. In such a night,
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.
Lor. In such a night
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew;
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice
As far as Belmont.
Jes. And in such a night,
Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well;
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.
Lor. And in such a night,
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
How sweet the moon-light sleeps upon this bank!

Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica; look, how the floor of heav'n
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
There 's not the smallest orb which thou be-
But in his motion like an angel sings, [hold'st,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.—
Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn;
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' [ear,
And draw her home with music.

Jes. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are atten-
For do but note a wild and wanton herd, [tive:
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they perchance but hear a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze
By the sweet pow'r of music. Therefore the poet [floods;
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath not music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.

A good Deed compared to a Candle, and the Effects of Time, Circumstances, &c.

Por. How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moon shone we did not see the candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the
A substitute shines brightly as a king, [less:
Until a king be by; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Music! hark!

Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect;
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam. [lark

Por. The crow does sing as sweetly as the
When neither is attended; and, I think,
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When ev'ry goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise, and true perfection!
Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak'd!

Moon-light Night.

This night methinks, is but the day-light
It looks a little paler; 'tis a day, [sick;
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Elegant Compliment.

Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.

§ 7. MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

SHAKSPEARE.

Description of Spendthrifts, who seek to better their Fortunes by rich Wives.

He doth object, I am too great of birth;
And that, my state being gall'd with my ex-
I seek to heal it only by his wealth: [pense,
Beside these, other bars he lays before me—
My riots past, my wild societies;
And tells me, 'tis a thing impossible
I should love thee but as a property.

A valuable Woman loved for her own sake.

—Wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealed bags;
And 'tis the very riches of thyself
That now I aim at.

An Apparition.

Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes, that Herne the hunter,
Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,
Doth all the winter-time, at still midnight,
Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns; [cattle;
And there he blasts the tree, and takes the
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain
In a most hideous and dreadful manner:
You've heard of such a spirit; and well you
The superstitious idle-headed eld [know,
Received, and did deliver to our age,
This tale of Herne the Hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many, that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak:
But what of this?

Fairies: their office.

Search Windsor castle, elves, within and out: [room;
Strew good luck, ouphes, on every sacred
That it may stand till the perpetual doom,
In state as wholesome, as in state 'tis fit;
Worthy the owner, and the owner it.
The several chairs of order look you scour
With juice of balm, and every precious flower:
Each fair instalment, coat, and several crest,
With loyal blazon, evermore be blest!
And nightly, meadow-fairies, look, you sing,
Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring:
The expressure that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;
And, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*, write, [white;
In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and
Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,

Buckled below fair knight hood's bending
Fairies use flowers for their charactery. [knee;

§ 8. A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

SHAKSPEARE.

Tediousness of Expectation.

Thes. How slow
This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

The Witchcraft of Love.

My gracious duke,
This man hath witch'd the bosom of my child:
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes,
And interchang'd love tokens with my child:
Thou hast by moon-light at her window sung,
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;
And stol'n the impression of her fantasy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gauds, conceits, [sengers
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats, mes-
Of strong prevailment in unharden'd youth:
With cunning hath thou filch'd my daughter's heart:
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn harshness.

A Father's Authority.

To you your father should be as a god:
One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax
By him imprinted; and within his power
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.

Nun.

Thes. Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires,
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether, (if you yield not to your father's
You can endure the livery of a nun; [choice)
For aye to be in a shady cloister mew'd;
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice blessed they, that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage!
But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,
Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.
Her. So will I grow, so live, so die, my
Ere I will yield my virgin-patent up [lord,
Unto his lordship, to whose unwish'd yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

True Love ever crossed.

Lys. Ah me! for aught that ever I could
Could ever hear by tale or history, [read,
The course of true love never did run smooth;
But either it was different in blood,
Or else misgrafted in respect of years;
Or else it stood upon the choice of friends:
Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness, did lay siege to it;
Making it momentary as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heav'n and earth:
And, ere a man hath pow'r to say—Behold!
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confusion!
Her. Then let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross, [sighs,
As due to love, as thoughts and dreams, and
Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's followers.

Assignation.

I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow,
By his best arrow with the golden head,
By the simplicity of Venus' doves, [loves;
By that which knitteth souls, and prospers
And by that fire which burnt the Carthage queen,
When the false Trojan under sail was seen;
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke;
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Modest and generous Eulogium of a Rival.

Hel. Call you me fair? That fair again unsay:
Demetrius loves you, fair; O happy fair!
Your eyes are lode-stars, and your tongue sweet air
More tunable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.
Sickness is catching: O, were favor so!
Yours I would catch, fair Hermia, ere I go:
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye; [melody.
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The rest I 'll give to be to you translated.
O teach me how you look! and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

Moon.

When Phœbe doth behold
Her silver visage in the watery glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass.

Love.

Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity:
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind;
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgment taste:
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste;
And therefore is Love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd:
As waggish boys in games themselves forswear;
So the boy Love is perjur'd every where.

Cowslips, and Fairy Employment.

The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see;

Those be rubies, fairy favors;
In those freckles live their savors;
I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

Puck, or Robin Good-fellow.

I am that merry wand'rer of the night.
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal;
And sometimes lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab;
And when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
And on her wither'd dewlap pour the ale;
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot-stool mistaketh me;
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
And rails or cries, and falls into a cough:
And then the whole quire hold their hips and loffe; [swear
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and
A merrier hour was never wasted there.

Fairy Jealousy, and the Effects of it.

These are the forgeries of jealousy;
And never, since the middle summer's spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,
Or on the beached margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport:
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs; which, falling in the land,
Have every pelting river made so proud,
That they have overborne their continents.
The ox has therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
The ploughman lost his sweat: and the green corn
Hath rotted, ere its youth attain'd a beard;
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murrain stock;
The nine men's morris is filled up with mud,
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
For lack of tread is undistinguishable.
The human mortals want their winter here;
No night is now with hymn or carol blest;
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound.
And, thorough this distemperature, we see
The seasons alter; hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
And on old Hyems' chin, and icy crown,
An od'rous chaplet of sweet summer-buds
Is, as in mock'ry, set: the spring, the summer,
The chilling autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries, and the 'mazed world
By their increase now knows not which is which.

Love in Idleness.

Thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres
To hear the sea-maid's music.
That very time I saw (but thou couldst not
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid, all arm'd: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal, throned by the west;
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts.
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry
And the imperial vot'ress passed on, [moon;
In maiden meditation, fancy free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flow'r, [wound,
Before milk-white; now purpled with love's
And maidens call it, "Love in Idleness."

A Fairy Bank.

I know a bank, whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopy'd with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine;
There sleeps Titania, sometime of the night,
Lull'd in these flow'rs with dances and delight.

Fairy Courtesies.

Be kind and courteous to this gentleman:
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricots and dewberries;
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;
The honey-bags steal from the humble bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes;
To have my love to bed, and to arise;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eyes;
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

Swiftness of Fairy's Motion.

I go, I go, look how I go:
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow.

Female Friendship.

Is all the council that we two have shar'd,
The sister vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us: O! and is all forgot?
All school-days' friendship, childhood inno- [cence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion;
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate; so we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partition:
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;
So with two seeming bodies, but one heart:
Two of the first like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
And will you rend our ancient love asunder,

To join with men in scorning your poor friend ?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly :
Our sex as well as I may chide you for it ;
Though I alone do feel the injury.

Day-break.

Night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger ;
At whose approach, ghosts wandering here
Troop home to church-yards. [and there,

Embracing.

So doth the woodbine the sweet honey-
Gently entwist—the female ivy so [suckle
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.

Dew in Flowers.

That same dew, which sometime on the buds [pearls,
Was wont to swell like round and orient
Stood now within the pretty flowret's eyes
Like tears, that did their own disgrace bewail.

Hunting and Hounds.

Thes. We will, fair queen, up to the moun-
And mark the musical confusion [tain's top,
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.
Hip. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the boar
With hounds of Sparta ; never did I hear
Such gallant chiding. For, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, ev'ry region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry ; I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.
Thes. My hounds are bred out of the Spar-
tan kind,
So flew'd, so sanded ; and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew ;
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lapp'd, like Thessalian bulls, [bells,
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never halloo'd to, nor cheer'd with horn.

Fairy Motion.

Then, my queen, in silence sad
Trip we after the night's shade :
We the globe can compass soon
Swifter than the wand'ring moon.

Confused Remembrance.

These things seem small and undistinguish-
able,
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

The Power of Imagination.

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact :
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold ;
That is the madman. The lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt.
The poet's eye, in a fine phrensy rolling,
Doth glance from heav'n to earth, from earth
And, as imagination bodies forth [to heav'n,
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy no-
A local habitation and a name. [thing

Night.

Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowls the moon ;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fore-done.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the screech-owl screeching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his spright
In the church-yard paths to glide.
And we fairies that do run,
By the triple Hecat's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic ; not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house ;
I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

§ 9. MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

SHAKSPEARE.

Peace inspires Love.

BUT now I am return'd, and that war thoughts
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
All prompting me how fair young Hero is.

Merit always modest.

It is the witness still of excellency,
To put a strange face on his own perfection.

A Song.

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever ;
One foot in sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant never.
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny nonny.

Favorites compared to Honey-suckles, &c.

Bid her steal into the pleached bower,
Where honey-suckles ripened by the sun
Forbid the sun to enter ; like favorites
Made proud by princes, that advance their
Against that power that bred it. [pride

Angling, &c.

The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait :
So angle we for Beatrice.

A scornful and satirical Beauty.

Nature never fram'd a woman's heart

Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice.
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising what they look on : and her wit
Values itself so highly, that to her
All matter else seems weak ; she cannot love,
Nor take no shape, nor project of affection,
She is so self-endear'd.

\- - - - - - - -

I never yet saw man, [tur'd,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely fea-
But she would spell him backward ; if fair fac'd, [sister ;
She'd swear the gentleman should be her
If black, why Nature drawing of an antic,
Made a foul blot ; if tall, a lance ill-headed ;
If low, an agate very vilely cut ; [winds ;
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all
If silent, why, a block, moved with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out :
And never gives to truth and virtue that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

Dissimulation.

O, what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal !
Comes not that blood as modest evidence
To witness simple virtue ? Would you not swear,
All you that see her, that she were a maid,
By these exterior shows ? But she is none :
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed ;
Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

Female Seeming.

I never tempted her with word too large ;
But as a brother to a sister show'd
Bashful sincerity and comely love.
Her. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you ?
Clau. Out on thy seeming ! I will write against it :
You seem to me as Dian in her orb ;
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown :
But you are more intemperate in your blood
Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals
That rage in savage sensuality.

A Father lamenting his Daughter's Infamy.

Do not live, Hero ; do not ope thine eyes ;
For, did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,
Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life.—Griev'd I, I had but one ?
Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame ?
O, one too much by thee ! why had I one ?
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes ?
Why had I not, with charitable hand,
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates ?
Who smeared thus, and mir'd with infamy,
I might have said, "No part of it is mine ;
This shame derives itself from unknown loins." [prais'd,
But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I
And mine that I was proud on ; mine so much
That I myself was to myself not mine,
Valuing of her ; why she——O she is fallen
Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again !
And salt too little, which may season give
To her foul tainted flesh !

Innocence discovered by Countenance.

I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions
To start into her face ; a thousand innocent shames,
In angel whiteness, bear away those blushes ;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire
To burn the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool ;
Trust not my reading, nor my observations,
Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenor of my book ; trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some biting error.

Resolution.

I know not : if they speak but truth of her,
These hands shall tear her : if they wrong her honor,
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awak'd in such a kind,
Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them throughly.

The Desire of loved Objects heightened by their Loss.

This, well carried, shall, on her behalf
Change slander to remorse ; that is some good :
But not for that dream I on this strange course,
But on this travail look for greater birth.
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Upon the instant that she was accus'd,
Shall be lamented, pity'd, and excus'd
Of every hearer. For it so falls out,
That what we have, we prize not to the worth
While we enjoy it ; but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rack the value ; then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us
While it was ours. So will it fare with Claudio :
When he shall hear she died upon his words,
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination ;
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
More moving, delicate, and full of life
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she liv'd indeed. Then shall he
(If ever love had interest in his liver) [mourn
And wish he had not so accused her ;
No, though he thought his accusation true.
Let this be so, and doubt not but success
Will fashion the event in better shape

Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But, if all aim but this be levell'd false,
The supposition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy;
And, if it sort not well, you may conceal her
(As best befits her wounded reputation)
In some reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.
Leon. Being that, alas!
I flow in grief, the smallest twine may lead me.

Counsel of no Weight in Misery.

I pray thee, cease my counsel,
Which falls into my ears as profitless
As water in a sieve: give not me counsel;
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.
Bring me a father that so lov'd his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him speak of patience: [mine,
Measure his love the length and breadth of
And let it answer every strain for strain;
As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape, and form:
If such a one will smile and stroke his beard,
In sorrow wag; cry hem! when he should groan; [drunk
Patch grief with proverbs; make misfortune
With candle-wasters: bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.
But there is no such man; for, brother, men
Can counsel, and give comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel; but tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptial medicine to rage;
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread;
Charm ach with air, and agony with words.
No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow;
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
To be so moral when he shall endure [sel;
The like himself: therefore give me no coun-
My griefs cry louder than advertisement.
Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ. [blood:
Leon. I pray thee, peace—I will be flesh and
For there was never yet philosopher,
That could endure the tooth-ach patiently,
However they have writ the style of gods,
And made a pish at change and sufferance.

An aged Father's Resentment of Scandal.

Tush, tush, man! never fleer and jest at me;
I speak not like a dotard nor a fool;
As, under privilege of age, to brag [would do,
What I have done, being young, or what
Were I not old. Know Claudio, to thy head,
Thou hast so wrong'd my innocent child and
That I am forc'd to lay my rev'rence by; [me,
And, with gray hairs, and bruise of many days,
To challenge thee to trial of a man.
I say, thou hast belied mine innocent child;
Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,
And she lies buried with her ancestors:
O! in a tomb where never scandal slept,
Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villany.

Villain to be noted.

Which is the villain? let me see his eyes;
That when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him.

Dirge on Hero's Death by Slander.

Done to death by sland'rous tongues
Was the Hero that here lies:
Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies!
So the life that died with shame
Lives in death with glorious fame!

Day-break.

The wolves have prey'd; and look the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phœbus round about,
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey.

§ 10. THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

SHAKSPEARE.

Hounds.

THY hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

Painting.

Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee
Adonis, painted by a running brook; [straight
And Cytherea all in sedges hid, [breath,
Which seem to move and wanton with her
E'en as the waving sedges play with wind.

The Uses of Travel and Study.

Luc. Tranio, since—for the great desire I [had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts—
I am arriv'd from fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy;
And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good company,
My trusty servant, well approv'd in all:
Here let us breathe, and happily institute
A course of learning and ingenious studies.
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being, and my father first,
A merchant of great traffic thro' the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.
Vincentio's son, brought up in Florence,
It shall become, to serve all hopes conceiv'd,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
Virtue, and that part of philosophy
Will I apply, that treats of happiness
By virtue specially to be achiev'd.
Tell me thy mind: for I have Pisa left,
And am to Padua come; as he that leaves
A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.
Tra. *Mi perdonate*, gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself;
Glad that you thus continue your resolve,

To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only good master, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral discipline,
Let 's be no stoics, nor no stocks, I pray;
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks,
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd:
Talk logic with acquaintance that you have,
And practise rhetoric in your common talk:
Music and poesy use to quicken you:
The mathematics, and the metaphysics, [you:
Fall to them as you find your stomach serves
No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en!—
In brief, Sir, study what you most affect.

Travel.

Such wind as scatters young men thro' the world,
To seek their fortunes farther than at home,
Where small experience grows.

Woman's Tongue.

Think you a little din can daunt my ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field?
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitched battle, heard [clang?
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets'
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
That gives not half so great a blow to th' ear
As will a chesnut in a farmer's fire?

Beauty.

Say that she frown; I'll say she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew.

Description of a mad Wedding.

When the priest
Did ask if Katharine should be his wife; [loud,
"Ay, by gogs-woons," quoth he, and swore so
That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall the book;
And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,
This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff [and priest;
That down fell priest and book, and book
"Now take them up," quoth he, "if any list."
Tran. What said the wench when he rose up again? [stamp'd and swore,
Grem. Trembled and shook: for why, he
As if the vicar meant to cozen him.
But, after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine: [aboard,
"A health," quoth he, as if he had been
Carousing to his mates after a storm:
Quaff'd off the muscadel, and threw the sops
All in the sexton's face; having no other reason,
But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,
And seem'd to ask his sops as he was drinking.
This done, he took the bride about the neck,
And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack,
That, the parting, all the church did echo.

Petruchio's Trial of his Wife in the Article of Dress.

Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.
Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer.
A velvet dish!—fie, fie! 'tis lewd and filthy:
Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnut-shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap;
Away with it: come, let me have a bigger.
Kath. I'll have no bigger; this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.
Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have
And not till then. [one too,
Hor. That will not be in haste. [speak;
Kath. Why, Sir, I trust, I may have leave to
And speak I will; I am no child, no babe;
Your betters have endur'd me say my mind;
And if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart;
Or else, my heart, concealing it, will break:
And, rather than it shall, I will be free,
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.
Pet. Why thou say'st true: it is a paltry
A custard coffin, a bauble, a silken pie: [cap,
I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.
Kath. Love me or love me not, I like the
And it I will have, or I will have none. [cap;
Pet. Thy gown? why, ay, come, tailor, let us see 't.
O, mercy, God! what masking stuff is here!
What 's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:
What! up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart?
Here 's snip and nip, and cut, and slish, and
Like to a censer in a barber's shop: [slash,
Why, what, o'devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this? [nor gown.
Hor. I see, she 's like to have neither cap
Tail. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion and the time.
Pet. Marry, and did; but if you be remem-
I did not bid you mar it to the time. [ber'd,
Go hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, Sir:
I 'll none of it: hence! make your best of it.
Kath. I never saw a better fashioned gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, more commendable:
Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

The Mind alone valuable.

Pet. Well, come my Kate; we will unto your father's,
Even in these honest mean habiliments;
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor;
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich:
And as the sun breaks thro' the darkest clouds,
So honor peereth in the meanest habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?
O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture and mean array.

A lovely Woman.

Fair, lovely maiden, young and affable,
More clear of hue, and far more beautiful
Than precious sardonyx, or purple rocks
Of amethysts, or glistering hyacinth:
—Sweet Katharine, this lovely woman—
Kath. Fair, lovely lady, bright and crystalline,
Beauteous and stately as the eye-train'd bird,
As glorious as the morning wash'd with dew,
Within whose eyes she takes her dawning beams,
And golden summer sleeps upon thy cheeks;
Wrap up thy radiations in some cloud,
Lest that thy beauty make this stately town
Unhabitable as the burning zone,
With sweet reflections of thy lovely face.

The Wife's Duty to her Husband.

Fie! fie! unknit that threat'ning, unkind brow,
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor;
It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads;
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds,
And in no sense is meet or amiable.
A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty,
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance commits his body
To painful labor both by sea and land;
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe,
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience;—
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes a prince,
Even such, a woman oweth to her husband:
And when she 's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will
What is she but a foul contending rebel
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?
I am asham'd that women are so simple
To offer war where they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions and our hearts,
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms!
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great; my reason haply more,
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown:
But now I see our lances are but straws;
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare;
That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.
Then veil your stomachs, for it is no boot;
And place your hands beneath your husband's foot:
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready—may it do him ease!

§ 11. THE TEMPEST. SHAKSPEARE.

Miranda and Prospero.

Mir. O I have suffer'd
With those that I saw suffer! A brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls! they perish'd.
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er
It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and
The freighting souls within her.
Pros. Wipe thou thine eyes, have comfort;
The direful spectacle of the wreck which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely order'd, that there is no soul—
No, not so much perdition as an hair,
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink.

Caliban's Curses.

As wicked dew, as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er!
\- - - - - - -
I must eat my dinner.
This island 's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first,
Thou strok'dst me, and mad'st much of me:
Wouldst give me
Water with berries in 't, and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
And show'd thee all the qualities o' th' isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fertile;
Curs'd be I, that I did so! all the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Who first was mine own king: and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
Th' rest of th' island.

Music.

Where should this music be? in air or earth?
It sounds no more: and sure it waits upon
Some god of th' island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters;
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air.

Ariel's Song.

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;

Those are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea Nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Hark! now I hear them, ding-dong bell.

Amiable Simplicity of Miranda on first View of Ferdinand

Pros. This gallant, which thou seest,
Was in the wreck: and, but he 's something stain'd [mightst call him
With grief, that 's beauty's canker, thou
A goodly person—
Mir. I might call him
A thing divine: for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.
Fer. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend!
- - - - - - -
Mir. There 's nothing ill can dwell in such
If the ill spirit have so fair a house, [a temple:
Good things will strive to dwell with 't.

A Lover's Speech.

My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, or this man's threats,
To whom I am subdu'd, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o' th' earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.

Description of Ferdinand's swimming ashore.

I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him; his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty strokes
To th' shore: that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt,
He came alive to land.

Satire on Utopian Forms of Government.

I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things: for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
And use of service, none; contracts, succession, [none;
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, olive
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil:
No occupation: all men idle, all:
And women too, but innocent and pure:
No sovereignty:
All things in common nature should produce,
Without sweat or endeavor: treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth
Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.
I would with such perfection govern, Sir,
To excel the golden age.

Sleep.

Do not omit the heavy offer of it,
It seldom visits sorrow: when it doth,
It is a comforter.

Caliban's Curses.

All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they 'll not pinch, [mire,
Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' th'
Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid them; but
For every trifle are they set upon me: [me,
Sometimes, like apes, that moe and chatter at
And after bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall: sometime am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness——Lo, now, lo!
Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me,
For bringing wood in slowly: I 'll fall flat:
Perchance he will not mind me.

Caliban's Promises.

I 'll show thee the best springs: I 'll pluck thee berries;
I 'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
I 'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man.——
I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmozet: I 'll bring thee [thee
To clust'ring filberds, and sometimes I 'll get
Young sea-mels from the rock.

True and unbiassed Affection. Ferdinand bearing a Log.

There be some sports are painful: but their labor [ness
Delight in them sets off: some kinds of base-
Are nobly undergone: and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task would
As heavy to me, as 'tis odious; but [be
The mistress whom I serve, quickens what 's dead,
And makes my labors pleasures: O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father 's crabbed: [move
And he 's compos'd of harshness. I must re-
Some thousands of these logs, and pile 'em up,
Upon a sore injunction. My sweet mistress

Weeps when she sees me work: and says, such baseness
Had ne'er such executor. I forget;
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my
Most busy-less when I do it. [labors,
- - - - - -
Admir'd Miranda!
Indeed, the top of admiration: worth
What 's dearest to the world! full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage [tues
Brought my too diligent ears; for several vir-
Have I lik'd several women: never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she own'd,
And put it to the foil: but you, O you,
So perfect, and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.

Guilty Conscience.

O, it is monstrous! monstrous! [it:
Methought the billows spoke, and told me of
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of Prosper. It did bass my trespass.
Gon. All three of them are desperate; their great guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits.

Continence before Marriage.

Pros. If thou dost break her virgin-knot, before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may [
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-eyed disdain, and discord shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,
That you shall hate it both; therefore, take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

Vanity of Human Nature.

Pros. Our revels now are ended: these our actors
(As I foretold you) were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind! We are such stuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

Drunkards enchanted by Ariel.

Ariel. I told you, Sir, they were red hot with drinking;
So full of valor, that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces: beat the ground
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor;
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noses,
As they smelt music: so I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd thro'
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns, ['em
Which enter'd their frail skins: at last I left
I' th' filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins.

Fine Sentiment of Humanity on Repentance.

Ariel. The king, [ed;
His brother, and yours, abide all three distract-
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim-full of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly
Him that you term'd the good old lord Gonzalo; [drops
His tears run down his beard, like winter's
From eaves of reeds: your charms so strongly work 'em,
That, if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.
Pros. Dost thou think so, spirit?
Ariel. Mine would, Sir, were I human.
Pros. And mine shall.
Hast thou, who art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art? [quick,
Tho' with their high wrongs I am struck to the
Yet with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury
Do I take part; the rarer action is [tent,
In virtue than in vengeance: they being peni-
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown farther.

Fairies and Magic.

Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;
And ye, that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him,
When he comes back; you demy-puppets, that
By moon-shine do the green sour ringlets make, [pastime
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose
Is to make midnight mushrooms; that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid
(Weak masters tho' ye be) I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt: the strong-bas'd promontory [up
Have I made shake: and by the spurs pluck'd
The pine and cedar: graves at my command
Have wak'd their sleepers; oped and let them forth
By my so potent art.

Senses returning.

The charm dissolves apace:
And as the morning steals upon the night,

Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ign'rant fumes, that mantle
Their clearer reason——
Their understanding
Begins to swell; and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shores,
That now lie foul and muddy.

Ariel's Song.

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie:
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After sunset merrily:
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

§ 12. TWELFTH NIGHT, OR WHAT YOU WILL. SHAKSPEARE.

Music and Love.

If music be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again;—it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear, like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour.——Enough; no more;
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soever,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute! So full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high fantastical.

Description of Sebastian's Escape.

I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself [practice)
(Courage and hope both teaching him the
To a strong mast, that liv'd upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could see.

Outward Appearance a Token of inward Worth.

There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And, though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.

A beautiful Boy.

Dear lad, believe it;
For they shall yet belie thy happy years,
That say, thou art a man; Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part.

Beauty.

'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruel'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

Character of a noble Gentleman.

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant,
And, in dimension, and the shape of nature,
A gracious person; but yet I cannot love him;
He might have took his answer long ago.

Resolved Love.

Oliv. Why, what would you?
Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house:
Write royal cantos of contemned love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Holla your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out, Olivia! O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me.

Serious Music most agreeable to Lovers.

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night:
Methought it did relieve my passion much;
More than light airs and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times.

True Love.

Duke. Come hither, boy, if ever thou shalt
In the sweet pangs of it remember me: [love,
For such as I am, all true lovers are:
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is belov'd.—How dost thou like this tune?
Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where love is thron'd.

Character of an old Song.

Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain:
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chant it; it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love
Like the old age.

Song.

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid:
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it;
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.
Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet [thrown:
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be

A thousand, thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O where
Sad true lover ne'er find my grave,
To weep there.

Concealed Love.

Duke. There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.
Alas! their love may be call'd appetite—
No motion of the liver, but the palate.—
That suffers surfeit, cloyment, and revolt:
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much: make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe Olivia.
Vio. Ay, but I know—
Duke. What dost thou know? [may owe;
Vio. Too well what love women to men
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.
Duke. And what 's her history? [love,
Vio. A blank, my lord: she never told her
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.

§ 13. THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA. SHAKSPEARE.

The Advantages of Travel, &c.

Val. Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus;
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits:
Wer 't not affection chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honor'd love,
I rather would entreat thy company,
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than, living dully sluggardiz'd at home,
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness;
But, since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein,
Even as I would, when I to love begin. [adieu!
Pro. Wilt thou begone? Sweet Valentine,
Think on thy Protheus, when thou haply seest
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
Wish me partaker in thy happiness,
When thou dost meet good-hap; and, in thy
If ever danger do environ thee, [danger,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy beadsman, Valentine.

Love commended and dispraised.

Pro. Yet writers say, as in the sweetest
The eating canker dwells, so eating love [bud
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.
Val. And writers say, as the most forward
Is eaten by the canker, ere it blow, [bud
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly; blasting in the bud,
Losing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.
Pro. He after honor hunts, I after love:
He leaves his friends, to dignify them more:
I leave myself, my friends, and all for love.
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me:
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at nought; [thought.
Made wit with musing weak, heart-sick with

The Advantages of Travel.

Pant. He wonder'd that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home,
While other men, of slender reputation,
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:
Some to the wars, to try their fortune there;
Some, to discover islands far away:
Some, to the studious universities.
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said, that Protheus, your son, was meet;
And did request me to importune you,
To let him spend his time no more at home,
Which would be great impeachment to his age
In having known no travel in his youth.
Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that
Whereon this month I have been hammering,
I have considered well his loss of time;
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tried and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by industry achiev'd,
And perfected by the swift course of time.

Love compared to an April Day.

O, how this spring of love resembleth
Th' uncertain glory of an April day;
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!

An accomplished young Gentleman.

His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;
And, in a word (for far behind his worth
Come all the praises that I now bestow)
He is complete in feature, and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Contempt of Love punished.

I have done penance for contemning love:
Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans, [me
With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs;
For, in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chas'd sleep from my enthralled eyes, [sorrow.
And made them watchers of my own heart's
O gentle Protheus, love 's a mighty lord;
And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,
There is no woe to his correction,
Nor to his service, no such joy on earth!
Now no discourse, except it be of love;
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep
Upon the very naked name of love.

Love fed by Praise.

Call her divine.
Pro. I will not flatter her. [praises.
Val. O flatter me: for love delights in

Lover's Wealth.

Not for the world: why, man, she is mine
And I as rich in having such a jewel, [own:
As twenty seas, if all their sands were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.

True Love jealous.

For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

Love compar'd to a waxen Image.

Now my love is thaw'd,
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
Bears no impression of the thing it was.

Opposition to Love increases it.

Jul. A true devoted pilgrim is not weary
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;
Much less shall she that hath love's wings to fly;
And when the flight is made to one so dear,
Of such divine perfection, as Sir Protheus.
Luc. Better forbear, till Protheus make return. [my soul's food?
Jul. Oh, know'st thou not, his looks are
Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.
Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's
But qualify the fire's extreme rage, [hot fire;
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.
Jul. The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns:
The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth
But when his fair course is not hinder'd, [rage;
He makes sweet music with the enamell'd
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge [stones,
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And by so many winding nooks he strays
With willing sport to the wide ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course
I 'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love:
And there I 'll rest, as, after much turmoil,
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

A beautiful Person petitioning (in vain).

Ay, ay; and she hath offered to the doom
(Which unrevers'd stands in effectual force)
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd;
With them, upon her knees, her humble self;
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for woe:
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire.

Hope.

Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that:
And manage it against despairing thoughts.

Love compared to a Figure on Ice.

This weak impress of love is as a figure
Trenched in ice, which, with an hour's heat,
Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form.

The Power of Poetry with Women.

Say, that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart:
Write, till your ink be dry; and with your tears
Moist it again; and frame some feeling line,
That may discover such integrity:—
For Orpheus' lute was strung with poet's sinews; [stones,
Whose golded touch could soften steel and
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.

Song.

Who is Sylvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she:
The heavens such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness:
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Sylvia let us sing,
That Sylvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

A Lover's Rest.

Jul. And so, good rest.
Pro. As wretches have o'er night,
That wait for execution in the morn.

True Love.

Thyself hast lov'd: and I have heard thee
No grief did ever come so near thy heart, [say,
As when thy lady and thy true love died,
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.

Beauty neglected and lost.

But since she did neglect her looking-glass,
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face.

A Lover in Solitude.

How use doth breed a habit in a man!
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns.

Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses, and record my woes.
O, thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless;
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was;
Repair me with thy presence, Sylvia:
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain.

§ 14. THE WINTER'S TALE.

SHAKSPEARE.

Youthful Friendship and Innocence.

WE were, fair queen, [behind,
Two lads that thought there was no more
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal. [sun,
We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk i' th'
And bleat the one at th' other; what we chang'd,
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing; nor dream'd,
That any did: had we pursued that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd,
With stronger blood we should have answer'd Heaven
Boldly—"Not guilty;" the imposition clear'd,
Hereditary ours.

Nature.

How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness: and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms!

A Father's Fondness for his Child.

Leon. Are you so fond of your young prince
Do seem to be of ours? [as we

Pol. If at home, Sir,
He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all:
He makes a July's day short as December:
And, with his varying childness, cures in me
Thoughts that would thick my blood.

Faithful Service.

Cam. In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful negligent,
It was my folly: if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end: if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear
Which oft infects the wisest; these, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty
Is never free of.

Jealousy.

Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh? (a note infallible
Of breaking honesty:) horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes [only
Blind with the pin and web, but theirs, theirs
That would, unseen, be wicked? Is this nothing? [nothing;
Why, then the world, and all that 's in 't, is
Thy covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing; [nothings,
My wife is nothing: nor nothing have these
If this be nothing.

The Silence of Innocence eloquent.

The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.

Affectionate Child.

To see his nobleness!
Conceiving the dishonor of his mother,
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply:
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on 't in himself!
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languish'd.

Child resembling his Father.

Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father, eye, nose, lip,
The trick of his frown, his forehead: nay the valley, [smiles;
The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek; his
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger: [made it
And thou, good goddess nature, which hast
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colors
No yellow in 't; lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's!

Hermione pleading her Innocence.

If pow'rs divine
Behold our human actions (as they do),
I doubt not then, but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience. You, my lord, best know
(Who will seem least to do so) my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devis'd,
And play'd to take spectators; for behold
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe [me,—
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince,—here standing,
To prate and talk of life, and honor, 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it [honor,
As I weigh grief, which I would spare; for
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, Sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strain'd, to appear thus: if one jot beyond

The bound of honor: or, in act, or will,
That way inclining; harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry, fie, upon my grave!

A Wife's Loss of all Things dear, and Contempt of Death.

Leo. Look for no less than death.
Her. Sir, spare your threats;
The bug, which you would fright me with, I seek.
To me can life be no commodity;
The crown and comfort of my life, your favor,
I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went. My second joy,
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
I am barr'd like one infectious: my third comfort,
Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,
The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
Haled out to murther: Myself on every post
Proclaim'd a strumpet; with immodest hatred,
The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs
To women of all fashion: lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i' the open air, before
I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die; therefore proceed.
But yet hear this, mistake me not,—no; life,
I prize it not a straw: but for mine honor,
(Which I would free) if I shall be condemn'd,
Upon surmises; all proofs sleeping else,
But what your jealousies awake; I tell you,
'Tis rigor, and not law.

An Account of a Ghost's appearing in a Dream.

I have heard (but not believ'd), the spirits of the dead
May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another;
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So fill'd, and so becoming; in pure white robes
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay: thrice bow'd before me,
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her: "Good Antigonus,
Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath;
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
There weep, and leave it crying: and, for the babe
Is counted lost for ever, Perdita
I pr'ythee call it: for this ungentle business,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina more." And so with shrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself, and thought
This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys:
Yet, for this once, yea superstitiously,
I will be squar'd by this.

An Infant exposed.

Poor wretch,
That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd
To loss, and what may follow! Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds: and most accurs'd am I,
To be by oath enjoin'd to this.—Farewell!
The day frowns more and more; thou art like to have
A lullaby too rough: I never saw
The heavens so dim by day.

Mistress of the Sheep-shearing.

Shep. Fie, daughter! when my old wife liv'd, upon
This day, she was both pantler, butler, cook;
Both dame, and servant; welcom'd all; serv'd all: [here,
Would sing her song, and dance her turn: now
At upper end o' the table, now i' the middle;
On his shoulder, and his: her face o' fire [it,
With labor; and the thing she took to quench
She would to each one sip: you are retir'd,
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting. Pray you, bid
These unknown friends to us welcome, for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come quench your blushes and present your self [on,
That which you are, mistress o' the feast: come
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

A Garland for old Men.

Per. Reverend Sirs,
For you there 's rosemary, and rue: these keep
Seeming, and savor, all the winter long;
Grace, and remembrance, be unto you both,
And welcome to our shearing!
Per. Shepherdess,
(A fair one are you) well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Nature and Art.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient—
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter; the fairest flowers o' the season
Are our carnations, and streak'd gilly-flow'rs,
Which some call nature's bastards: of that kind
Our rustic garden 's barren; and I care no
To get slips of them.
Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?
Per. For I have heard it said, [shares
There is an art, which, in their piedness,
With great creating nature.
Pol. Say, there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: so, o'er that art,
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we
A gentle cyon to the wildest stock; [marry
And make conceive a bark of baser kind

By bud of nobler race: This is an art [but
Which does mend nature—change it rather:
The art itself is nature.
Per. So it is. [flowers,
Pol. Then make your garden rich in gilly-
And do not call them bastards.

A Garland for a middle aged Man.

Per. I'll not put
The dibble in earth, to set one slip of them;
No more than were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say, 'twere well; and only
Desire to breed by me.— [therefore
Here 's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marygold that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises, weeping; these are flowers
Of middle summer; and, I think, they are
To men of middle age. [given

A Garland for Young Men.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your
And only live by gazing. [flock,
Per. Out, alas!
You 'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through. Now, my fairest friend,
I would I had some flowers o' the spring, that might [yours;
Become your time of day; and yours, and
That wear upon your virgin-branches yet
Your maiden-heads growing:—O, Proserpina,
For the flow'rs now, that, frighted, thou lett'st
From Dis's waggon! daffodils [fall
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty, violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips, and
The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one! O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of; and, my sweet
To strew him o'er and o'er. [friend,
Fol. What like a corse?
Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on;
Not like a corse: or if—not to be buried,
But quick and in mine arms.

A Lover's Commendation.

What you do, [sweet,
Still betters what is done. When you speak
I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;
Pray so; and, for the ord'ring your affairs,
To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so,
And own no other function: each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you 're doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

True Love.

They call him Doricles; and he boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding: but I have it [self
Upon his own report, and I believe it;
He looks like sooth: he says he loves my daughter;
I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he 'll stand, and read,
As 't were my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
I think, there is not half a kiss to choose,
Who loves another best.

Presents little regarded by real Lovers.

Pol. How now, fair shepherd?
Your heart is full of something that does take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young,
And handed love as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks: I would have ransack'd
The pedler's silken treasury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance: you have let him go,
And nothing marted with him. If your lass
Interpretation should abuse, and call this
Your lack of love, or bounty, you were straited
For a reply, at least, if you make care
Of happy holding her.
Flo. Old Sir, I know
She prizes not such trifles as those are:
The gifts, she looks from me, are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart; which I have given already,
But not deliver'd. O, hear me breathe my love,
Before this ancient Sir, who, it should seem,
Hath sometime lov'd: I take thy hand; this hand
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it,
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow,
That 's bolted by the northern blast twice o'er.

Tender Affection.

Were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve; had force, and knowledge [them,
More than was ever man's—I would not prize
Without her love: for her, employ them all;
Commend them, and condemn them to her
Or to their own perdition. [service,

A Father the best Guest at his Son's Nuptials.

Methinks, a father
Is, at the nuptials of his son, a guest [more;
That best becomes the table. Pray you, once
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? Is he not stupid
With age, and altering rheums? Can he speak? hear?
Know man from man? dispute his own estate?
Lies he not bed-rid? and again does nothing,
But what he did, being childish?
Flo. No, good Sir!
He has his health, and ampler strength, indeed,
Than most have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial: reason, my son, [reason,
Should choose himself a wife; but as good
The father (all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity) should hold some counsel
In such a business.

Rural Simplicity.

I was not much afeard: for once or twice,
I was about to speak: and tell him plainly,
The self-same sun that shines upon his court
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on all alike.

Prosperity the Bond, Affliction the Looser, of Love.

Prosperity 's the very bond of love, [gether
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart to-
Affliction alters.

Love more rich for what it gives.

Leo. I might have look'd upon my queen's full eye;
Have taken treasure from her lips—
Pau. And left them
More rich, for what they yielded.

A captivating Woman.

This is a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else; make proselytes
Of who she but bid follow.

Anguish of Recollection for a lost Friend.

Pr'ythee no more; cease; thou know'st,
He dies to me again, when talk'd of: sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that, which may
Unfurnish me of reason.

Effects of Beauty.

The blessed gods,
Purge all infection from our air, whilst you
Do climate here!

A Statue.

What was he, that did make it? See, my lord, [those veins
Would you not deem it breath'd? and that
Did verily bear blood?
Masterly done:
The very life seems warm upon her lip.
The fixture of her eye has motion in 't,
As we were mock'd with art.
Still, methinks, [chisel
There is an air comes from her: What fine
Could ever yet cut breath?—Let no man mock
For I will kiss her. [me,

Affliction to a penitent Mind pleasing.

Pau. I am sorry, Sir, I have thus far stirr'd
But I could afflict you further. [you:
Leo. Do, Paulina;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort.

Widow compared to a Turtle.

I an old turtle, [there
Will wing me to some wither'd bough; and
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

§ 15. ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

SHAKSPEARE.

Great Minds respect Truth.

Mes. The nature of bad news infects the teller. [ard.—On:
Ant. When it concerns the fool or cow-
Things that are past are done, with me—'tis thus:
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he flatter'd. [tongue;
Speak to me home, mince not the general
Name Cleopatra as she 's call'd in Rome:
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my faults [malice
With such full license, as both truth and
Have pow'r to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds [told us,
When our quick winds lie still, and our ills
Is as our earing.

Cleopatra's contemptuous Raillery.

Nay, pray you, seek no color for your going,
But bid farewell, and go: when you sued staying,
Then was the time for words: no going then—
Eternity was in our lips and eyes; [poor,
Bliss in our brows' bent; none our parts so
But was a race of heaven: they are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier in the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Cleopatra's anxious Tenderness.

Ant. I 'll leave you, lady.
Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.
Sir, you and I must part—but that's not it:
Sir, you and I have lov'd—but there's not it;—
That you know well: something it is I would—
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all-forgotten.

Cleopatra's Wishes for Antony on Parting.

Your honor calls you hence;
Therefore be deaf to my unpity'd folly,
And all the gods go with you! Upon your sword
Sit laurel'd victory! and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet!

Antony's Vices and Virtues.

Lep. I must not think [ness:
There are evils enough to darken all his good-
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,
Rather than purchas'd; what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.
Cæs. You are too indulgent. Let us grant it is not
Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit

And keep the turn of tippling with a slave;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet [becomes him,
With knaves that smell of sweat: say, this
(As his composure must be rare indeed,
Whom these things cannot blemish) yet must Antony
No way excuse his foils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
Call on him for 't: but to confound such time,
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
As his own state and ours—'tis to be chid
As we rate boys, who, being mature in knowledge, [sure,
Pawn their experience to their present plea-
And so rebel to judgment.

Antony, [once
Leave thy lascivious wassels. When thou
Wert beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against, [more
Though daintily brought up, with patience
Than savages could suffer: Thou didst drink
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at. Thy palate then did deign
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets, [Alps,
The barks of trees thou browsed'st: on the
It is reported, thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on: and all this
(It wounds thine honor that I speak it now)
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Cleopatra on the absence of Antony.

O Charmian, [sits he?
Where think'st thou he is now? stands he? or
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou mov'st?
The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of man. He's speaking now,
Or murmuring, "Where's my serpent of old
For so he calls me; now I feed myself [Nile?"
With most delicious poison: think on me
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black;
And wrinkled deep in time! Broad-fronted Cæsar,
When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch; and great Pompey
Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my brow;
There would he anchor his aspect, and die
With looking on his life.

Antony's Love and Dissipation.

Ale. Good friend, quoth he,
Say, "The firm Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms: all the east, [nodded,
Say thou, shall call her mistress." So he
And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed,
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have
Was beastly dumb'd by him. [spoke
Cleo. What, was he sad, or merry?
Ale. Like to the time o' th' year, between the extremes
Of hot and cold; he was nor sad or merry.
Cleo. O well-divided disposition!—Note him, [note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but
He was not sad; for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his; he was not merry; [lay
Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance
In Egypt with his joy: but between both:
O heavenly mingle!—Be'st thou sad or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes;
So does it no man else.

The Vanity of human Wishes.

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall
The deeds of justest men. [assist
Men. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.
Pom. Whiles we are suitors to their throne,
The thing we sue for. [decays
Men. We, ignorant of ourselves, [pow'rs
Beg often our own harms, which the wise
Deny us for our good; so find we profit,
By losing of our prayers.

Description of Cleopatra's Sailing down the Cydnus.

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that [gold,
The winds were love-sick with them: th' oars were silver: [made
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and
The water which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own
It beggar'd all description: she did lie [person,
In her pavilion (cloth of gold, of tissue),
O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see
The fancy out-work nature. On each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-color'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did
And what they undid, did. [cool,
Agr. O rare for Antony!
Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereids,
So many mermaids, tended her i' th' eyes,
And made their bends adornings. At the helm,
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flow'r-soft hands
That yarely frame the office. From the barge

A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthron'd i' th' market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to th' air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

The unsettled Humor of Lovers.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Give me some music; music, moody food
Of us that trade in love.

Omnes. The music, ho!

Enter Mardian the Eunuch.

Cleo. Let it alone: let's to billiards: come, Charmian.

Char. My arm is sore, best play with Mardian.

Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play, me, Sir.
As with a woman; come—you'll play with

Mar. As well as I can, Madam.

Cleo. And when good will is show'd, tho' it come too short,
The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now:—
Give me mine angle—we'll to the river: there,
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I 'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, Ah, ha! you are caught.

Char. 'Twas merry, when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time!—O times!
I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night
I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan.

Octavia's Entrance, what it should have been.

Why have you stolen upon us thus? You come not
Like Cæsar's sister: the wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horses to tell of her approach,
Long ere she did appear: the trees by th' way
Should have borne men; and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not: nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven
Rais'd by our populous troops. But you are come
A market-maid to Rome: and have prevented
The ostentation of our love, which, left unshown, you
Is often left unlov'd; we should have met
By sea and land; supplying ev'ry stage
With an augmented greeting.

Women.

Women are not perjure
In their best fortunes strong; but want will
The ne'er-touch'd vestal.

Fortune forms our Judgment.

I see man's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
To draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike.

Wisdom superior to Fortune.

Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it.

A Master taking Leave of his Servants.

Tend me to-night;
May be, it is the period of your duty:
Haply, you shall not see me more; or if,—
A mangled shadow. Perchance to-morrow
You 'll serve another master. I look on you
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away; but, like a master,
Married to your good service, stay till death:
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield you for it.

Early Rising the Way to Eminence.

This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.

Antony's Despondency.

Oh sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:
Fortune and Antony part here; even here
Do we shake hands. All come to this! The hearts
That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd,
That over-topp'd them all.

Departing Greatness.

The soul and body rive not more in parting
Than greatness going off.

Antony on his faded Glory.

Ant. Sometime, we see a cloud that 's dragonish;
A vapor, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory,
With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air:—Thou hast seen these signs;
They are black vesper's pageants.

Eros. Ay, my lord. a thought

Ant That which is now a horse, even with
The rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord. tain is

Ant. My good knave, Eros, now thy cap-
Even such a body: here I am Antony,
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Egypt; and the queen,

Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine;
Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto 't
A million more, now lost; she, Eros, has
Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.

Cleopatra on the Death of Antony.

It were for me
To throw my sceptre at th' injurious gods;
To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,
Till they had stol'n our jewel. All 's but nought;
Patience is sottish; and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad: then is it sin,
To rush into the secret house of death, men?
Ere death dare come to us? How do you, women,
What, what? good cheer! Why how now, Charmian?
My noble girls!—Ah women, women! Look,
Our lamp is spent, it 's out:—Good sirs, take heart:
We 'll bury him: and then, what 's brave, what 's noble,
Let 's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us. Come away:
This case of that huge spirit now is cold.

Cleopatra's Dream, and Description of Antony.

Cleo. I dream'd, there was an emperor Antony;
O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!
Dol. If it might please you—
Cleo. His face was as the heavens; and therein stuck
A sun and moon; which kept their course, and lighted
The little O, the earth.
Dol. Most sovereign creature—
Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean: his rear'd arm
Crested the world: his voice was propertied
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in 't; an autumn 'twas
That grew the more by reaping; his delights
Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back above
The element they liv'd in; in his livery
Walk'd crowns and crownets; realms and islands were
As plates dropt from his pocket.

Firm Resolution.

How poor an instrument
May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
My resolution 's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: now from head to foot
I am marble constant: now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Cleopatra's Speech on applying the Asp.

Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
Immortal longings in me. Now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip:
Yare, yare, good Iras; quick—methinks, I hear
Antony call; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act; I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
T' excuse their after wrath. Husband, I come:
Now to that name, my courage, prove my title!
I am fire, and air; my other elements
I give to baser life. So,—have you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips:
Farewell, kind Charmian; Iras, long farewell.
[*Kisses them. Iras falls and dies.*
Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall?
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desired. Dost thou lie still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking.
Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I may say,
The gods themselves do weep.
Cleo. This proves me base——
If she first meet the curled Antony,
He 'll make demand of her; and spend that kiss
Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou mortal wretch,
[*To the Asp, which she applies to her breast.*]
With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,
Be angry and despatch. O couldst thou speak,
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar ass,
Unpolicy'd!
Char. O, eastern star.
Cleo. Peace, peace!
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?
Char. O, break, O, break! gentle—
Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as
O Antony! Nay, I will take thee too:—
[*Applying another Asp.*
What should I stay—— [*Dies.*
Char. In this wide world? so, fare thee well.
Now, boast, thee, death! in thy possession lies
A lass unparallel'd.

§ 16. CORIOLANUS. SHAKSPEARE.

Mob.

WHAT would you have, you curs!
That like nor peace nor war? The one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;
Where foxes, geese; you are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness,
Deserves your hate: and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends

Upon your favors, swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye,—trust ye ?
With every minute you do change a mind ;
And call him noble, that was now your hate,
Him vile that was your garland.

Doing our Duty merits not Praise.

Pray now, no more : my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me, grieves me : I have done, [duc'd
As you have done ; that 's what I can ! in-
As you have been ; that 's for my country :
He that has but effected his good will,
Hath overta'en mine act.

Popularity.

All tongues speak of him ; and the bleared sights [nurse
Are spectacled to see him. Your prattling
Into a rapture lets her baby cry, [pins
While she chats him ; the kitchen malkin
Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
Clamb'ring the walls to eye him : stalls, bulks, windows,
Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
With variable complexions ; all agreeing
In earnestness to see him : seld-shown flamens
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar station : our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damask, in
Their nicely-gawded cheeks, to the wanton spoil
Of Phœbus' burning kisses : such a pother,
As if that whatsoever god, who leads him,
Were slily crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.

Cominius' Speech in the Senate.

I shall lack voice : the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly. It is held
That valor is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver : if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the mark of others ; our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin he drove
The bristled lips before him : he bestrid
An o'er-prest Roman, and i' the consul's view
Slew three opposers : Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee ; in that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the scene,
He prov'd best man i' the field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil-age
Man-entered thus, he waxed like a sea ;
And in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
He lurch'd all swords o' the garland. For this
Before, and in Corioli, let me say, [last,
I cannot speak him home : he stopp'd the flyers ;
And, by his rare example, made the coward
Turn terror into sport : As waves before
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd, [stamp)
And fell below his stem : his sword (death's
Where it did mark, it took ; from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was tim'd with dying cries ; alone he enter'd
The mortal gate o' the city, which he painted
With shunless destiny ; aidless came off,
And with a sudden reinforcement struck
Corioli, like a planet. Now all 's his :
When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce
His ready sense, then straight his doubled
Requicken'd what in flesh was fatigate, [spirit
And to the battle came he ; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetual spoil : and till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.

Character of Coriolanus.

His nature is too noble for the world :
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart 's his mouth ; [vent ;
What his breast forges, that his tongue must
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death.

Coriolanus : his Abhorrence of Flattery.

Well, I must do 't :
Away, my disposition, and possess me [turn'd,
Some harlot's spirit ! my throat of war be
Which quir'd with my drum, into a pipe,
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep ! the smiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks ; and school-boy's tears take up
The glasses of my sight ! a beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips ; and my arm'd knees,
Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms !—I will not do't—
Lest I surcease to honor mine own truth,
And, by my body's action, teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.

His Mother's Resolution on his stubborn Pride.

At thy choice, then :
To beg of thee, it is my more dishonor
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin : let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dang'rous stoutness : for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it
But own thy pride thyself. [from me :

His Detestation of the Vulgar.

You common cry of curs ! whose breath I hate,
As reek o' the rotten fens ; whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men,

That do corrupt my air : I banish you ;
And here remain with your uncertainty !
Let every feeble rumor shake your hearts !
Your enemies with nodding of their plumes
Fan you into despair ! have the power still
To banish your defenders : till at length
Your ignorance (which finds not, till it feels,
Making not reservation of yourselves,
Still your own foes), deliver you, as most
Abated captives, to some nation
That won you without blows.

Precepts against Ill-fortune.

You were us'd
To say, extremities were the triers of spirits ;
That common chances common men could bear ;
That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike
Show'd mastership in floating. Fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle wound-[ed, crave
A noble cunning. You were used to load me
With precepts that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.

On Common Friendships.

Oh, world, thy slippery turns ! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,
Are still together, who twin, 'twere, in love,
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissension of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity. So fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,
And interjoin their issues.

Martial Friendship.

Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where against
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
And scarr'd the moon with splinters ! here I clip
The anvil of my sword ; and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valor. Know thou first,
I lov'd the maid I married ; never man
Sigh'd truer breath ; but that I see thee here,
Thou noble thing ! more dances my rapt heart,
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars ! I tell thee
We have a power on foot ; and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or lose my arm for 't : thou hast beat me out
Twelve several times ; and I have nightly since
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me ;
We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
And wak'd half-dead with nothing.

The Season of Solicitation.

He was not taken well ; he had not din'd :
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive ; but when we have stuff'd
These pipes and these conveyances of our blood,
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts : therefore I 'll watch him
Till he be dieted to my request.

Obstinate Resolution.

My wife comes foremost ; then the honor'd mould
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grand-child to her blood—But, out, affection !
All bond and privilege of nature, break !
Let it be virtuous to be obstinate :—
What is that curt'sy worth ? or those dove's eyes,
Which can make gods forsworn ! I melt, and bows
Of stronger earth than others !—my mother
As if Olympus to a mole-hill should
In supplication nod ; and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great nature cries, deny not.—Let the Volsces
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy ; I 'll never
Be such a gosling to obey instinct ; but stand
As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin.

Relenting Tenderness.

Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny ; but do not say,
For that, forgive our Romans.—O, a kiss,
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge !
Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear ; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since. You gods ! I prate,
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted : sink, my knee, i' th' earth ;
Of thy deep duty more impression show
Than that of common sons.

Chastity.

The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome ; chaste as the icicle,
That 's curded by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple.

Coriolanus's Prayer for his Son.

The god of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness, that thou mayst prove
To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee !

Coriolanus's Mother's pathetic Speech to him.

Think with thyself,
How more unfortunate than all living women

Are we come hither: since that thy sight, which should
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,
Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and sorrow:
Making the mother, wife, and child, to see
The son, the husband, and the father, tearing
His country's bowels out. And to poor we
Thine enmity 's most capital: thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy.
- - - We must find
An evident calamity, though we had [thou
Our wish, which side should win: for either
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles along our streets; or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin;
And bear the palm, for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
I purpose not to wait on fortune, till
These wars determine: if I cannot persuade thee,
Rather to show a noble grace to both parts,
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country, than to tread
(Trust to 't thou shalt not) on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.

§ 17. CYMBELINE. SHAKSPEARE.

Parting Lovers.

Imo. Thou shouldst have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.
Pis. Madam, so I did.
Imo. I would have broke my eye-strings; crack'd 'em, but
To look upon him: till the diminution
Of space had pointed him as sharp as my needle:
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air: and then
Have turn'd mine eye and wept. But, good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?
Pis. Be assur'd, madam,
With his next vantage. [had
Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him,
How I would think of him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such; or I would make him swear,
The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest, and his honor; or have charg'd him, [night,
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at mid-
To encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Imogen's Bed-chamber: in one part of it a large Trunk.

Imogen is discovered reading.

Imo. Mine eyes are weak:
Fold down the leaf where I have left: To bed:
Take not away the taper, leave it burning;
And if thou canst awake by four o' th' clock,
I pr'ythee call me—Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly. [*Exit Lady.*
To your protection I commend me, gods!
From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
Guard me, beseech ye! [*Sleeps.*

Iachimo rises from the Trunk.

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labor'd sense
Repairs itself by rest: our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea, [lily!
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh
And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!
But kiss; one kiss!—Rubies unparagon'd
How dearly they do 't!—'Tis her breathing that [taper
Perfumes the chamber thus; the flame o' the
Bows towards her; and would under-peep her
To see th' inclosed lights, now canopied [lids
Under these windows: white and azure, lac'd
With blue of heaven's own tinct—but my design? [down:—
To note the chamber:—I will write all
Such, and such, pictures; there the window: such
Th' adornment of her bed;—the arras, figures,
Why, such, and such:—and the contents o' the story,
Ah, but some natural notes about her body,
Above ten thousand meaner moveables,
Would testify t' enrich mine inventory:
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying! Come off, come off;
[*Taking off her bracelet*
As slippery, as the Gordian knot was hard!
'Tis mine: and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To the madding of her lord. On her left breast
A mole cinque spotted, like the crimson drops
I' bottom of a cowslip: Here 's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make: this secret
Will force him think I have pick'd the lock and ta'en [what end?
The treasure of her honor. No more.—To
Why should I write this down, that 's riveted,
Screw'd to my memory? She had been reading late [down,
The tale of Tereus; here the leaf 's turn'd
Where Philomel gave up;—I have enough:
To the truck again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night! that dawning
May bear the raven's eye: I lodge in fear;
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.
[*He goes into the Trunk; the Scene closes.*

A Satire on Women.

Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers? We are all bastards;
And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit: yet my mother seem'd
The Dian o' that time; so doth my wife
The nonpareil of this.—O, vengeance! vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me, oft, forbearance; did it with
A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on 't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn;—that I thought her
As chaste as unsunn'd snow.
- - - Could I find out [tion
The woman's part in me!—for there 's no mo-
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part: be it lying, note it,
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Lust, and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers; [dain,
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, dis-
Nice-longings, slanders, mutability:
All faults that name, nay, that hell knows, why, hers;
In part, or all; but, rather, all: for even to vice
They are not constant, but are changing still,
One vice, but of a minute old for one [them,
Not half so old as that. I 'll write against
Detest them, curse them:—yet 'tis greater skill
In a true hate, to pray they have their will:
The very devils cannot plague them better.

A Forest, with a Cave, in Wales.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with such [this gate
Whose roof 's as low as ours. Stoop, boys;
Instructs you how t' adore the heavens! and bows you [narchs
To morning's holy office. The gates of mo-
Are arch'd so high that giants may jet through
And keep their impious turbans on, without
Good-morrow to the sun—Hail thou fair heaven! [hardly
We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so
As prouder livers do.

Guid. Hail, heaven!

Arv. Hail, heaven! [yon hill:

Bel. Now for our mountain sport: up to
Your legs are young! I 'll tread these flats. Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place which lessens, and sets off.
And you may then revolve what tales I 've told you,
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:
This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd: To apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see;
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
Is nobler, than attending for a check;
Richer, than doing nothing for a bauble!
Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
Such gain the cap of him that makes them fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross'd; no life to ours.

Guid. Out of your proof you speak; we, poor unfledg'd, [know not
Have never wing'd from view o' the nest; nor
What air 's from home. Haply, this life is
If quiet life be best; sweeter to you, [best
That have a sharper known; well correspond-
With your stiff age; but, unto us, it is [ing
A cell of ignorance; travelling a-bed;
A prison for a debtor that not dares
To stride a limit.

Arv. What should we speak of [hear
When we are as old as you? when we shall
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing:
We are beastly; subtle as the fox, for prey:
Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat:
Our valor is, to chase what flies; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak!
Did you but know the city's usuries, [court,
And felt them knowingly: the heart o' the
As hard to leave, as keep; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slipp'ry, that [war,
The fear 's as bad as falling; the toil of the
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I' the name of fame, and honor: which dies i' the search;
And hath as oft a sland'rous epitaph,
As record of fair act; nay, many times
Doth ill deserve, by doing well; what 's worse,
Must curt'sy at the censure: O, boys, this story
The world may read in me: my body 's mark'd
With Roman swords; and my report was once
First with the best of note: Cymbeline lov'd me,
And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off: then was I as a tree
Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but, in one night,
A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather. [you oft)

Guid. Uncertain favor! [world:

Bel. My fault being nothing, (as I have told
But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honor, swore to Cymbeline,
I was confederate with the Romans: so
Follow'd my banishment; and, this twenty years,
This rock, and these demesnes, have been my
Where I have liv'd at honest freedom; paid
More pious debts to heaven, than in all

The fore-end of my time.—But up to the mountains;
This is not hunter's language: he that strikes
The venison first, shall be the lord o' th' feast;
To him the other two shall minister;
And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state.

The Force of Nature.

How hard it is, to hide the sparks of nature!
These boys know little, they are sons to th' king;
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think they 're mine: and though train'd up thus meanly
I' the cave, wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit [them,
The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts
In simple and low things, to prince it, much
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
The king his father call'd Guiderius, Jove!
When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
The warlike feats I 've done, his spirits fly out
Into my story: say—thus mine enemy fell;
And thus I set my foot on his neck;—even then [sweats,
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture [Cadwal,
That acts my words. The younger brother,
(Once, Arviragus) in as like a figure [more
Strikes life into my speech, and shows much
His own conceiving.

Slander.

No, 'tis slander,
Whose edge is sharper than the sword: whose tongue, [breath
Out-venoms all the worms of Nile: whose
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world: Kings, queens, and states,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave,
This viperous slander enters.

A Wife's Innocency.

False to his bed! What is it to be false?
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock?—If sleep charge nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake? That 's false to 's bed?

The Forest and Cave.

Enter Imogen in Boy's Clothes.

Imo. I see, a man's life is a tedious one:
I 've tir'd myself; and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me.—Milford,
When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd thee,
Thou wast within a ken. O, Jove! I think,
Foundations fly the wretched: such, I mean,
Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told me,
I could not miss my way: will poor folks lie
That have afflictions on them; knowing 'tis
A punishment, or trial? Yes: no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true. To lapse in fulness
Is sorer than to lie for need; and falsehood
Is worse in kings than beggars.—My dear lord!
Thou art one o' the false ones: now I think on thee,
My hunger 's gone; but even before I was
At point to sink for food.—But what is this?
[*Seeing the Cave.*
Here is a path to it:—'tis some savage hold;
I were best not call; I dare not call: yet famine,
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty and peace breed cowards: hardness
Of hardiness is mother. [ever

Labor.

Weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard.

Inborn Royalty.

O, thou goddess,
Thou divine nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys! They are as
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet, [gentle
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough
Their royal blood enchaf'd, as the rud'st wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonderful
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd; honor untaught;
Civility not seen from other; valor,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop,
As if it had been sow'd!

Enter Arviragus, with Imogen as dead, bearing her in his Arms.

Bel. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms,
Of what we blame him for!
Arv. The bird is dead
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
To have turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.
Guid. O, sweetest, fairest lily! [well,
My brother wears thee not the one half so
As when thou grew'st thyself.
Bel. O, melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish care [thing!
Might eas'liest harbor in? Thou blessed
Jove knows what man thou mightst have made; but I,
Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy!
How found you him?

Arv. Stark, as you see;
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at: his right
Reposing on a cushion. [cheek
Guid. Where?
Arv. O' the floor: [put
His arms thus leagued: I thought he slept; and
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose
Answer'd my steps too loud. [rudeness
Guid. Why, he but sleeps:
If he be gone, he 'll make his grave a bed;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.
Arv. With fairest flowers,
While summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I 'll sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not lack
The flow'r that 's like thy face, pale primrose; nor
The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath; the ruddock would
With charitable bill (O bill sore shaming
Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!) bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flow'rs are
To winter-ground thy corse—— [none,
\- - - - - - - -
Bel. Great griefs, I see, med'cine the less: for Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys;
And, though he came our enemy, remember
He was paid for that: though mean and mighty rotting
Together have one dust; yet reverence [tion
(That angel of the world) doth make distinc-
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely;
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.
Guid. Pray you fetch him hither.
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive.

Funereal Dirge.

Guid. Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.
Arv. Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.
Guid. Fear no more the lightning flash,
Arv. Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Guid. Fear not slander, censure rash;
Arv. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan.

Imogen awaking.

Yes, Sir, to Milford-Haven; which is the way?—
I thank you—by yond' bush? pray how far thither?
'Ods pitikins!—can it be six miles yet?
I have gone all night—'faith, I 'll lie down and sleep. [es!
But soft! no bedfellow:—O gods and goddess-
[*Seeing the body.*
These flow'rs are like the pleasures of the world; [dream;
This bloody man, the care on 't. I hope I
For, so, I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures: but 'tis not so:
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes: our very eyes [Good faith,
Are sometimes like our judgments, blind.
I tremble still with fear: but if there be
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it! [is
The dream 's here still: even when I awake, it
Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.

§ 18. HAMLET. SHAKSPEARE.

Prodigies.

IN the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell, [dead
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets;
Stars shone with trains of fire, dews of blood fell;
Disasters veil'd the sun; and the moist star,
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse.

Ghosts vanish at the Crowing of the Cock; and the Reverence paid to Christmas-time.

Ber. It was about to speak, when the cock crew.
Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing,
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet of the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day; and, at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
Th' extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine: and of the truth herein,
This present object made probation.
Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes,
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath pow'r to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Morning.

But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.

Real Grief.

Seems, madam! nay, it is: I know not seems.
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,

Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected 'haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief, [seem,
That can denote me truly: these, indeed,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I have that within, which passeth show;
These, but the trapping and the suits of woe.

Immoderate Grief discommended.

'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your father:
But, you must know, your father lost a father;
That father lost, lost his; and the survivor
In filial obligation, for some term [bound,
To do obsequious sorrow. But to persevere
In obstinate condolement, is a course
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief:
It shows a will most incorrect to Heaven;
A heart unfortified, or mind impatient;
An understanding simple and unschool'd;
For what we know, must be, and is as com-
As any the most vulgar thing to sense, [mon
Why should we, in our peevish opposition,
Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to Heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd; whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried
From the first corse till he that died to-day,
This must be so.

Hamlet's Soliloquy on his Mother's Marriage.

O that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd [God!
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on 't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature [this!
Possess it merely. That it should come to
But two months dead! nay, not so much, not
So excellent a king; that was, to this, [two.
Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,
That he might not let e'en the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember?—why, she would hang on
As if increase of appetite had grown [him,
By what it fed on: and yet within a month—
Let me not think on 't—frailty, thy name is woman!
A little month;—or ere those shoes were old,
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears;—why she, even she—
O Heaven! a beast that wants discourse of reason, [mine uncle,
Would have mourn'd longer—married with
My father's brother; but no more like my fa-
Than I to Hercules: within a month, [ther,
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married: O most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to good.

A complete Man.

He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

Cautions to young Ladies.

For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favor,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute,
No more.
- - - - - - - - -
Then weigh what loss your honor may sustain,
If with too credent ear you list his songs;
Or lose your heart; or your chaste treasure open
To his unmaster'd importunity.
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister;
And keep you in the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire.
The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon:
Virtue herself 'scapes not calumnious strokes:
The canker galls the infants of the spring
Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd:
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.

A Satire on ungracious Pastors.

I shall th' effects of this good lesson keep
As watchmen to my heart: but, good my bro-
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do, [ther,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven;
Whilst, like a puft and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own read.

A Father's Advice to his Son going to travel.

Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear it that the opposer may beware of thee.
Give ev'ry man thine ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all, to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Hamlet on the Appearance of his Father's Ghost.

Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee; I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me:
Let me not burst in ignorance! but tell,
Why the canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements? why the sepulchre
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again? What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature,
So horribly to shake our disposition [souls?
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our

The Mischief it might tempt him to.

What if it tempt you towards the flood, my lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,
That beetles o'er his base into the sea;
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,
And draw you into madness? Think of it:
The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into ev'ry brain,
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,
And hears it roar beneath.

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me? speak, I'll go no further.
Ghost. Mark me.
Ham. I will.
Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.
Ham. Alas, poor ghost!
Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.
Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.
Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.
Ham. What?
Ghost. I am thy father's spirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And, for the day, confin'd to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood: list, list, O list.
If thou didst ever thy dear father love—
Ham. O Heaven! murder.
Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.
Ham. Murder?
Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.
Ham. Haste me to know it; that I, with wings as swift
As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.
Ghost. I find thee apt;
And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That roots itself in ease on Lethe's wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in this? Now, Hamlet, hear:
'Tis given out, that, sleeping in my orchard,
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Den-
Is by a forged process of my death [mark
Rankly abus'd; but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life,
Now wears his crown.
Ham. O my prophetic soul! my uncle?
Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast, [gifts,
With witchcraft of his wit, with trait'rous
(O wicked wits and gifts, that have the pow'r
So to seduce!) won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen:
O Hamlet, what a falling off was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!
But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven:
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage.
But, soft! methinks, I scent the morning air;—
Brief let me be: Sleeping within mine or-
My custom always of the afternoon, [chard,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous distilment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body;
And, with a sudden vigor, it doth posset
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;
And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth body.
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once despatch'd:
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd;
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head:
Ham. O horrible! O horrible! most horrible!

Ghost. If thou hast nature in thee, bear it
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be [not;
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But howsoever thou pursuest this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught; leave her to Heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his ineffectual fire:
Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me. [*Exit.*
Ham. O, all you host of heaven! O earth! what else? [my heart!
And shall I couple hell? O fie! hold, hold,
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up! Remember thee?
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee?
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by Heaven.
O most pernicious woman!
O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
My tables,—meet it is I set it down, [lain;
That one may smile, and smile, and be a vil-
At least I am sure it may be so in Denmark.
[*Writing.*
So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;
It is, "Adieu, adieu! Remember me."

Ophelia's Description of Hamlet's mad Address to her.

My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,
Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbrac'd;
No hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ancle;
Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each
And with a look so piteous in purport, [other;
As if he had been loosed out of hell
To speak of horrors—he comes before me.
Pol. Mad for thy love?
Oph. My lord, I do not know;
But, truly, I do fear it.
Pol. What said he? [me hard:
Oph. He took me by the wrist, and held
Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
And with his other hand thus o'er his brow
He falls to such perusal of my face,
As he would draw it. Long staid he so;—
At last—a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,
He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
And end his being. That done, he let me go;
And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out of doors he went without their helps,
And, to the last, bended their light on me.

Hamlet's Reflections on the Player and himself.

O what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That, from her working, all his visage wann'd?
Tears in his eyes, distraction in 's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit; and all for nothing!
For Hecuba!
What 's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba, [do,
That he should weep for her? what would he
Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have? he would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the gen'ral ear with horrid speech;
Make mad the guilty and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant; and amaze, indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and ears.
Yet I—
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, speak,
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property and most dear life
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose, gives me the lie i' the throat,
As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?
Ha! why, I should take it:—for it cannot be
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter; or, ere this,
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal: bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!
Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave;
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with
And fall a cursing like a very drab, [words,
A scullion!
Fie upon 't! foh! About, my brains! Humph!
I have heard,
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions:
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak [players
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these
Play something like the murder of my father,
Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick; if he do blench,
I know my course. The spirit, that I have seen,
May be a devil: and the devil hath pow'r
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and, perhaps,
Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
(As he is very potent with such spirits)
Abuses me to damn me: I'll have grounds
More relative than this: the play 's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king

Hypocrisy.

We are to blame in this— [visage
'Tis too much prov'd—that, with devotion's
And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.

King. O, 'tis too true! how smart
A lash that speech does give my conscience!
The harlot's cheek, beautied with plast'ring art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Than is my deed to my most painted word.

Life and Death weighed.

To be, or not to be, that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune:
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them: To die—to sleep—
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to;—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die;—to sleep;
To sleep! perchance to dream;—ay, there 's the rub; [come,
For in that sleep of death what dreams may
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause:—there 's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life; [time,
For who would bear the whips and scorns of
Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels
To grunt and sweat under a weary life; [bear,
But that the dread of something after death—
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

A noble Mind disordered.

O what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword:
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
Th' observ'd of all observers! quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music-vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh; [youth,
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown
Blasted with ecstasy.

On Flattery, and an even-minded Man.

Nay, do not think I flatter:
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp;
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish her election,
She hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and blest are those, [mingled,
Whose blood and judgment are so well com-
That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please: Give me the man [him
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear
In my heart's core—ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.

Midnight.

'Tis now the very witching time of night;
When church-yards yawn, and hell itself breathes out [hot blood,
Contagion to this world: Now could I drink
And do such business as the better day
Would quake to look on. Soft; now to my mother.
O heart, lose not thy nature: let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:
Let me be cruel, not unnatural:
I will speak daggers to her, but use none.

The King's despairing Soliloquy, and Hamlet's Reflections on him.

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heav'n;
It hath the primal, eldest curse upon 't,
A brother's murder! Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will;
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood?
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves
But to confront the visage of offence? [mercy,
And what 's in prayer, but this twofold force;
To be forestalled, ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd, being down? Then I 'll look up;
My fault is past. But O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder!
That cannot be; since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd, and retain th' offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice:

And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law : but 'tis not so above :
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In its true nature ; and we ourselves compell'd
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults
To give in evidence. What then ? what rests ?
Try what repentance can : what can it not ?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent ?
O wretched state ! O bosom, black as death !
O limed soul ! that, struggling to be free,
Art more engag'd ! Help, angels, make assay !
Bow, stubborn knees ! and, heart, with strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe ;
All may be well ! [*The king kneels.*

Enter Hamlet. [praying ;

Ham. Now might I do it, pat, now he is
And now I 'll do 't ; and so he goes to heav'n :
And so am I reveng'd ? that would be scann'd :
A villain kills my father ; and, for that,
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven !
Why this is hire and salary, not revenge.
He took my father grossly, full of bread ;
With all his crimes broad-blown, as flush as May ; [Heaven ?
And, how his audit stands, who knows, save
But, in our circumstance and course of thought,
'Tis heavy with him : and am I then reveng'd
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and seasoned for his passage ?
No.
Up, sword ; and know thou a more horrid hent :
When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage ;
Or in the incestuous pleasures of his bed ;
At gaming, swearing ; or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in 't : [ven ;
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at hea-
And that his soul may be as damn'd and black,
As hell whereto it goes.

Hamlet and his Mother.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st
In noise so rude against me ? [wag thy tongue

Ham. Such an act,
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty ;
Calls virtue hypocrite ; takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a blister there ; makes marriage-vows
As false as dicers' oaths : O, such a deed,
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul ! and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words.

Queen. Ah me, what act ? [this,

Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See what a grace was seated on this brow :
Hyperion's curls ; the front of Jove himself ;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command ;
A station like the herald Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill ;
A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man ;

This *was* your husband.—Look you now, what follows :
Here *is* your husband ; like a mildew'd ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes ?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor ?

Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more ;
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul ;
And there I see such black and grained spots,
As will not leave their tinct.

Enter Ghost. [your wings,

Ham. Save me, and hover o'er me with
You heavenly guards !—What would your gra-

Queen. Alas ! he 's mad. [cious figure ?

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, laps'd in time and passion, lets go by
Th' important acting of your dread command ?
O, say—

Ghost. Do not forget : this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look ! amazement on thy mother sits :
O step between her and her fighting soul !
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works ;
Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, lady ?

Queen. Alas ! how is it with you,
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse ?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep ;
And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,
Starts up and stands on end. O, gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look ?

Ham. On him ! on him ! look you how pale he glares ! [stones,
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to
Would make them capable. Do not look on me,
Lest, with this piteous action, you convert
My stern effects : then, what I have to do
Will want true color ; tears, perchance, for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this ?

Ham. Do you see nothing there ?
[*Pointing to the Ghost.*

Queen. Nothing at all ; yet all, that is, I

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear ? [see.

Queen. No, nothing, but ourselves.

Ham. Why, look you there ! look how it steals away !
My father, in his habit as he liv'd !
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal. [*Exit Ghost.*

Queen. This is the very coinage of your
This bodiless creation ecstasy [brain :
Is very cunning in.

Ham. Ecstasy ! [time,
My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep
And makes as healthful music : it is not mad-
That I have utter'd ; bring me to the test, [ness
And I the matter will re-word ; which madness

Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks:
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place;
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen.—Confess yourself to heaven;
Repent what 's past; avoid what is to come.

Queen. O Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

Ham. O, throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night: but go not to my uncle's bed:
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
That monster Custom, who all sense doth eat
Of habit's devil, is angel yet in this;
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock, or livery,
That aptly is put on: refrain to-night;
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence: the next more easy:
For use almost can change the stamp of nature;
And either curb the devil or throw him out
With wondrous potency. Once more, good-night!
And when you are desirous to be blest,
I 'll blessing beg of you.

Queen. What shall I do? [you do:

Ham. Not this, by no means, that I bid
Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed;
Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his mouse;
And let him for a pair of reechy kisses, [gers,
Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fin-
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness, [know.
But mad in craft. 'Twere good, you let him

Queen. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to England, you know that?

Queen. Alack, I had forgot;
'Tis so concluded on.

Ham. There 's letters seal'd; and my two schoolfellows,
Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd,
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,
And marshal me to knavery: let it work;
For 'tis the sport, to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petard: and it shall go hard,
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon.

Hamlet's Reflections on his own Irresolution.

How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure, he, that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not [course,
That capability and god-like reason
To fust in us unus'd: now, whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on the event,
(A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom,
And ever three parts coward), I do not know
Why yet I live to say, This thing 's to do;
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means,
To do 't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me;
Witness, this army, of such mass, and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince,
Whose spirit with divine ambition puft,
Makes mouths at the invisible event;
Exposing what is mortal, and unsure,
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great,
Is, not to stir without great argument;
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw, [then,
When honor 's at the stake. How stand I
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason and my blood,
And let all sleep? while to my shame I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men
That, for a phantasy, and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds; fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough and continent
To hide the slain!—O, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!

Description of Ophelia's Drowning.

There is a willow grows ascaunt the brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
Therewith fantastic garlands did she make,
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them: [weeds
There on the pendant boughs her coronet
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies, and herself,
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide
And, mermaid-like, a while they bore her up:
Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indued
Unto that element; but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

A spotless Virgin buried.

Lay her i' the earth;
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring! I tell thee, churlish priest,
A minist'ring angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.

Melancholy.

This is mere madness:
And thus a while the fit will work on him;
Anon, as patient as the female dove,

When first her golden couplets are disclos'd,
His silence will sit drooping.

Providence directs our Actions

And that should teach us,
There 's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

A Health.

Give me the cups;
And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth;
"Now the King drinks to Hamlet." [earth;

§ 19. THE FIRST PART OF HENRY IV.

SHAKSPEARE.

Peace after civil War.

So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
To be commenc'd in stronds afar remote.
No more the thirsty Erinnys of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood; [fields,
No more shall trenching war channel her
Nor bruise her flow'rets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces: Those opposed eyes,
Which—like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred—
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual, well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way: and be no more oppos'd
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies:
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master.

King Henry's Character of Percy, and of his Son Prince Henry.

Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me sin
In envy, that my lord Northumberland [me
Should be the father of so blest a son:
A son, who is the theme of honor's tongue;
Amongst a grove the very straightest plant;
Who is sweet Fortune's minion, and her pride:
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonor stain the brow
Of my young Harry.

Prince Henry's Soliloquy.

I know you all, and will a while uphold
The unyok'd humor of your idleness:
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world;
That, when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may more be wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But, when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So, when this loose behavior I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promised;
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;
And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation, glitt'ring o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
I 'll so offend, to make offence a skill;
Redeeming time, when men think least I will.

Hotspur's Description of a finical Courtier.

But, I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly drest,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new-reap'd,
Show'd like a stubble land at harvest-home:
He was perfumed like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took 't away again:—
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there, [talk'd,
Took it in snuff.—And still he smil'd and
And, as the soldiers bare dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me; among the rest, demanded
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf. [cold,
I then, all smarting with my wounds, being
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience
Answer'd neglectingly I know not what;
He should or he should not; for he made me mad,
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds (God save the mark!)
And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmacity, for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
That villanous saltpetre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.

Danger.

I 'll read you matter deep and dangerous;
As full of peril and advent'rous spirit,
As to o'erwalk a current, roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

Honor.

By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright Honor from the pale-fac'd moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,

And pluck up drowned Honor by the locks;
So he that doth redeem her thence, might wear
Without co-rival all her dignities.
But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship!

Lady Percy's pathetic Speech to her Husband.

O my good lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence have I, this fortnight, been
A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?
Tell me, sweet lord, what is it takes from thee
Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth,
And start so often when thou sitt'st alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks:
And giv'n my treasures, and my rights of thee,
To thick-ey'd musing, and curs'd melancholy?
In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars;
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;
Cry, "Courage! to the field!" and thou hast talk'd
Of sallies, and retires; of trenches, tents,
Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets;
Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin;
Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,
And all the currents of a heady fight.
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,
And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep,
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream:
And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden haste. O, what portents are these?
Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Prodigies ridiculed.

I cannot blame him: at my nativity,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets; and, at my birth,
The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shak'd like a coward.
Hot. Why so it would have done
At the same season, if your mother's cat
Had kitten'd—tho' yourself had ne'er been born.
\- - - - - - - - -
Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions: oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of cholic pinch'd and vex'd,
By the imprisoning of unruly wind [striving,
Within her womb; which, for enlargement
Shakes the old beldame Earth, and topples down
Steeples and moss-grown towers.

On miserable Rhymers.

I had rather be a kitten and cry—mew,
Than one of these same metre-ballad-mongers;
I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry;
'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.

Punctuality in Bargain.

I'll give thrice so much land
To any well-deserving friend;
But, in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.

A Husband sung to Sleep by a fair Wife.

She bids you
Upon the wanton rushes lay you down,
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eye-lids crown the god of sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness
Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The hour before the heavenly harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east.

King Henry the Fourth to his Son.

Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession;
And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir,
But, like a comet, I was wondered at: [he."
That men would tell their children; "This is
Others would say, "Where? which is Bolingbroke?"
And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,
And dress'd myself in such humility,
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned king.
Thus did I keep my person fresh and new;
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen but wondered at: and so my state,
Seldom, but sumptuous, showed like a feast;
And won, by rareness, such solemnity.
The skipping king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters, and rash bavin wits,
Soon kindled, and soon burned: carded his state;
Mingled his royalty with capering fools;
Had his great name profaned with their scorns;
And gave his countenance against his name,
To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the push
Of every beardless vain comparative:
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfeoffed himself to popularity:
That, being daily swallowed by men's eyes,
They surfeited with honey; and began [little
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a
More than a little is by much too much.
So, when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckow is in June,
Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes,
As, sick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes:
But rather drows'd, and hung their eye-lids down,

Slept in his face, and rendered such aspect
As cloudy men use to their adversaries; [full.
Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and

Prince Henry's modest Defence of himself.

God forgive them, that so much have sway'd
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And, in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you that I am your son;
When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And stain my favors in a bloody mask,
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it.
And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
That this same child of honor and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
And your unthought of Harry chance to meet;
For ev'ry honor sitting on his helm,
Would they were multitudes; and on my head
My shames redoubled: for the time will come
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;
And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every glory up,
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
This, in the name of God, I promise here:
The which, if he be pleas'd I shall perform,
I do beseech your majesty may salve
The long grown wounds of my intemperance:
If not, the end of life cancels all bonds;
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

A gallant Warrior.

I saw young Harry—with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd—
Rise from the ground, like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Hotspur's Impatience for the Battle.

Let them come:
They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war,
All hot and bleeding, will we offer them:
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh, [horse,
And yet not ours: Come, let me take my
Who is to bear me like a thunderbolt,
Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales:
Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a
O, that Glendower were come! [corse.

Prince Henry's modest Challenge.

Tell your nephew, [world
The Prince of Wales doth join with all the
In praise of Henry Percy; by my hopes—
This present enterprise set off his head—
I do not think, a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry;
And so I hear he doth account me too:
Yet this before my father's majesty—
I am content that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation;
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight.

Prince Henry's pathetic Speech on the Death of Hotspur.

Brave Percy—fare thee well, great heart!
Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now, two paces of the vilest earth [dead,
Is room enough:—This earth that bears thee
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so dear a show of zeal:—
But let my favors hide thy mangled face;
And, even in thy behalf, I 'll thank myself,
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!
Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph!

Life demands Action.

O, gentlemen, the time of life is short;
To spend that shortness basely, were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.

§ 20. THE SECOND PART OF HENRY IV.

SHAKSPEARE.

Contention.

CONTENTION, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
And bears down all before him.

Post-Messenger.

After him, came, spurring hard,
A gentleman almost forespent with speed,
That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horse:
He ask'd the way to Chester; and of him
I did demand what news from Shrewsbury.
He told me, that rebellion had ill luck,
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold:
With that, he gave his able horse the head,
And, bending forward, struck his armed heels
Against the panting sides of his poor jade
Up to the rowel head; and, starting so,
He seem'd in running to devour the way,
Staying no longer question.

Messenger with ill News.

Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,

Foretels the nature of a tragic volume:
So looks the strond whereon th' imperious flood
Hath left a witness'd usurpation. [cheek
Thou tremblest: and the whiteness in thy
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him half his Troy was burn'd.
I see a strange confession in thine eye: [sin,
Thou shak'st thy head; and hold'st it fear or
To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so:
The tongue offends not that reports his death:
And he doth sin, that doth belie the dead;
Not he, which says the dead is not alive.
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remember'd knolling a departing friend.

Greater Griefs destroy the less.

As the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,
Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms; even so my limbs,
Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with grief, [nice crutch;
Are thrice themselves: Hence therefore, thou
A scaly gauntlet now, with joints of steel,
Must glove this hand: and hence, thou sickly quoif;
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
Which princes, flush'd with conquest, aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with iron, and approach
The rugged'st hour that time and spite dare bring
To frown upon th' enrag'd Northumberland!
Let heaven kiss earth! now let not Nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confin'd! Let order die!
And let this world no longer be a stage
To feed contention in a ling'ring act;
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead.

On Sleep.

O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids
And steep my senses in forgetfulness! [down,
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber;
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile,
In loathsome beds; and leav'st the kingly couch,
A watch-case, or a common larum-bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast,
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge;
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamors in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?
Canst thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
And, in the calmest and the stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king?

Dialogue between Prince Henry and his Father.

Come hither to me, Harry:—
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.
[*Exeunt Lords.*
P. H. I never thought to hear you speak again. [that thought:
K. H. Thy wish was father, Harry, to
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,
That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honors,
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.
Stay but a little: for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop; my day is dim.
Thou hast stolen that, which after some few hours
Were thine without offence; and, at my death
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:
Thy life did manifest thou lov'dst me not,
And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it.
Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my life.
What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone and dig my grave thyself:
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse,
Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head:
Only compound me with forgotten dust,
Give that which gave thee life unto the worms,
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form,
Henry the Fifth is crown'd:—up, vanity!
Down, royal state! All you sage counsellors, hence!
And to the English court assemble now,
From ev'ry region, apes of idleness; [scum:
Now, neighbor-confines, purge you of your
Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,
Revel the night; rob, murder, and commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
England shall double gild his treble guilt:
England shall give him office, honor, might:

For the fifth Harry from curb'd license plucks
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
Shall flesh his tooth in ev'ry innocent.
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!
P. H. O pardon me, my liege! but for my tears, [*Kneeling.*
The moist impediments unto my speech,
I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard
The course of it so far. There is your crown;
And He that wears the crown immortally,
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more,
Than as your honor, and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience rise
(Which my most true and inward duteous spirit
Teacheth), this prostrate and exterior bending!
Heaven witness with me, when I here came in,
And found no course of breath within your Majesty,
How cold it struck my heart! If I do feign,
O, let me in my present wildness die!
And never live to show the incredulous world
The noble change that I have purposed!
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead
(And dead almost, my liege, to think you were),
I spake unto the crown, as having sense,
And thus upbraided it: "The care on thee depending,
Hath fed upon the body of my father;
Therefore, thou best of gold, art worst of gold:
Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,
Preserving life in med'cine potable:
But thou most fine, most honor'd, most renown'd, [liege,
Hast eat thy bearer up." Thus, my most royal
Accusing it, I put it on my head;
To try with it—as with an enemy
That had before my face murdered my father—
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
Did, with the least affection of a welcome,
Give entertainment to the might of it,
Let God for ever keep it from my head:
And make me as the poorest vassal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!
K. Hen. O my son!
Heaven put it in thy mind, to take it hence,
That thou mightst win the more thy father's
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it. [love,
Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed;
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe. Heaven knows, my son,
By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd ways,
I met this crown; and I myself know well,
How troublesome it sat upon my head:
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation;
For all the soil of the achievement goes
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me,
But as an honor snatch'd with boisterous hand;
And I had many living, to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances;
Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed,
Wounding supposed peace: All these bold fears,
Thou seest, with peril I have answered:
For all my reign hath been but as a scene
Acting that argument; and now my death
Changes the mode: for what in me was purchas'd,
Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort: so thou
So thou the garland wear'st successively.
Yet tho' thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green; [thy friends,
And all thy friends, which thou must make
Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out,
By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,
And by whose pow'r I well might lodge a fear
To be again displac'd: which to avoid,
I cut them off; and had a purpose now
To lead out many to the Holy Land; [look
Lest rest, and lying still, might make them
Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy course, to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out,
May waste the memory of the former days.
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
That strength of speech is utterly denied me.
How I came by the crown, O God, forgive!
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!
P. Hen. My gracious liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
Then plain and right must my possession be:
Which I, with more than with a common pain,
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

Reflections on a Crown.

O polish'd perturbation! golden care!
That keeps the ports of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night—sleep with it now!
Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,
As he, whose brow, with homely biggen bound,
Snores out the watch of night. O Majesty!
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
Like a rich armor worn in heat of day,
That scalds with safety.

Gold.

How quickly nature falls into revolt,
When gold becomes her object!
For this the foolish, over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains with care,
Their bones with industry;
For this they have engrossed and pil'd up
The canker'd heaps of strange achieved gold;
For this they have been thoughtful to invest

Their sons with arts and martial exercises:
When, like the bee, culling from ev'ry flow'r
The virtuous sweets, [honey,
Our thighs packed with wax, our mouths with
We bring it to the hive; and, like the bees,
Are murder'd for our pains.

The Chief Justice to King Henry V. whom he had imprisoned.

If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a son set your decrees at nought;
To pluck down justice from your awful bench;
To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword
That guards the peace and safety of your person;
Nay, more, to spurn at your most royal image,
And mock your workings in a second body.
Question your royal thoughts, make the case
Be now the father, and propose a son: [yours,
Hear your own dignity so much profan'd, [ed,
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slight-
Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd:
And then imagine me taking your part,
And, in your power, soft silencing your son.

§ 21. THE LIFE OF HENRY V.

SHAKSPEARE.

Consideration.

CONSIDERATION like an angel, came,
And whipp'd th' offending Adam out of him,
Leaving his body as a paradise,
To envelope and contain celestial spirits.

King Henry V. his Perfections.

Hear him but reason in divinity,
And, all-admiring, with an inward wish [late:
You would desire the king were made a pre-
Hear him debate of common-wealth affairs,
You would say, it hath been all-in-all his study:
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle rendered you in music.
Turn him to any course of policy,
The gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter; that, when he speaks,
The air, a chartered libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences.

The Commonwealth of Bees.

So work the honey-bees:
Creatures that, by a rule in nature, teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king, and officers of sorts:
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home;
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad:
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;
Which pillage they with merry march bring
To the tent-royal of their emperor: [home
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold;
The civil citizens kneading up the honey;
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burthens at his narrow gate;
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone.

Warlike Spirit.

Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies;
Now thrive the armorers, and honor's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man:
They sell the pasture now to buy the horse;
Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
With winged heels, as English Mercuries.
For now sits expectation in the air;
And hides a sword, from hilt unto the point,
With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets,
Promis'd to Harry and his followers.

False Appearances.

O! how hast thou with jealousy infected
The sweetness of affiance! show men dutiful?
Why, so didst thou: seem they grave and learned? [mily?
Why, so didst thou: come they of noble fa-
Why, so didst thou: seem they religious?
Why, so didst thou: or are they spare in diet;
Free from gross passion, or of mirth, or anger;
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood;
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest compliment:
Not working with the eye, without the ear,
And, but in purged judgment, trusting neither?
Such, and so finely bolted, didst thou seem:
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
To mark the full-fraught man, and best endued,
With some suspicion.

Description of a Fleet setting Sail.

Suppose, that you have seen
The well-appointed king at Hampton-pier
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet [ning.
With silken streamers the young Phœbus fan-
Play with your fancies; and in them behold,
Upon the hempen tackle, ship-boys climbing:
Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give
To sounds confus'd: behold the threaden sails,
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd
Breasting the lofty surge. [sea,

Description of Night in a Camp.

From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch:
Fire answers fire; and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face:
Steed threatens steed in high and boastful neighs, [tents,
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the
The armorers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.

The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.
Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty French
Do the low-rated English play at dice;
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
So tediously away. The poor condemned English,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger; and their gesture sad,
Investing lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn coats,
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts. O, now, who will
The royal captain of this ruin'd band, [behold
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry—praise and glory on his head!
For forth he goes, and visits all his host;
Bids them good morrow, with a modest smile;
And calls them—brothers, friends, and coun-trymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note
How dread an army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of color
Unto the weary and all-watched night:
But freshly looks, and overbears attaint,
With cheerful semblance, and sweet majesty;
That ev'ry wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks;
A largess universal, like the sun,
His liberal eye doth give to ev'ry one,
Thawing cold fear.

The Miseries of Royalty.

O hard condition! twin-born with greatness,
Subjected to the breath of every fool,
Whose sense no more can feel but his own wringing!
What infinite heart's-ease must kings neglect,
That private men enjoy! [too,
And what have kings, that privates have not
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs, than do thy worshippers?
What are thy rents, what are thy comings-in?
O ceremony, show me but thy worth!
What is the soul of adoration? [form,
Art thou aught else but place, degree, and
Creating awe and fear in other men,
Wherein thou art less happy, being fear'd,
Than they in fearing? [sweet,
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage
But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great great-
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure. [ness,
Think'st thou, the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low-bending?
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee, [dream,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud
That play'st so subtly with a king's repose;
I am a king, that find thee; and I know,
'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The inter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,
The farced title running 'fore the king,
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world—
No, not all these, thrice gorgeous ceremony,
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave;
Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread;
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell;
But, like a lacquey, from the rise to set,
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night
Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn,
Doth rise, and help Hyperion to his horse:
And follows so the ever-running year,
With profitable labor, to his grave;
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch, [sleep,
Winding up days with toil, and nights with
Hath the fore-hand and 'vantage of a king.

A Description of the miserable State of the English Army.

Yon island carrions, desp'rate of their bones,
Ill-favor'dly become the morning field:
Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,
And our air shakes them passing scornfully.
Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,
And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps.
Their horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
With torch-staves in their hands; and the poor jades [hips;
Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and
The gum down-roping from their pale dead eyes,
And in their pale dull mouths the gimmal bit
Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless:
And their executors, the knavish crows,
Fly o'er them all, impatient for their hour.

King Henry's Speech before the Battle of Agincourt.

What 's he, that wishes so? [sin:
My cousin Westmoreland?—No, my fair cou-
If we are mark'd to die, we are enough
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honor.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold; [more.
Nor care I, who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not, if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But, if it be a sin to covet honor,
I am the most offending soul alive. [land:
No, 'faith, my coz, wish not a man from Eng-
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honor, [me,
As one man more, methinks, would share from
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more: [host,
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my
That he, which hath no stomach to this fight,

Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company,
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is call'd—the feast of Crispian:
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his friends,
And say, To-morrow is St. Crispian.
Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars,
And say, These wounds I had on Crispin's day.
Old men forget; yet shall not all forget,
But they 'll remember, with advantages,
What feats they did that day: then shall our names,
Familiar in their mouths as household words,
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Glo'ster,
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered:
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he, to-day that sheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition:
And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
Shall think themselves accurs'd, they were not here;
And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speaks,
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

Description of the Duke of York's Death.

He smil'd me in the face, gave me his hand,
And, with a feeble gripe, says, "Dear my lord,
"Commend my service to my sovereign."
So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips;
And so, espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
A testament of noble-ending love.
The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd
Those waters from me which I would have stopp'd;
But I had not so much of man in me,
And all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gave me up to tears.

The Miseries of War.

Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned dies: her hedges even-pleach'd,
Like prisoners, widely over-grown with hair,
Put forth disorder'd twigs: her fallow leas
The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory,
Doth root upon; while that the coulter rusts,
That should deracinate such savagery:
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
Wanting the sithe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleness; and nothing teems,
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
Losing both beauty and utility.

§ 22. THE FIRST PART OF HENRY VI.

SHAKSPEARE.

Glory.

GLORY is like a circle in the water;
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.

Marriage.

For marriage is a matter of more worth,
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship.
- - - - - - - -
For what is wedlock forced but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.

§ 23. THE SECOND PART OF HENRY VI.

SHAKSPEARE.

A guilty Countenance.

Upon the eye-balls murd'rous tyranny
Sits, in grim majesty, to fright the world.

Description of a murdered Person.

See how the blood is settled in his face!
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,
Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless,
Being all descended to the laboring heart;
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;
Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth
To blush and beautify the cheek again.
But, see, his face is black, and full of blood;
His eye-balls further out than when he liv'd,
Staring full ghastly, like a strangled man:
His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling;
His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd
And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdued.
Look on the sheets: his hair, you see, is sticking;
His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,
Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.
It cannot be but he was murder'd here;
The least of all these signs were probable.

A good Conscience.

What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel just:
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

Remorseless Hatred.

A plague upon 'em! wherefore should I curse them?
Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,
I would invent as bitter searching terms,
As curs'd, as harsh, as horrible to hear,
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signs of deadly hate,
As lean-fac'd envy in her loathsome cave:
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words,

Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;
Mine hair be fix'd on end like one distract;
Ay, ev'ry joint should seem to curse and ban:
And even now my burden'd heart would break,
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink! [taste;
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they
Their sweetest shade, a grove of cypress trees!
Their chiefest prospect, murdering basilisks!
Their softest touch, as smart as lizards' stings;
Their music, frightful as the serpent's hiss;
And boding screech-owls make the concert
All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell— [full!
\- - - - - - - - -
Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a winter's night,
Though standing naked on a mountain top,
Where biting cold would never let grass grow.

Parting Lovers.

And banished I am, if but from thee.
Go, speak not to me, even now be gone—
O, go not yet!—Even thus two friends condemn'd [leaves,
Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand
Loather a hundred times to part than die.—
Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee! [nished,
Suff. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banOnce by the king, and three times thrice by thee!
'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou hence;
A wilderness is populous enough,
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company.
For where thou art, there is the world itself,
With every several pleasure in the world!
And where thou art not, desolation.

Dying with the Person beloved, preferable to Parting.

If I depart from thee, I cannot live:
And in thy sight to die, what were it else,
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap!
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe,
Dying with mother's dug between its lips.

The Death-bed Horrors of a guilty Conscience.

Bring me unto my trial when you will:
Died he not in his bed? Where should he die?
Can I make men live, whether they will or no?
O! torture me no more, I will confess—
Alive again? Then show me where he is;
I 'll give a thousand pounds to look upon him—
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.
Comb down his hair; look, look! it stands upright,
Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul!
Give him some drink; and bid the apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

§ 24. THE THIRD PART OF HENRY VI.

SHAKSPEARE.

A hungry Lion.

So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws;
And so he walks insulting o'er his prey;
And so he comes to rend his limbs asunder.

The Duke of York on the gallant behavior of his Sons.

My sons—God knows what hath bechanced them: [selves
But this I know—they have demean'd themLike men born to renown, by life, or death.
Three times did Richard make a lane to me,
And thrice cried, "Courage, father! fight it out!"
And full as oft came Edward to my side,
With purple falchion painted to the hilt
In blood of those that had encounter'd him:
And when the hardiest warriors did retire,
Richard cried, "Charge! and give no foot of ground!"
And cried, "A crown, or else a glorious tomb!
A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!"
With this we charg'd again; but out, alas!
We bodg'd again; as I have seen a swan
With bootless labor swim against the tide,
And spend her strength with over-matching waves.

A Father's Passion on the Murder of a favorite Child.

O tiger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide!
How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?
Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;
Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
\- - - - - - - - -
That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with blood;
But you are more inhuman, more inexorable—
O, ten times more, than tigers of Hyrcania.
See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears:
This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet boy,
And I with tears do wash the blood away.
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this:
And, if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
Upon my soul the hearers will shed tears;
Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,
And say, "Alas, it was a piteous deed!"

The Duke of York in Battle.

Methought, he bore him in the thickest troop,
As doth a lion in a herd of neat;
Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs,
Who having pinch'd a few, and made them
The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him. [cry,

The Morning.

See how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trimm'd like a younker prancing to his love!

The Morning's Dawn.

The battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light;
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day nor night.

The Blessings of a Shepherd's Life.

O God! methinks it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run:
How many make the hour full complete,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live:
When this is known, then to divide the times:
So many hours must I tend my flock;
So many hours must I take my rest;
So many hours must I contemplate;
So many hours must I sport myself;
So many days my ewes have been with young;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will yean;
So many months ere I shall sheer the fleece;
So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years,
Pass'd over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery?
O, yes, it doth; a thousand-fold it doth.
And to conclude,—the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

Mob.

Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust;
Such is the lightness of you common men.

A Simile on ambitious Thoughts.

Why, then, I do but dream on sov'reignty;
Like one that stands upon a promontory,
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye!
And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,
Saying—he 'll lade it dry to have his way.

Gloucester's Deformity.

Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb,
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe
To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body;
To shape my legs of an unequal size:
To disproportion me in every part,
Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp,
That carries no impression like the dam.
And am I then a man to be belov'd?

Gloucester's Dissimulation.

Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile:
And cry, content, to that which grieves my heart;
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears;
And frame my face to all occasions: [shall;
I 'll drown more sailors than the mermaid
I 'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;
I 'll play the orator as well as Nestor,
Deceive more slily than Ulysses could,
And, like a Sinon, take another Troy:
I can add colors to the cameleon;
Change shapes with Proteus, for advantages,
And set the murd'rous Machiavel to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?

The Earl of Warwick's dying Speech.

Ah, who is nigh? Come to me, friend or foe,
And tell me who is victor, York or Warwick?
Why ask I that? My mangled body shows;
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows
That I must yield my body to the earth,
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept;
Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree, [wind.
And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful
These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black veil,
Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,
To search the secret treasons of the world.
The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with
Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres; [blood,
For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow?
Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
E'en now forsake me; and, of all my lands,
Is nothing left me but my body's length.

Queen Margaret's Speech before the Battle of Tewkesbury.

Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, what I should say,
My tears gainsay; for every word I speak,
Ye see, I drink the water of my eyes.
Therefore, no more but this: Henry, your sovereign,
Is prisoner to the foe, his state usurp'd,

His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,
His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent;
And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil:
You fight in justice: then, in God's name, lords,
Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.

Omens on the Birth of Richard III.

The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;
The night-crow cried, a boding luckless tune;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down trees;
The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,
And chattering pies in dismal discord sung:
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's
To wit—an indigest, deformed lump, [hope;
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree. [born,
Teeth had'st thou in thy head when thou wast
To signify—thou cam'st to bite the world:
And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
Thou cam'st "into the world with thy legs forward."

§ 25. THE LIFE OF HENRY VIII.

SHAKSPEARE.

Anger.

To climb steep hills,
Requires slow pace at first. Anger is like
A full-hot horse; who, being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him.

Action to be carried on with Resolution.

If I am
Traduc'd by ignorant tongues, which neither know
My faculties, nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing—let me say,
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through. We must not
Our necessary actions, in the fear [stint
To cope malicious censurers; which ever,
As rav'nous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new-trimm'd; but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as oft,
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up
For our best act. If we shall stand still,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
State statues only.

A good Wife.

A loss of her,
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre:
Of her, that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with; even of her,
That when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless a king.

The Blessings of a low Station.

'Tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glist'ring grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

Queen Katharine's Speech to her Husband.

Alas, Sir,
In what have I offended you? What cause
Hath my behavior given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable:
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike, [sorry
Yea, subject to your count'nance; glad or
As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour,
I ever contradicted your desire, [friends
Or made it not mine too? Which of your
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? What friend of mine,
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice,
He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to mind
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years; and have been bless'd
With many children by you. If, in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honor aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person, in God's name
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharpest kind of justice.

Queen Katharine's Speech to Cardinal Wolsey.

You are meek and humble mouth'd;
You sign your place and calling, in full seeming
With meekness and humility: but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
You have, by fortune, and his highness' favors, [mounted,
Gone slightly o'er low steps; and now are
Where pow'rs are your retainers: and your words,
Domestics to you, serve your will, as 't please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
You tender more your person's honor, than
Your high profession spiritual.

Queen Katharine compared to a Lily.

Like the lily, [rish'd,
That once was mistress of the field, and flou-
I 'll hang my head, and perish.

Horror, its outward Effects.

Some strange commotion
Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple: straight
Springs out into fast gait; then stops again,
Strikes his breast hard; and anon he casts

His eye against the moon: in most strange
We 've seen him set himself. [postures

Firm Allegiance.

Though perils did [and
Abound as thick as thought could make 'em,
Appear in forms more horrid; yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.

Anger, its external Effects.

What sudden anger 's this? How have I reap'd it?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes: so looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him;
Then makes him nothing.

Falling Greatness.

Nay, then farewell! [greatness;
I have touch'd the highest point of all my
And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting. I shall fall,
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

The Vicissitudes of Life.

So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms, [him:
And bears his blushing honors thick upon
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys, that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride [me,
At length broke under me; and now has left
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye!
I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire
The sweet aspect of princes, and our ruin, [to,
More pangs and fears than war or women have,
And, when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

Cardinal Wolsey's Speech to Cromwell.

Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let 's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention [thee;
Of me must more be heard, say then, I taught
Say, Wolsey, that once rode the waves of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, tho' thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that which ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
(Th' image of his Maker) hope to win by 't?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not: [try's,
Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;
And pr'ythee, lead me in:——
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny: 'tis the king's: My robe,
And my integrity to Heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd the king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies!

Cardinal Wolsey's Death.

At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester, [abbot,
Lodg'd in the abbey; where the rev'rend
With all his convent, honorably receiv'd him;
To whom he gave these words: "O father abbot,
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye:
Give him a little earth for charity!"
So went to bed: where eagerly his sickness
Pursued him still; and three nights after this,
About the hour of eight (which he himself
Foretold should be his last), full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honors to the world again,
His blessed part to Heaven, and slept in peace.

His Vices and Virtues.

So may he rest; his faults lie gently on him!
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak
And yet with charity—he was a man [him,
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes: one, that by suggestion
Tied all the kingdom: simony was fair play;
His own opinion was his law: I' the presence
He would say untruths; and be ever double,
Both in his words and meaning: He was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:
His promises were, as he then was, mighty!
But his performance, as he now is, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.

Griff. Noble Madam,

Men's evil manners live in brass: their virtues
We write in water. - - - - -
- - - This cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honor. From his cradle
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading:
Lofty and sour to them that lov'd him not;
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.
And though he were unsatisfied in getting
(Which was a sin), yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely; ever witness for him,
Those twins of learning that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to out-live the good he did it:
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little.
And, to add greater honors to his age [God.
Than man could give him, he died fearing

Archbishop Cranmer's Prophecy.

Let me speak, Sir, [utter
For Heav'n now bids me; and the words I
Let none think flattery, for they 'll find them truth. [her!)
This royal infant (Heaven still move about
Though in a cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand, thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness. She shall be
(But few now living can behold that goodness)
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: Sheba was never
More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue,
Than this pure soul shall be. All princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her. Truth shall nurse her;
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her;
She shall be lov'd and fear'd. Her own shall bless her;
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow. Good grows with her.
In her days every man shall eat in safety,
Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbors.
God shall be truly known: and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honor,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood. [when
Nor shall this peace sleep with her; but, as
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phœnix,
Her ashes new create another heir,
As great in admiration as herself;
So shall she leave her blessedness to one
(When Heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness)
Who, from the sacred ashes of her honor,
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd: Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him;
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honor and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations. He shall flourish,
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him: our children's children
Shall see this, and bless Heaven.

§ 26. THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN. SHAKSPEARE.

A Description of England.

THAT pale, that white-fac'd shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
And coops from other lands her islanders;
Even till that England, hedg'd in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign purposes,
Even till that utmost corner of the west,
Salute thee for her king.

Description of an English Army.

His marches are expedient to this town,
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
With him along is come the mother queen,
An Até stirring him to blood and strife;
With her, her niece, the lady Blanch of Spain;
With them, a bastard of the king deceas'd;
And all the unsettled humors of the land—
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens—
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,
Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence and scath in Christendom.
The interruption of their churlish drums
Cuts off more circumstance; they are at hand.

Description of Victory, by the French.

You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
And let young Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, in;
Who, by the hand of France, this day hath made [ther,
Much work for tears in many an English mo-
Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding ground;
Many a widow's husband grovelling lies,
Coldly embracing the discolor'd earth;
And victory, with little loss, doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French;

Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,
To enter conquerors.

By the English.

Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells; [approach,
King John, your king, and England's, doth
Commander of this hot malicious day!
Their armors that march'd hence so silver bright,
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood;
There stuck no plume in any English crest,
That is removed by a staff of France;
Our colors do return in those same hands
That did display them when we first march'd forth;
And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
Dyed in the dying slaughter of their foes.

A Woman's Fears.

Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frighting me,
For I am sick, and capable of fears; [fears;
Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;
A woman, naturally born to fears;
And tho' thou now confess thou didst but jest,
With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.

Tokens of Grief.

What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
What means that hand upon that breast of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er its bounds?
Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?
Then speak again; not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

A Mother's Fondness for a beautiful Child.

If thou, that bidd'st me be content, were grim,
Ugly, and sland'rous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blots, and sightless stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I would then be content;
For then I should not love thee: no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.
But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy!
Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great:
Of nature's gifts thou mayst with lilies boast,
And with the half-blown rose.

The Horrors of a Conspiracy.

I had a thing to say—but let it go:
The sun is in the heaven; and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gauds,
To give me audience. If the midnight-bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound one unto the drowsy race of night;
If this same were a church-yard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs:
Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick,
(Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot laughter keep men's eyes,
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
A passion hateful to my purpose);
Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone
Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words;
Then in despite of brooded watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts;
But, ah! I will not.

A Mother's Ravings.

I am not mad; this hair I tear, is mine;
My name is Constance; I was Geffrey's wife;
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost:
I am not mad—I would to Heaven I were!
For then 'tis like I should forget myself:
O, if I could, what grief should I forget!
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canoniz'd, Cardinal;
For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myself.
If I were mad, I should forget my son,
Or madly think, a babe of clouts were he:
I am not mad: too well, too well I feel
The diff'rent plague of each calamity.

Apostrophe to Death.

O amiable, lovely death!
Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy detestable bones;
And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows;
And ring these fingers with thy household worms;
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,
And be a carrion monster like thyself:
Come, grin on me; and I will think thou smil'st,
And buss thee as thy wife! misery's love,
O, come to me!

A Mother's Grief.

Father Cardinal, I have heard you say,
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven:
If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
For, since the birth of Cain, the first male-child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature born.
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost,

As dim and meagre as an ague's fit;
And so he 'll die; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven,
I shall not know him: therefore, never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more. [grief.

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of

Const. He talks to me, that never had a son.

K. Phil. You are as fond of grief as of your child. [child,

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words;
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then have I reason to be fond of grief.

Despondency.

There 's nothing in this world can make me joy:
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.

Arthur's pathetic Speeches to Hubert.

Methinks, nobody should be sad but I:
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my Christendom,
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be merry as the day is long.

\- - - - - - - - -

Have you the heart? when your head did but ake,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me),
And I did never ask it you again: [head;
And with my hand at midnight held your
And like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time;
Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?
Or, What good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think, my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning: do, an if you will;
If Heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,
Why then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you?—

\- - - - - - - - -

Alas! what need you be so boist'rous rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For Heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay hear me, Hubert, drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angerly: [you,
Thrust but these men away, and I 'll forgive
Whatever torment you do put me to.——
Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O Heaven! that there were but a mote in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wand'ring hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then, feeling what small things are boist'rous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

To add to Perfection, superfluous and suspicious.

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

\- - - - - - - - -

In this the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured:
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about;
Startles and frights consideration; [pected,
Makes sound opinions sick, and truth sus-
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

Murderer's Look.

This is the man should do the bloody deed,
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye: that close aspect of his
Does show the mood of a much troubled breast.

Struggling Conscience.

The color of the king doth come and go
Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set:
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

News-tellers on the Death of Arthur.

Old men and beldams, in the streets,
Do prophesy upon it dangerously: [mouths;
Young Arthur's death is common in their
And, when they talk of him, they shake their
And whisper one another in the ear; [heads,
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist;
Whiles he that hears makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth, swallowing a tailor's news;
Who with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers (which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet),
Told of a many thousand warlike French,
That were embattled and rank'd in Kent:
Another lean unwash'd artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

Kings' evil Purposes too servilely and hastily executed.

It is the curse of kings, to be attended
By slaves, that take their humors for a warrant
To break into the bloody house of life;
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law; to know a meaning

Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humor than advis'd respect.

A Villain's Look, and wicked Zeal.

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes deeds ill done! Hadst not thou been
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd, [by,
Quoted, and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind:
Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a pause,
When I spake darkly what I purposed;
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
Or bid me tell my tale in express words;
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off, [in me.
And those thy fears might have wrought fears

Hypocrisy.

Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villany is not without such rheum;
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocency.

Despair.

If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair,
And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be a beam [thyself,
To hang thee on: or, wouldst thou drown
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.

A Man's Tears.

Let me wipe off this honorable dew,
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks:
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation;
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This show'r blown up by tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd,
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
And with a great heart heave away this storm:
Commend these waters to those baby-eyes
That never saw the giant-world enrag'd;
Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping.

Drums.

Strike up the drums, and let the tongue of war
Plead for our int'rest. - - -
- - - - - Do but start
An echo with the clamor of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd,
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine:
Sound but another, and another shall,
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder.

The Approach of Death.

It is too late, the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain
(Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling house)
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretel the ending of mortality.

Madness occasioned by Poison.

Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;
It would not out at windows, nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment; and again this fire
Do I shrink up.
- - - - - - - - -
Poison'd—ill fare—dead, forsook, cast off:
And none of you will bid the winter come
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Thro' my burnt bosom; nor entreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parch'd lips,
And comfort me with cold.

§ 27. JULIUS CÆSAR. SHAKSPEARE.

Patriotism.

WHAT is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honor in one eye, and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently:
For, let the gods so speed me, as I love
The name of honor more than I fear death.

Cassius, in Contempt of Cæsar.

I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with his shores,
Cæsar says to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?"—Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews; throwing it aside,
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæsar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink."
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of
Did I the tired Cæsar: and this man [Tiber
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.—
He had a fever when he was in Spain;
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake;
His coward lips did from their color fly;
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose his lustre; I did hear him groan:

Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans [books,
Mark him, and write his speeches in their
Alas! it cried—"Give me some drink, Titinius"—
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of this majestic world,
And bear the palm alone. [*Shout—Flourish.*
Bru. Another general shout!
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honors that are heap'd on Cæsar.
Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonorable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus, and Cæsar: what should be in that Cæsar? [yours?
Why should that name be sounded more than
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
Now in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd:
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood, [man?
But it was fam'd with more than with one
When could they say till now, that talk'd of Rome, [man?
That her wide walks encompass'd but one

Cæsar's Dislike of Cassius.

Would he were fatter!—but I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks [plays,
Quite through the deeds of men; he loves no
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music:
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear; for always I am Cæsar.

Spirit of Liberty.

I know where I will wear this dagger then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat;
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit:
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny, that I do bear,
I can shake off at pleasure.

Ambition, covered with specious Humility

But 'tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend.

Conspiracy dreadful till executed.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
The genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Sleep.

Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:
Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men,
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Portia's Speech to Brutus.

You have ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed: and yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose and walk'd about,
Musing, and sighing, with your arms across:
And, when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks:
I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot:
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not;
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you: so I did;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience, [al,
Which seem'd too much enkindled; and, with-
Hoping it was but an effect of humor, [man;
Which sometime hath his hour with ev'ry
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;
And, could it work so much upon your shape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Calphurnia to Cæsar, on the Prodigies seen the Night before his Death.

Cal. I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets; [dead:
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,

In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:
The noise of battle hurtled in the air;
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan:
And ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cæsar. What can be avoided,
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth: for these predictions
Are to the world in general, as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen: [of princes.
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death

Against the Fears of Death.

Cowards die many times before their death;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange, that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come.

Antony's Soliloquy.

O, pardon me, thou piece of bleeding earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,— [lips,
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue;—
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar, [hold
That mothers shall but smile, when they be-
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of War;
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deed;
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Até by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry *Havock*, and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Antony's Funeral Oration.

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him!
The evil that men do, lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar! The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honorable man;
So are they all, all honorable men)
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious? [wept:
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown, [tion?
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambi-
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious:
And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

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But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he
And none so poor to do him reverence. [there,
O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.
But here 's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will;
Let but the commons hear this testament
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read),
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

4 *Pleb.* We 'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony. [Cæsar's will.

All. The will, the will; we will hear

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should—O, what would come of it!

4 *Pleb.* Read the will; we will hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will; Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? will you stay a while?
I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it.
I fear, I wrong the honorable men [it
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar—I do fear

4 *Pleb.* They were traitors :—honorable men !

All. The will ! the testament ! [will ?

Ant. You will compel me then to read the
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend ? and will you give me leave ?

All. Come down.

2 *Pleb.* Descend.

[*He comes down from the Pulpit.*

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle : I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on ;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii :—
Look ! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through :
See what a rent the envious Casca made ;—
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd !
And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it ;
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no :
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel :
Judge, O ye gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him !
This was the most unkindest cut of all :
For, when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,
Quite vanquish'd him : then burst his mighty heart ;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue, [fell.
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen !
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep ; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity ; these are gracious drops.
Kind souls ! what, weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ? look you here !
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

1 *Pleb.* O piteous spectacle !

2 *Pleb.* We will be reveng'd : revenge !
About—seek—burn—fire—kill—slay ! let not a traitor live. [not stir you up

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honorable ;
What private griefs they have, alas ! I know not, [honorable,
That made them do it : they are wise and
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts ;
I am no orator, as Brutus is :
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend ; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, or utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood ; I only speak right on ;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know ;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths ! [us,
And bid them speak for me : But were I Bru-
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In ev'ry wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Brutus and Cassius.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this :
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians ;
Wherein my letters praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted of.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself, to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm ;
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm ?
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last. [corruption,

Bru. The name of Cassius honors this
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement ! [remember !

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake ?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice ? What ! shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers ; shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes ?
And sell the mighty space of our large honors,
For so much trash as may be grasp'd thus ?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman !

Cas. Brutus, bay not me,
I 'll not endure it : you forget yourself,
To hedge me in ; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to ; you are not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not [self ;

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget my-
Have mind upon your health—tempt me no

Bru. Away, slight man ! [further.

Cas. Is 't possible ?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler ?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares ?

Cas. O ye gods ! ye gods ! must I endure all this ? [proud heart break ;

Bru. All this ! ay, more : fret, till your
Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge ?
Must I observe you ? must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humor ? By the gods,

You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
The' it do split you : for, from this day forth,
I 'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.
Cas. Is it come to this ?
Bru. You say you are a better soldier :
Let it appear so ; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well : for mine own
I shall be glad to learn of noble men. [part,
Cas. You wrong me ev'ry way—you wrong me, Brutus :
I said an elder soldier, not a better.
Did I say better ?—
Bru. If you did, I care not.
Cas. When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd me. [tempted him.
Bru. Peace, peace ; you durst not so have
Cas. I durst not ?
Bru. No.
Cas. What ! durst not tempt him ?
Bru. For your life you durst not. [love,
Cas. Do not presume too much upon my
I may do that I shall be sorry for. [sorry for.
Bru. You have done that you should be
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats ;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied
For I can raise no money by vile means : [me ;
By Heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring [trash,
From the hard hands of peasants their vile
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions, [Cassius ?
Which you denied me : was that done like
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so ?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces !
Cas. I denied you not.
Bru. You did.
Cas. I did not ;—he was but a fool
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath riv'd my heart :
A friend should bear a friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.
Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius, [come,
For Cassius is a-weary of the world :
Hated by one he loves ; brav'd by his brother ;
Check'd like a bondman ; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes !—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast ;—within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold :
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth ;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart :
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar ; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius. [him better
Bru. Sheath your dagger :
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire ;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.
Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him ? [too.
Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd
Cas. Do you confess so much ? Give me your hand.
Bru. And my heart too. [*Embracing.*
Cas. O Brutus !
Bru. What is the matter ? [with me,
Cas. Have you not love enough to bear
When that rash humor, which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful ?
Bru. Yes, Cassius ; and from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He 'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.
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Bru. O, Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.
Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.
Bru. No man bears sorrow better.—Portia
Cas. Ha ! Portia ? [is dead.
Bru. She is dead.
Cas. How 'scap'd I killing when I cross'd you so ?
O, insupportable and touching loss !—
Upon what sickness ?
Bru. Impatient of my absence ; [Antony
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark
Have made themselves so strong—for with her death
That tidings came—with this she fell distract,
And, her attendant absent, swallow'd fire.
Cas. And died so ?
Bru. Even so.
Cas. O ye immortal gods !
[*Enter Boy with Wine and Tapers.*
Bru. Speak no more of her—Give me a bowl of wine :
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius.
[*Drinks.*
Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.—
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup ;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.

Opportunity to be seized on all Affairs.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat ;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

The Parting of Brutus and Cassius.

Bru. No, Cassius, no; think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the ides of March began:
And whether we shall meet again, I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take:—
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.
Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Bru-
If we do meet again, we 'll smile indeed; [tus!
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.
Bru. Why then, lead on.—O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it come!
But it sufficeth, that the day will end,
And then the end is known.

Antony's Character of Brutus.

This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did, in envy of great Cæsar;
He, only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixt in him, that nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

§ 28. KING LEAR. SHAKSPEARE.

An alienated Child.

LET it be so—thy truth then be thy dower:
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun;
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night;
By all the operations of the orbs,
From whom we do exist, and cease to be:
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barb'rous Scythian,
Or he that makes his generation messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbor'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
As thou, my sometime daughter.

Bastardy.

Thou, Nature, art my goddess; to thy law
My services are bound; wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom; and permit
The curiosity of nations to deprive me, [shines
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-
Lag of a brother? Why bastard! Wherefore base?
When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as gen'rous, and my shape as true,
As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us
With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?
Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take
More composition and fierce quality,
Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed
Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops,
Got 'tween asleep and wake?

A Father cursing his Child.

Hear, Nature, hear;
Dear goddess, hear! suspend thy purpose, if
Thou didst intend to make this creature fruit-
Into her womb convey sterility! [ful!
Dry up in her the organs of increase;
And from her derogate body never spring
A babe to honor her! If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen; that it may live,
And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her!
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks;
Turn all her mother's pains and benefits
To laughter and contempt; that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!

Plain, blunt Men.

This is some fellow, [affect
Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth
A saucy roughness; and constrains the garb
Quite from his nature: He cannot flatter, he!— [truth:
An honest mind and plain—he must speak
An they will take it, so: if not, he 's plain.
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness
Harbor more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Than twenty silly ducking observants,
That stretch their duties nicely.

Description of Bedlam Beggars.

While I may scape,
I will reserve myself: and am bethought
To take the basest and most poorest shape,
That ever penury, in contempt of man,
Brought near to beast: my face I 'll grime with filth;
Blanket my loins; elf all my hair in knots;
And with presented nakedness out-face
The winds and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms,
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary,
And with this horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes and mills,
Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with
Enforce their charity. [pray'rs,

The Fault of Infirmity pardonable.

Fiery? the fiery duke? tell the hot duke, that—
No, but not yet:—may be, he is not well:
Infirmity doth still neglect all office, [selves
Whereto our health is bound; we are not our-
When nature, being opprest, commands the
To suffer with the body: I 'll forbear; [mind
And am fall'n out with my more headier will,
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit
For the sound man.

Rising Passion.

I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad;
I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell:

We 'll no more meet, no more see one another.
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter,
Or, rather, a disease that 's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine; thou art a bile,
A plague-sore, an imbossed carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood; but I 'll not chide thee;
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it;
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove.

The Necessaries of Life few.

O, reason not the need: our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous:
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's.

Lear on the Ingratitude of his Daughters.

You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger!
O let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks! No, you unnat'ral hags,
I will have such revenges on you both, [hags,
That all the world shall——I will do such things— [be
What they are, yet I know not: but they shall
The terrors of the earth. You think I 'll weep;
No, I 'll not weep: [weep;
I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
Or e'er I weep. O fool, I shall go mad.

Description of Lear's Distress amidst the Storm.

Kent. Where 's the king?

Gent. Contending with the fretful element;
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,
That things might change, or cease: tears his white hair,
Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of:
Strive in his little world of man to out-scorn
The to-and-fro conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would
The lion, and the belly-pinched wolf [couch,
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.

Lear's passionate Exclamation amidst the Tempest.

Blow, wind! and crack your cheeks! rage!
You cataracts, and hurricanoes, spout [blow!
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at
That make ingrateful man! [once
Rumble thy belly-full! spit, fire! spout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness,
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
You owe me no subscription. Why then let fall [slave,
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man:—
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
Your high-engender'd battles, 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul!

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Kent. Alas, Sir! are you here? Things that love night, [skies
Love not such nights as these; the wrathful
Gallow the very wanderers of the dark, [man,
And make them keep their caves: since I was
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard: man's nature can-
The affliction nor the fear. [not carry

Lear. Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipp'd-of justice: hide thee, thou bloody hand;
Thou perjur'd, and thou simular man of virtue,
That art incestuous: caitiff, to pieces shake,
That under covert and convenient seeming
Hast practis'd on man's life! Close pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents, and cry
These dreadful summoners grace. I am a man
More sinn'd against than sinning.

Kent. Alack, bare-headed!
Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest.

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Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much, that this contentious storm
Invades us to the skin: so 'tis to thee;
But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a bear;
But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea,
Thou'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the mind 's free,
The body 's delicate; the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
Save what beats there.—Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand,
For lifting food to 't?—But I 'll punish home.
No, I will weep no more.—In such a night
To shut me out!—Pour on; I will endure:
In such a night as this!—O Regan, Goneril!
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all——
O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;
No more of that——

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Pr'ythee, go in thyself; seek thine own ease;
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more—but I 'll go in:
In, boy; go first. You houseless poverty—
Nay, get thee in. I 'll pray, and then I 'll sleep—
Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides, [you
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend
From seasons such as these?—O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this!—Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel!
That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just.

Enter Edgar disguised like a Madman.

Lear. Hast thou given all to thy two
And art thou come to this? [daughters?
- - Didst thou give them all?
Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous air
Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters!
Kent. He hath no daughters, Sir.
Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdued nature
To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.
Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?
Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot
Those pelican daughters.

Patience and Sorrow.

Patience and sorrow strove
Which should express her goodliest. You have seen [tears
Sun-shine and rain at once; her smiles and
Were like a better day: those happy smiles,
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd.—In brief,
Sorrow would be a rarity most belov'd, if all
Could so become it.

Description of Dover Cliff.

Come on, Sir; here 's the place:—stand still:—how fearful
And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low! [air,
The crows and choughs, that wing the midway
Show scarce so gross as beetles: half-way down [trade!
Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head:
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yon tall anchoring bark
Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight: the murmuring surge,
That on th' unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high: I 'll look no more,
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.

On the Abuse of Power.

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand:
Why dost thou lash that whore? strip thine own back;
Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind
For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs the cozener.
Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks:
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.
None does offend, none, I say, none; I 'll able 'em: [pow'r
Take that of me, my friend, who have the
To seal th' accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes;
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not.

Cordelia on the Ingratitude of her Sisters.

O, my dear father! Restoration, hang
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made! [flakes
Had you not been their father, these white
Had challeng'd pity of them. Was this a face
To be expos'd against the warring winds?
To stand against the deep, dread-bolted thun-
In the most terrible and nimble stroke [der?
Of quick cross lightning? to watch (poor perdu!)
Within this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night [ther,
Against my fire; and wast thou fain, poor fa-
To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack! alack!
'Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all.

Scene between Lear and Cordelia.

Cord. How does my royal lord? how fares your majesty? [the grave.
Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o'
Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.
Cord. Sir, do you know me? [you die?
Lear. You are a spirit, I know; when did
Cord. Still, still far wide! [a while.
Phys. He 's scarce awake, let him alone
Lear. Where have I been? where am I?—Fair day-light! [pity
I am mightily abus'd.—I should even die with
To see another thus.—I will not swear
These are my hands.
Cord. O look upon me, Sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me:
No, Sir, you must not kneel.
Lear. Pray, do not mock me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward: and, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind. [man;
Methinks I should know you, and know this
Yet I am doubtful, for I am mainly ignorant

What place this is; and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not [at me,
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.
Cord. And so I am, I am.
Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes, faith. I pray weep not:
If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
You have some cause, they have not.
Cord. No cause, no cause.
Lear. Am I in France?
Kent. In your own kingdom, Sir.
Lear. Do not abuse me. [great rage,
Phys. Be comforted, good madam: the
You see, is cur'd in him: and yet it is danger
To make him even o'er the time he has lost.
Desire him to go in; trouble him no more
Till further settling.
Cord. Will 't please your highness walk?
Lear. You must bear with me.
Pray you now, forget and forgive: I am old and foolish.

Lear to Cordelia, when taken Prisoners.

No, no, no, no! come, let 's away to prison:
We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage:
When thou dost ask me blessing, I 'll kneel down,
And ask of thee forgiveness: so we 'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we 'll talk with them too— [out—
Who loses, and who wins; who 's in, who 's
And take upon us the mystery of things, [out,
As if we were God's spies; and we 'll wear
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great
That ebb and flow by the moon. [ones,
Edm. Take them away.
Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense.

Edgar's Account of his discovering himself to his Father, &c.

List a brief tale:— [burst!
And, when 'tis told, O that my heart would
The bloody proclamation to escape, [ness!
That follow'd me so near (O our lives' sweet-
That with the pain of death we 'd hourly die,
Rather than die at once!), taught me to shift
Into a madman's rags; to assume a semblance
That very dogs disdain'd: and in this habit
Met I my father, with his bleeding rings,
Their precious stones new lost; became his guide, [spair;
Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from de-
Never (O fault!) reveal'd myself unto him,
Until some half-hour past, when I was arm'd,
Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
Told him my pilgrimage: but his flaw'd heart
(Alack, too weak the conflict to support!)
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly.
Bast. This speech of yours hath mov'd me,
And shall, perchance, do good: but speak you on;
You look as you had something more to say.
Alb. If there be more, more woful, hold
For I am almost ready to dissolve, [it in;
Hearing of this.
Edg. This would have seem'd a period
To such as love not sorrow: but another,
To amplify too much, would make much more,
And top extremity. [man,
Whilst I was big in clamor, came there a
Who having seen me in my worst estate, [ing
Shunn'd my abhorr'd society; but, then, find-
Who 'twas that so endur'd, with his strong arms
He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
As he 'd burst heaven; threw him on my father:
Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him,
That ever ear receiv'd; which, in recounting,
His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
Began to crack:—twice then the trumpet sounded,
And there I left him tranc'd.

Lear on the Death of Cordelia.

Howl, howl, howl, howl! O you are men of stones!
Had I your tongues and eyes, I 'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack.—O, she is gone for ever!
I know when one is dead, and when one lives;
She 's dead as earth: lend me a looking-glass;
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives.
This feather stirs; she lives! If it be so,
It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows,
That ever I have felt.
Kent. O, my good master!
Lear. Pr'ythee away—
A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!
I might have sav'd her; now she 's gone for ever!—
Cordelia! Cordelia! stay a little. Ha! [soft,
What is 't thou say'st!—Her voice was ever
Gentle, and low.

§ 29. MACBETH. SHAKSPEARE.

Witches described.

WHAT are these,
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire;
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on 't?—Live you, or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips:—You should be women;
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macbeth's Temper.

Yet do I fear thy nature :
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way : thou wouldst be great ;
Art not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst highly, [false,
That wouldst thou holily ; wouldst not play
And yet wouldst wrongly win.

Lady Macbeth, on the News of Duncan's Approach.

The raven himself is hoarse,
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, come you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty ! make thick my blood,
Stop up th' access and passage to remorse ;
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep pace between
The effect and it ! Come to my woman's breasts, [ministers,
And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring
Wherever in your sightless substances [night,
You wait on nature's mischief ! Come, thick
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes ; [dark,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the
To cry, "Hold ! hold !"——

Macbeth's Irresolution.

If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly : if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success ; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here upon this bank and shoal of time,
We 'd jump the life to come. But, in these cases, [teach
We still have judgment here ; that we but
Bloody instructions, which being taught, return [justice
To plague the inventor : this even-handed
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He 's here in double trust :
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed ; then as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door, [Duncan
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued,
The deep damnation of his taking-off : [against
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in ev'ry eye, [spur
That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other

True Fortitude.

I dare do all that may become a man !
Who dares do more, is none.

The murdering Scene. Macbeth alone.

Is this a dagger, which I see before me,
The handle tow'rd my hand ? Come, let me clutch thee—
I have thee not ; and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight ? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind ; a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain ?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which I now draw——
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going ;
And such an instrument I was to use. [senses,
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other
Or else worth all the rest :—I see thee still ;
And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood, [thing :
Which was not so before—There 's no such
It is the bloody business, which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep ; now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings ; and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf, [thy pace,
Whose howl 's his watch, thus with his steal-
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, tow'rds his design [earth,
Moves like a ghost—Thou sure and firm-set
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my where-about,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it—Whiles I threat, he lives— [*A bell rings.*
I go, and it is done ; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan ; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell.
[*Exit.*

Enter Lady.

Lady. That which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold : [Hark ! peace !
What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire :
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bell-man,
Which gives the stern'st good night.—He is about it :—
The doors are open ; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores ; I have drugg'd their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die. [ho !
Macb. [*Within*] Who 's there ?—what,
Lady. Alack ! I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done :—the attempt, and not the deed, [ready,
Confounds us !—hark !—I laid their daggers
He could not miss 'em.—Had he not resembled

My father as he slept, I had don't.——My husband?

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. I have done the deed:—didst thou not hear a noise? [crickets cry.

Lady. I heard the owls scream and the Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady. Ay. [ber?

Macb. Hark! who lies i' the second cham-

Lady. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight! [*Looks on his hands.*

Lady. A foolish thought! to say a sorry sight. [and one cried, "murder!"

Macb. There 's one did laugh in his sleep, That they did wake each other! I stood and heard them: [them But they did say their prayers, and address'd Again to sleep.

Lady. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cried, "God bless us!" and "Amen!" the other; [hands, As they had seen me, with these hangman's Listening their fear. I could not say, Amen, When they did say, God bless us.

Lady. Consider it not so deeply. [Amen?

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce I had most need of blessing, and Amen Stuck in my throat.

Lady. These deeds must not be thought After these ways; so it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no more! Macbeth doth murder sleep, the innocent sleep, Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care, The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath, Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second Chief nourisher in life's feast." [course,

Lady. What do you mean? [all the house:

Macb. Still it cried, "Sleep no more!" to "Glamis hath murder'd sleep; and therefore Cawdor [more!" Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no

Lady. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy Thane, You do unbend your noble strength, to think So brain-sickly of things: go, get some water, And wash this filthy witness from your hand. Why did you bring these dangers from the place? [smear They must lie there: go, carry them; and The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I 'll go no more: I am afraid to think what I have done; Look on 't again I dare not.

Lady. Infirm of purpose! Give me the daggers: the sleeping, and the dead, Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed, I 'll gild the faces of the grooms withal, For it must seem their guilt. [*Exit.*

Knocking within.

Macb. Whence is that knocking? [*Starting.* How is 't with me, when ev'ry noise appals me, [mine eyes! What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will The multitudinous seas incarnardine [rather Making the green one red.

Re-enter Lady.

Lady. My hands are of your color; but I shame [*Knock.* To wear a heart so white. I hear a knocking At the south entry. Retire we to our cham- A little water clears us of this deed: [ber; How easy is it then! Your constancy Hath left you unattended—hark! more knock- ing: [*Knock.* Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us, And show us to be watchers: be not lost So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed—'twere best not know myself Wake, Duncan, with this knocking! I would thou couldst!

Macbeth's guilty Conscience, and Fears of Banquo.

Enter Macbeth to his Lady.

Lady. How now, my lord? why do you keep alone, Of sorriest fancies your companions making? Using those thoughts which should indeed have died [all remedy With them they think on? Things without Should be without regard: what 's done, is done. [kill'd it;

Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not She 'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice Remains in danger of her former tooth. But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer, Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep In the affliction of these terrible dreams, That shake us nightly. Better be with the dead [peace, Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to Than on the torture of the mind to lie In restless ecstasy.—Duncan is in his grave; After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well; [son, Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poi- Malice domestic, foreign levy; nothing Can touch him farther!

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O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife! Thou know'st that Banquo and his Fleance lives. [eterne.

Lady. But in them nature's copy's not

Macb. There 's comfort yet, they are assailable; Then be thou jocund: ere the bat hath flown His cloister'd flight; ere, to black Hecate's summons, The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy hums,

Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be
A deed of dreadful note. [done
Lady. What 's to be done? [est chuck,
Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dear-
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day; [night,
And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond
Which keeps me pale! Light thickens: and
Makes wing to the rooky wood: [the crow
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;
While night's black agents to their prey do rouse.

Scene, a Room of State. Banquet prepared. Macbeth, Lady, Rosse, Lenox, Lords, and Attendants.

Lady. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold,
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making,
'Tis given with welcome: to feed were best at home;
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony:
Meeting were bare without it.
[*The Ghost of Banquo rises, and sits in Macbeth's Place.*
Macb. Sweet remembrancer!—
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!
Len. May 't please your highness sit?
Macb. Here had we now our country's honor roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present;
Whom I may rather challenge for unkindness,
Than pity for mischance.
Rosse. His absence, Sir, [highness
Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your
To grace us with your royal company?
Macb. The table 's full! [*Starting.*
Len. Here is a place reserved, Sir.
Macb. Where?
Len. Here, my good lord.
What is 't that moves your highness?
Macb. Which of you have done this?
Lords. What, my good lord? [shake
Macb. Thou canst not say, I did it: never
Thy gory locks at me. [well.
Rosse. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not
Lady. Sit, worthy friends:—my lord is often thus, [seat;
And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well: if much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion;
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?
[*To Macb. aside.*
Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look
Which might appal the devil. [on that
Lady. O proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear: [*Aside.*
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O these flaws and starts
(Impostors to true fear) would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? when all 's
You look but on a stool. [done,
Macb. Pr'ythee, see there!
Behold! look! lo! how say you?
[*Pointing to the Ghost.*
Why, what care I? if thou canst nod, speak too.
If charnel-houses and our graves must send
Those, that we bury, back—our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites.
[*The Ghost vanishes.*
Lady. What! quite unmann'd in folly?
Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.
Lady. Fie, for shame! [olden time,
Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the
Ere human statute purg'd the gen'ral weal;
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die;
And there an end: but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools: this is more strange
Than such a murder is.
Lady. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.
Macb. I do forget:
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all; [full:
Then I 'll sit down: give me some wine, fill
I drink to the general joy of the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss: [thirst,
Would he were here! to all, and him, we
And all to all.
Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.
[*The Ghost rises again.*
Macb. Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes,
Which thou dost glare with!
Lady. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.
Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the Russian rugged bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble; or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhibit thee, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence! Why, so—being gone, [*The Ghost vanishes.*
I am a man again.—Pray you, sit still.
[*The Lords rise.*
Lady. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the good meeting,
With most admir'd disorder.
Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,

Without our special wonder? You make me
Even to the disposition that I owe, [strange,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine are blanch'd with fear.
Rosse. What sights, my lord?
Lady. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;
Question enrages him: at once, good night:
Stand not upon the order of your going:
But go at once.
Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his majesty.
Lady. A kind good night to all.
[*Exeunt Lords.*
Macb. It will have blood, they say; blood will have blood: [speak;
Stones have been known to move, and trees to
Augurs, and understood relations, have [forth,
By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought
The secret'st man of blood.

Witches: their Power.

I conjure you, by that which you profess
(Howe'er you come to know it), answer me;
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up: [down;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces, and pyramids, do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of nature's germins tumble altogether,
Even till destruction sickens, answer me
To what I ask you.

Malcolm's Character of himself.

Mal. But I have none: the king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them; but abound
In the division of each several crime, [should
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I pow'r I
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.
Macd. O Scotland, Scotland!
Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak;
I am as I have spoken.
Macd. Fit to govern!
No, not to live.—O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant, bloody-sceptred,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again?
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accurst,
And does blaspheme his breed? Thy royal father [thee,
Was a most sainted king; the queen that bore
Oft'ner upon her knees than on her feet,
Died ev'ry day she liv'd. Fare thee well!
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself,
Have banish'd me from Scotland. O my breast,
Thy hope ends here!
Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts [beth
To thy good truth and honor. Devilish Mac-
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his pow'r; and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste: but God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman; never was forsworn;
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;
At no time broke my faith; would not betray
The devil to his fellow; and delight [ing
No less in truth than life; my first false speak-
Was this upon myself. What I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command.

An oppressed Country.

Alas! poor country;
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave; where nothing
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile:
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rent the air, [seems
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow
A modern ecstasy; the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd, for who; and good men's
Expire before the flowers in their caps, [lives
Dying, or ere they sicken.

Macduff on the Murder of his Wife and Children.

Rosse. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! but I have words,
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.
Macd. What concern they?
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief,
Due to some single breast?
Rosse. No mind that's honest
But in it shares some woe; tho' the main part
Pertains to you alone.
Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.
Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever, [sound
Which shall possess them with the heaviest
That ever yet they heard.
Macd. Humph! I guess at it. [and babes
Rosse. Your castle is surpris'd; your wife
Savagely slaughter'd; to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,
To add the death of you.
Mal. Merciful Heaven!— [brows;
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your
Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak, [break.
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it

Macd. My children too? [could be found.
Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all that
Macd. And I must be from thence! my
Rosse. I have said. [wife kill'd too?
Mal. Be comforted:
Let 's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief. [ones?
Macd. He has no children!—All my pretty
Did you say all? what, all? O hell-kite! all?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop?
Mal. Dispute it like a man.
Macd. I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me. Did Heaven
look on, [duff,
And would not take their part? Sinful Mac-
They were all struck for thee! Naught that I
Not for their own demerits, but for mine, [am,
Fell slaughter on their souls: Heaven rest
them now! [let grief
Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword;
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage
it. [mine eyes,
Macd. O, I could play the woman with
And braggart with my tongue! But, gentle
Heaven,
Cut short all intermission: front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he
Heaven forgive him too! ['scape,
Mal. This tune goes manly.
Come, go we to the king; our pow'r is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave; Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer
you may;
The night is long that never finds the day.
[*Exeunt.*

Despised Old Age.

I have liv'd long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf:
And that which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have: but in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honor,
breath, [dare not.
Which the poor heart would fain deny, but

Diseases of the Mind incurable.

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?

Reflections on Life.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief
candle!
Life 's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale,
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

§ 30. OTHELLO. SHAKSPEARE.

In Dispraise of Honesty.

WE cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
For nought but provender; and, when he is
old, cashier'd:
Whip me such honest knaves. Others there
are,
Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves:
And throwing but shows of service on their
lords, [lin'd their coats,
Do well thrive by them; and when they have
Do themselves homage: these fellows have
some soul,
And such a one do I profess myself.
For, sir,
It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago:
In following him, I follow but myself;
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
But seeming so, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve,
For doves to peck at: I am not what I seem.

Othello's Relation of his Courtship to the Senate.

Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approved good masters—
That I have ta'en away this old man's daugh-
ter,
It is most true; true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my
speech,
And little blest with the set phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years'
pith, [us'd
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for myself: Yet, by your gracious
patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver,
Of my whole course of love; what drugs,
what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic
(For such proceeding I am charg'd withal),
I won his daughter with. - - -
Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,

From year to year; the battles, sieges, for-
That I have pass'd. [tunes,
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it,
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly
Of being taken by the insolent foe, [breach;
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence;
And portance in my travel's history.
- - - - - - - - - -
These things to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline;
But still the house affairs would draw her
thence;
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She 'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse: which, I observing,
Took once a pliant hour; and found good
means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intentively: I did consent;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke,
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore, in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas pass-
ing strange;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful—
She wish'd she had not heard it; yet she
wish'd [thank'd me;
That Heaven had made her such a man:—she
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I
spake:
She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd;
And I lov'd her, that she did pity them.

Perfect Content.

O my soul's joy!
If after ev'ry tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd
death,
And let the laboring bark climb hills of seas,
Olympus high: and duck again as low
As hell 's from heaven! If I were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Othello's first Suspicion.

Think, my lord! by Heaven he echoes me,
As if there were some monster in his thought
Too hideous to be shown.—Thou dost mean
something: [that—
I heard thee say but now—thou lik'dst not
When Cassio left my wife; what didst not
like?
And when I told thee—he was of my counsel,
In my whole course of wooing: thou cried'st
"Indeed!"
And didst contract and purse thy brow to-
gether,
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit: if thou dost love me,
Show me thy thought.
Iago. My lord, you know I love you.
Oth. I think thou dost;
And for I know thou 'rt full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them
breath— [more:
Therefore, these stops of thine fright me the
For such things in a false disloyal knave
Are tricks of custom; but in a man that's just,
They are close denotements working from the
That passion cannot rule. [heart,

Reputation.

Good name, in man and woman, dear my
Is the immediate jewel of their souls: [lord,
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis some-
thing, nothing; [thousands:
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Othello's Soliloquy after having been worked up to Jealousy by Iago.

This fellow 's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,
Of human dealings: If I prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-
strings,
I 'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black;
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have: or, for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years: yet that 's not much—
She 's gone; I am abus'd; and my relief
Must be—to loath her. O curse of marriage!
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a
And live upon the vapor of a dungeon, [toad,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love
For others' uses.

Jealousy.

Trifles light as air
Are, to the jealous, confirmation strong
As proofs of holy writ.

The Tortures of Jealousy.

Enter Othello.

Iago. Look where he comes! not poppy
nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.
Oth. Ha! ha! false to me? to me?
Iago. Why, how now, general? no more
of that. [on the rack:
Oth. Avaunt! begone! thou hast set me
I swear, 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Than but to know 't a little.
Iago. How now, my lord?

Oth. What sense had I of her stolen hours of lust?
I saw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:
I slept the next night well, was free and merry;
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips:
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know it, and he 's not robb'd at [all.
Iago. I am sorry to hear this.
Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known: O now, for ever,
Farewell the tranquil mind! Farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue! O farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner; and all quality, [war!
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious
And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats [feit,
Th' immortal Jove's dread clamors counter-
Farewell! Othello's occupation 's gone!
Iago. Is 't possible, my lord? [whore;
Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a
Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof;
[*Catching hold on him.*
Or by the worth of mine eternal soul,
Thou hadst better have been born a dog,
Than answer my wak'd wrath.
Iago. Is it come to this? [so prove it,
Oth. Make me to see it; or, at the least,
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on: or, woe upon thy life!
Iago. My noble lord— [me,
Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture
Never pray more: abandon all remorse:
On horror's head horrors accumulate:
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd;
For nothing canst thou to damnation add,
Greater than that.
Iago. O grace! O Heaven defend me!
Are you a man? have you a soul, or sense?
God be wi' you: take mine office.—O wretched fool,
That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice!
O monstrous world! take note, take note, O
To be direct and honest, is not safe! [world,
I thank you for this profit; and, from hence,
I 'll love no friend, since love breeds such offence.
Oth. Nay, stay:—thou shouldst be honest.
Iago. I should be wise: for honesty 's a
And loses that it works for. [fool,
Oth. By the world, [not;
I think my wife be honest, and think she is
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not: [fresh
I 'll have some proof. Her name, that was as
As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black
As mine own face. If there be cords, or
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams, [knives,
I 'll not endure it!—Would I were satisfied!

Othello's Story of the Handkerchief.

That handkerchief
Did an Egyptian to my mother give;
She was a charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people; she told her, while she kept it, [ther
'Twould make her amiable, and subdue my fa-
Entirely to her love; but if she lost it,
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye [hunt
Should hold her loathly, and his spirits should
After new fancies. She, dying, gave it me;
And bid me, when my fate would have me wiv'd,
To give it her. I did so; and take heed of 't,
Make it a darling, like your precious eye;
To lose 't or give 't away, were such perdi-
As nothing else could match.—— [tion,
There 's magic in the web of it:
A sibyl, that had number'd in the world
The sun to make two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work: [silk;
The worms were hallow'd that did breed the
And it was dyed in mummy, which the skilful
Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.

Othello's Speech, after having received the Mandate when confirmed in his Suspicions.

Ay, you did wish that I would make her turn:
Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again; and she can weep, Sir, weep:
And she 's obedient, as you say—obedient—
Very obedient—Proceed you in your tears.
Concerning this, Sir—O well-painted passion!
I am commanded home:—get you away;
I 'll send for you anon.—Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to Venice—hence, avaunt!
[*Exit Desdemona.*
Cassio shall have my place. And—Sir, to-
I do entreat that we may sup together. [night,
You are welcome, Sir, to Cyprus—
Goats and monkeys! [*Exit Othello.*

His pathetic Upbraiding of his Wife.

Des. Upon my knees, what doth your speech import?
I understand a fury in your words,
But not your words.
Oth. Why, what art thou? [loyal wife.
Des. Your wife, my lord; your true and
Oth. Come, swear it; damn thyself;
Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves [damn'd;
Should fear to seize thee: therefore, be double
Swear thou art honest.
Des. Heaven doth truly know it.
Oth. Heaven truly knows, that thou art false as hell. [How am I false?
Des. To whom, my lord? With whom?
Oth. O, Desdemona, away! away! away!
Des. Alas, the heavy day! who do you weep?
Am I the occasion of these tears, my lord?
If, haply, you my father do suspect

An instrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me; if you have lost him,
Why, I have lost him too.
Oth. Had it pleased Heaven
To try me with affliction; had he rain'd
All kinds of sores, and shames, on my bare head;
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips; given to captivity me and my utmost hopes;
I should have found in some part of my soul
A drop of patience. But, alas! to make me
A fixed figure, for the time of scorn
To point his slow, unmoving finger at—
O! O!
Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart;
Where either I must live, or bear no life:
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!
Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads
To knot and gender in! Turn thy complexion there!
Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubim;
Ay, there, look grim as hell!
Des. I hope, my noble lord esteems me honest.
Oth. O, ay; as summer-flies are in the shambles, that quicken even with blowing. O thou weed,
Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,
That the sense aches at thee, 'would thou hadst ne'er been born!
Des. Alas! what ignorant sin have I committed?
Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write whore upon! what, committed!
Committed! O thou public commoner!
I should make very forges of my cheeks
That would to cinders burn up modesty, did I but speak thy deeds.—What, committed!
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks:
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear it: what, committed!
Impudent strumpet!
Des. By Heaven, you do me wrong!
Oth. Are you not a strumpet?
Des. No, as I am a Christian.
If to preserve this vessel for my lord,
From any other foul, unlawful touch,
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.
Oth. What, not a whore?
Des. No, as I shall be saved.
Oth. Is it possible?
Des. O Heaven forgive us!
Oth. I cry you mercy, then;
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,
That married with Othello.

Desdemona's Faithfulness.

O good Iago,
What shall I do to win my lord again?
Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven,
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel—
[*Kneeling.*
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Either in discourse of thought, or actual deed:
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
Delighted them in any other form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will—though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement—love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much,
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love.

A Bed-chamber: Desdemona is discovered asleep in her Bed.

Enter Othello, with a Light and Sword.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul—
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!
It is the cause.—Yet I 'll not shed her blood,
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.
[*Lays down the Sword.*
Yet she must die, else she 'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then put out the light!
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore, should I repent me; but once put out thy light,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relume.
[*Sets down the Taper.*
When I have pluck'd thy rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again;
It needs must wither: I 'll smell it on the tree.
[*Kissing her.*
O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice herself to break her sword! One more, and this the last:
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after: one more, and this the last:
So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
But they are cruel tears; this sorrow 's heavenly;
It strikes where it doth love.

Othello's Confusion after having murdered his Wife.

Yes 'tis Æmilia:—by and by—she 's dead,
'Tis like, she comes to speak of Cassio's death:
The noise was high. Ha! no more moving?
Still as the grave. Shall she come in? wer 't good? best?
I think she stirs again:—no.—What 's the worst?
If she comes in, she 'll sure speak to my wife:—wife.
My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife.
O insupportable! O heavy hour!
Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon; and that the affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration.

His Love for her.

Had she been true,
If Heaven would make me such another world,
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I 'd not have sold her for it.

His bitter Remorse.

Behold! I have a weapon:
A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh: I 've seen the day,
That, with this little arm, and this good sword,
I have made my way through more impedi-
ments [boast!
Than twenty times your stop.—But, O vain
Who can control his fate? it is not so now.
Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd.
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.
Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear;
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires: where should Othello go?
Now—how dost thou look now? O ill-starr'd
wench! [compt,
Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at
This look of thine will hurl my soul from hea-
ven, [girl?
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my
E'en like thy chastity—
O cursed, cursed slave!—Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight!
Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!
O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead?
Dead? O! O! O!

His last Speech.

Soft you; a word or two before you go.
I have done the state some service, and they
know it;
No more of that.—I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am: nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice: then must you
speak
Of one that lov'd not wisely, but too well:
Of one not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one whose hand,
Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe; of one whose sub-
dued eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum. Set you down this:
And say, besides, that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian, and traduc'd the state,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him—thus. [*Stabs himself.*

§ 31. THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING RICHARD II. SHAKSPEARE.

Banishment; Consolation under it.

ALL places that the eye of Heaven visits,
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens:
Teach thy necessity to reason thus;
There is no virtue like necessity.
Think not the king did banish thee;
But thou the king: woe doth the heavier sit
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go, say, I sent thee forth to purchase honor,
And not the king exil'd thee:—Or suppose,
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a fresher clime.
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou
Suppose the singing-birds, musicians; [com'st:
The grass whereon thou tread'st, the presence
strew'd; [more
The flow'rs, fair ladies; and thy steps, no
Than a delightful measure or a dance:
For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.

Thoughts ineffectual to moderate Affliction.

O, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow,
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?
O, no! the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

Popularity.

Ourself, and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green,
Observ'd his courtship to the common people:
How he did seem to dive into their hearts
With humble and familiar courtesy;
What reverence he did throw away on slaves;
Wooing poor craftsmen, with the craft of
smiles,
And patient under-bearing of his fortune,
As 'twere to banish their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster wench;
A brace of draymen bid—God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee:
With—"Thanks, my countrymen, my loving
friends;"
As were our England in reversion his,
And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

Grief.

Each substance of a grief hath twenty sha-
dows,
Which show like grief itself, but are not so:
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects;
Like perspectives, which, rightly gaz'd upon,
Show nothing but confusion; eyed awry,
Distinguish form.

Hope deceitful.

I will despair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope; he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper back of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hope lingers in extremity.

The Prognostics of War.

The bay-trees in our country all are wither'd,
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the
earth; [change:
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful

Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap.

Richard to England, on his Arrival.

As a long-parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles in meeting;
So weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
And do thee favor with my royal hands.
Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his rav'nous sense:
But let thy spiders that suck up thy venom,
And heavy gaited toads, lie in their way,
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet
Which with usurping steps do trample thee.
Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies:
And when they from thy bosom pluck a flow'r,
Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder;
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy sov'reign's enemies.
Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords;
This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones
Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king
Shall falter under foul rebellious arms.

The Sun rising after a dark Night.

Know'st thou not,
That when the searching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
In murders, and in outrage, bloody here;
But when from under this terrestrial ball
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
And darts his light through every guilty hole,
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs, [selves?
Stand bare and naked, trembling at them-

On the Vanity of Power, and Misery of Kings.

No matter where; of comfort no man speak;
Let 's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
Let 's choose executors, and talk of wills;
And not yet so—for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all, are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own, but death;
And that small model of the barren earth,
Which serves as paste and covering to our bones.
For Heav'n's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:
How some have been depos'd, some slain in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd;
Some poison'd by their wives; some sleeping kill'd;
All murder'd:—For within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps Death his court: and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little scene
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit;
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable: and humor'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores thro' his castle walls, and, farewell king!
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn rev'rence; throw away respect,
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty;
For you have but mistook me all this while:
I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief,
Need friends: subjected thus,
How can you say to me—I am a king?

Melancholy Stories.

In winter's tedious nights, sit by the fire,
With good old folks, and let them tell thee
Of woful ages long ago betid: [tales
And, ere thou bid good night, to quit their
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me, [grief,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds.

A Description of Bolingbroke's and Richard's Entry into London.

Then, as I said, the duke, great Boling-
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed, [broke,
Which his aspiring rider seemed to know—
With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course;
While all tongues cried, God save thee, Bolingbroke! [spake,
You would have thought the very windows
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage; and that all the walls,
With painted imagery, had said at once,
Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck, [men:
Bespoke them thus—I thank you, country-
And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.

Duch. Alas, poor Richard! where rides he the while?

York. As in a theatre the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious: [eyes
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's
Did scowl on Richard; no man cried, God save him!
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home;
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head;
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience—
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd [melted,
The hearts of men, they must perforce have
And barbarism itself have pitied him.

Violets.

Who are the violets now [spring?
That strew the green lap of the new-come

King Richard's Soliloquy in Prison.

I have been studying how I may compare
This prison, where I live, unto the world:
And, for because the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it—yet I 'll hammer it out.
My brain I 'll prove the female to my soul;
My soul, the father; and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
And these same thoughts people this little world;
In humors, like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented——
- - - - - - - -
Thoughts tending to content, flatter themselves
That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
Nor shall not be the last; like silly beggars,
Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame—
That many have, and others must sit there:
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortune on the back
Of such as have before endur'd the like.
Thus play I, in one prison, many people,
And none contented. Sometimes am I a king;
Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar;
And so I am: then crushing penury
Persuades me I was better when a king;
Then am I king'd again: and, by and by,
Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
And straight am nothing.—But, whate'er I am,
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
With being nothing.

§ 32. THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING RICHARD III. SHAKSPEARE.

Richard, on his own Deformity.

Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings:
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;
And now—instead of mounting barbed steeds
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries—
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an am'rous looking-glass;
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty;
To strut before a wanton, ambling nymph;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable,
That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them—
Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time,
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
And descant on my own deformity:
And therefore—since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair, well-spoken days—
I am determined to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.

Richard's Love for Lady Anne.

Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,
Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops;
These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear—
Not, when my father York and Edward wept,
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made,
When black-fac'd Clifford shook his sword at him;
Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,
Told the sad story of my father's death;
And twenty times made pause to sob and weep,
That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,
Like trees bedash'd with rain: in that sad time,
My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear;
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.
I never sued to friend, nor enemy; words;
My tongue could never learn sweet soothing
But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.

On his own Person, after his successful Addresses.

My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
I do mistake my person all this while:
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a marvellous proper man.
I 'll be at charges for a looking-glass;
And entertain a score or two of tailors,
To study fashions to adorn my body:
Since I have crept in favor with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.

Queen Margaret's Execration.

The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul.
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st.
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
Unless it be when some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!
Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog!
Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
The slave of nature, and the son of hell!
Thou slander of thy mother's heavy womb!
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!
Thou rag of honor, thou detested—

High Birth.

I was born so high,
Our aerie buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.

Richard's Hypocrisy.

But then I sigh, and, with a piece of Scripture,

Tell them that God bids us do good for evil:
And thus I clothe my naked villany
With old odd ends, stolen forth of holy writ,
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

Clarence's Dream.

Brak. What was your dream, my lord? I pray you tell me.

Clar. Methought, that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy,
And, in my company, my brother Glo'ster;
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches; thence we look'd toward England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster,
That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches, [falling
Methought that Glo'ster stumbled; and in
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
O Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of water in my ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea, [holes,
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and, in those
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep, [by.
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death,
To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?

Clar. Methought I had; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost; but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To seek the empty, vast, and wand'ring air;
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awak'd you not with this sore agony? [life:

Clar. O no, my dream was lengthen'd after
O, then began the tempest of my soul!
I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;
Who cried aloud—"What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?" [by
And so he vanish'd. Then came wand'ring
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he shriek'd out aloud—
"Clarence is come, false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence—
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewkesbury;
Seize on him, furies, take him to your tor ments!"
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
I trembling wak'd; and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell:
Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, lord, that it affrighted you;
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. O, Brakenbury, I have done those things
That now give evidence against my soul,
For Edward's sake; and see how he requites me! [thee,
O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone: [dren!
O spare my guiltless wife, and my poor chil-

Description of the Murder of the two young Princes in the Tower.

The tyrannous and bloody act is done;
The most arch-deed of piteous massacre,
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like two children, in their death's sad story. [babes!"
"O thus," quoth Dighton, "lay the gentle
"Thus, thus," quoth Forrest, "girdling one another
Within their alabaster innocent arms;
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which in their summer beauty kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay;
Which once," quoth Forrest, "almost chang'd my mind;
But, O the devil!"—there the villain stopp'd;
When Dighton thus told on—"We smothered
The most replenished sweet work of nature,
That from the prime creation e'er she fram'd."
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse:
They could not speak; and so I left them both
To bear these tidings to the bloody king.

Queen Margaret's Exprobration.

I call'd thee then, poor shadow, painted queen;
One heav'd a-high to be hurl'd down below:
A mother only mock'd with two fair babes;
A dream of what thou wast; a garish flag,
To be the aim of ev'ry dang'rous shot;
A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble;
A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers? [joy?
Where be thy two sons? wherein dost thou
Who sues, and kneels, and says, God save the queen?

Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee ?
Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee ?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art :
For happy wife, a most distressed widow ;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name ;
For one being sued to, one that humbly sues ;
For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care ;
For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me ;
For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one ;
For one commanding all, obey'd of none.
Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time : [wert,
Having no more but thought of what thou
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.

A fine Evening.

The weary sun hath made a golden set ;
And by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.

Day-break.

The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.

Richmond's Prayer.

O thou ! whose captain I account myself,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye :
Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
Th' usurping helmets of our adversaries !
Make us thy mistress of chastisement,
That we may praise thee in thy victory !
To thee do I commend my watchful soul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes ;
Sleeping, and waking, O defend me still !

Richard starting out of his Dream.

Give me another horse—bind up my wounds ;
Have mercy, Jesu !—Soft, I did but dream.
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me !
The lights burn blue—is it not dead midnight ?
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh,
What do I fear ? myself ? there 's none else by.

Conscience.

Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe.

Richard before the Battle.

A thousand hearts are great within my bosom.
Advance our standards, set upon our foes ;
Our ancient word of courage, fair St. George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons !
Upon them ! victory sits on our helms.

Alarum. Enter King Richard.

K. Richard. A horse ! a horse ! my kingdom for a horse ! [to a horse.
Catesby. Withdraw, my lord, I 'll help you
K. Richard. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die :
I think there be six Richmonds in the field ;
Five have I slain to-day, instead of him.
A horse ! a horse ! my kingdom for a horse !
[*Exeunt.*

§ 33. ROMEO AND JULIET.

SHAKSPEARE.

On Dreams.

O then, I see, queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes,
In shape no bigger than an agate stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies,
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep : [legs ;
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners'
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers ;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web ;
The collars, of the moonshine's wat'ry beams :
Her whip, of cricket's bone ; the lash, of film ;
Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm,
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid :
Her chariot is an empty hazel nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
And in this state she gallops night by night,
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love ; [straight ;
On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees ;
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream ;
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.
Sometimes she gallops o'er a lawyer's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit :
And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as he lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice :
Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then he dreams of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep ; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,
And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
That plats the manes of horses in the night,
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which, once entangled, much misfortune bodes. [backs,
This is the hag, when maids lie on their
That presses them, and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage.
This is she—
Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace ;
Thou talk'st of nothing.
Mer. True, I talk of dreams :
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain phantasy ;
Which is as thin of substance as the air ;

And more inconstant than the wind, who wooes
E'en now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

A Beauty described.

O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,
Like a rich jewel in an Æthiop's ear:
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.

The Courtship between Romeo and Juliet in the Garden.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. He jests at scars, that never felt a wound— [breaks?
But, soft! what light thro' yonder window
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!
[*Juliet appears above at the Window.*
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she.
Be not her maid, since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off—
She speaks, yet she says nothing; what of
Her eye discourses, I will answer it. [that?
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As day-light doth a lamp; her eye in heaven,
Would thro' the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were not night.
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ah me!

Rom. She speaks—
O speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white upturned wond'ring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo!—wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I 'll no longer be a Capulet. [at this?

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak [*Aside.*

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy—
\- - - - - - - - -
What 's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet:
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name;
And for that name which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I 'll be new baptiz'd;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd in night,
So stumblest on my counsel?

Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am;
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee;
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words [sound;
Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague? [like.

Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee dis-

Jul. How cam'st thou hither? tell me, and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb;
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'erperch these walls;
For stony limits cannot hold love out:
And what love can do, that dares love attempt:
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee. [eye,

Rom. Alack! there lies more peril in thine
Than twenty of their swords; look thou but
And I am proof against their enmity. [sweet,

Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee here. [their sight;

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from
And, but thou love me, let them find me here;
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place? [inquire;

Rom. By love, who first did prompt me to
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

Jul. Thou know'st, the mask of night is on my face;
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speak tonight.
Fain would I dwell on form; fain, fain deny
What I have spoke; but farewell, compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say—
Ay, [swear'st,
And I will take thy word:—yet, if thou
Thou mayst prove false; at lovers' perjuries,
They say Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or, if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I 'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but, else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;

And therefore thou mayst think my 'haviour light:
But trust me, gentlemen, I 'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange. [fess,
I should have been more strange, I must con-
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was 'ware,
My true love's passion; therefore pardon me;
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I vow,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops—

Jul. O swear not by the moon, th' inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all—
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I 'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love—— [thee,

Jul. Well, do not swear: altho' I joy in
I have no joy of this contract to-night;
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden; [be,
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to
Ere one can say, it lightens. Sweet, good night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flow'r when next we meet. [rest
Good-night, good-night!—a sweet repose and
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night? [vow for mine.

Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it? For what purpose, love?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee
The more I have, for both are infinite.
I hear some noise within: dear love, adieu!
[*Nurse calls within.*
Anon, good nurse!—Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit.*

Rom. O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,
All this is but a dream I hear and see;
Too flattering sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter Juliet above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good-night indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honorable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I 'll procure to come to thee,
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I 'll lay,
And follow thee, my lord, throughout the world.
[*Within:* Madam!]
I come anon——But if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee—[*Within:* Madam!] By and by, I come——
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief:
To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul.

Jul. A thousand times good-night! [*Exit.*

Rom. A thousand times the worse to want thy light.

Enter Juliet again.

Jul. Hist! Romeo! hist! O, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle back again!
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than
With repetition of my Romeo's name. [mine,

Rom. It is my soul that calls upon my name: [night,
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by
Like softest music to attending ears!

Jul. Romeo!

Rom. My sweet!—

Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?

Rom. At the hour of nine. [then.

Jul. I will not fail; 'tis twenty years till
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it. [there,

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand
Rememb'ring how I love thy company.

Rom. And I 'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone:
And yet no further than a wanton's bird;
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I;
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good-night, good-night! Parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good-night, till it be morrow.
[*Exit.*

Love's Heralds.

Love's heralds should be thoughts, [beams
Which ten times faster glide than the sun-
Driving back shadows over lowering hills:
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw Love, [wings.
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid

Lovers light of Foot.

O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:
A lover may bestride the gossamers,

That idle in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

Romeo, on his Banishment.

Rom. Ha! banishment? be merciful, say death:
For exile hath more terror in his look
Much more than death: do not say banishment.
Fri. Hence from Verona art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
Rom. There is no world without Verona's walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence banished, is banished from the world,
And world's exile is death; then banishment
Is death misterm'd: calling death banishment,
Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.
Fri. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment:
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.
Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here
Where Juliet lives; and every cat, and dog,
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven, and may look on her,
But Romeo may not. More validity,
More honorable state, more courtship lives
In carrion flies, than Romeo: they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessing from her lips;
But Romeo may not, he is banished! [knife,
Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
But—banish'd—to kill me; banish'd? [friar,
O friar, the damned use that word in hell;
Howlings attend it: how hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profest,
To mangle me with that word—banishment?
Fri. Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a word. [ment!
Rom. O, thou wilt speak again of banish-
Fri. I 'll give thee armor to keep off that word;
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.
Rom. Yet banished? Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not; talk no more.
Fri. O then I see that madmen have no ears. [men have no eyes?
Rom. How should they, when that wise
Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.
Rom. Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not feel:
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground, as I now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

Juliet's Chamber, looking to the Garden.
Enter Romeo and Juliet above at a Window; a Ladder of Ropes set.

Jul. Wilt thou begone? it is not yet near
It was the nightingale, and not the lark, [day:
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.
Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn, [streaks
No nightingale: look, love, what envious
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops;
I must be gone and live, or stay and die. [I;
Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it,
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.
Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I 'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:
I have more care to stay, than will to go.
Come death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.—
How is 't, my soul? let 's talk, it is not day.

Juliet's Resolution.

O bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower;
Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears;
Or shut me nightly in a charnel house;
O'ercover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks and yellow chapless skulls;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud—
Things that to hear them told have made me tremble;
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Juliet's Soliloquy on drinking the Potion.

Farewell—God knows when we shall meet again!
I have a faint cold fear thrills thro' my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life:
I 'll call them back again to comfort me.—
Nurse!—what should she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone:
Come, phial.—What if this mixture do not work at all?
Must I of force be married to the county?
No, no! this shall forbid it—lie thou there.
[*Pointing to a dagger.*
What if it be a poison, which the friar

Subtly hath minister'd, to have me dead;
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonor'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear it is: and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man:
I will not entertain so bad a thought.—
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? there 's a fearful point!
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place—
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle, [bones
Where, for these many hundred years, the
Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies fest'ring in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort—
Alack! alack! is it not like that I
So early waking—what with loathsome smells;
And shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad—
O! If I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Invironed with all these hideous fears?
And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud? [bone,
And in this rage, with some great kinsman's
As with a club, dash out my desp'rate brains?
O look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
Upon a rapier's point!—Stay, Tybalt, stay!
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

Romeo's Description of, and Discourse with, the Apothecary.

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
Let 's see for means:——O mischief! thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men.
I do remember an apothecary—
And hereabouts he dwells—whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones;
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins,
Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scatter'd to make up a show.
Noting this penury, to myself I said—
An if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
O, this same thought did but fore-run my need;
And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house:
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.
What, ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud? [art poor;
Rom. Come hither, man—I see that thou
Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have
A dram of poison; such soon-speeding geer,
As will disperse itself through all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead;
And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath
As violently, as hasty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.
Ap. Such mortal drugs I have; but Man-
Is death to any he that utters them. [tua's law
Rom. Art thou so bare, and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks;
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes;
Upon thy back hangs ragged misery; [law
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.
Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.
Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.
Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.
Rom. There is thy gold, worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murders in this loathsome world
Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell:
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none—
Farewell; buy food, and get thyself in flesh.

Romeo and Paris.

Par. Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague;
Can vengeance be pursu'd farther than death?
Condemned villain! I do apprehend thee:
Obey, and go with me, for thou must die.
Rom. I must indeed; and therefore came I hither.
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desp'rate man;
Fly hence and leave me—think upon these gone;
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,
Heap not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury. O, be gone!
By Heaven, I love thee better than myself;
For I come hither arm'd against myself.
Par. I do defy thy conjurations,
And do attach thee as a felon here.
Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy. [*They fight, Paris falls.*
Par. O, I am slain! if thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [*Dies.*
Rom. In faith, I will:—let me peruse this face;
Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris.
What said my man, when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think
He told me, Paris should have married Juliet:
Said he not so? or did I dream it so?

Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so?—O, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!

Romeo's last Speech over Juliet in the Vault.

O my love! my wife! [breath,
Death, that hath sucked the honey of thy
Hath no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O, what more favor can I do to thee, [twain,
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in
To sunder his that was thine enemy?
Forgive me, cousin!—Ah, dear Juliet!
Why art thou yet so fair? shall I believe
That unsubstantial death is amorous;
And that the lean, abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
For fear of that, I will still stay with thee;
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again; here, here, will I remain,
With worms that are thy chambermaids—O,
Will I set up my everlasting rest; [here
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars [last!
From this world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look your
Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, O you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!—
Come, bitter conduct! come, unsav'ry guide!
Thou desp'rate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick, weary bark!
Here 's to my love! O true apothecary!
[*Drinks the Poison.*
Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die.
[*Dies.*

§ 34. TIMON OF ATHENS.

SHAKSPEARE.

The Ingratitude of Timon's Friends.

THEY answer, in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want treasure, can-
not [norable—
Do what they would; are sorry—you are ho-
But yet they could have wish'd—they know
not—but
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wrench—would all were well—
'tis pity—
And, so, intending other serious matters,
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,
With certain half-caps, and cold moving nods,
They froze me into silence.

Tim. You gods reward them!—
Pr'ythee, man, look cheerly: these old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows;
'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind;
And nature, as it grows again towards earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.

Against Duelling.

Your words have took such pains, as if they
labor'd
To bring manslaughter into form, set quar-
relling
Upon the head of valor; which, indeed,
Is valor misbegot, and came into the world,
When sects and factions were but newly born.
He 's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe, and make
his wrongs [carelessly;
His outsides; wear them, like his raiment,
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.

Without the Walls of Athens.
Timon's Execrations on the Athenians.

Let me look back upon thee, O thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves! Dive in the
earth, [tinent!
And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incon-
Obedience fail in children! slaves and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the
bench,
And minister in their steads! to general filths
Convert o' the instant, green virginity!
Do 't in your parents' eyes! Bankrupts, hold
fast;
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your trusters' throats! Bound ser-
vants, steal!
Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,
And pill by law! Maid, to thy master's bed;
Thy mistress is o' the brothel! Son of sixteen,
Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping
sire,
With it beat out his brains! Piety and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighborhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries, [men,
And yet confusion live!—Plagues incident to
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for stroke!—Thou cold
sciatica,
Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners. Lust and liberty
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth;
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may
strive,
And drown themselves in riot! Itches, blains,
Sow all the Athenian bosoms; and their crop
Be general leprosy! breath infect breath;
That their society, as their friendship, may
Be merely poison! Nothing I 'll bear from
But nakedness, thou detestable town! [thee,

A Friend forsaken.

As we do turn our backs
From our companion thrown into his grave,
So his familiars to his buried fortunes
Slink all away; leave their false vows with
him,
Like empty purses pick'd: and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone.

On Gold.

What is here ? [gods :
Gold ? yellow, glittering, precious gold ! No,
I am no idle votarist. Roots, you clear hea-
vens ! [foul, fair ;
Thus much of this will make black, white ;
Wrong, right ; base, noble ; old, young ;
coward, valiant. [gods ? why this
Ha, you gods ! why this ? what this, you
Will lug your priests and servants from your
sides ; [heads :
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their
This yellow slave [curs'd ;
Will knit and break religions ; bless the ac-
Make the hoar leprosy ador'd ; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With senators on the bench : this is it
That makes the wappen'd widow wed again ;
She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and
spices
To the April day again. Come, damned earth,
Thou common whore of mankind, that putt'st
odds
Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature.

Timon to Alcibiades.

Go on—here 's gold—go on ;
Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison
In the sick air : let not thy sword skip one :
Pity not honor'd age for his white beard ;
He is an usurer. Strike me the counterfeit
It is her habit only that is honest, [matron ;
Herself 's a bawd. Let not the virgin's cheek
Make soft thy trenchant sword ; for those milk
paps, [eyes,
That thro' the window-bars bore at men's
Are not within the leaf of pity writ ;
But set them down horrible traitors. Spare
not the babe, [mercy.
Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their
Think it a bastard, whom the oracle [cut,
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall
And mince it sans remorse. Swear against
objects ;
Put armor on thine ears and on thine eyes,
Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor
babes,
Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There 's gold to pay thy
soldiers :
Make large confusion ; and, thy fury spent,
Confounded be thyself ! speak not, begone.

Timon's Reflections on the Earth

That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,
Should yet be hungry ! Common mother,
thou, [breast
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite
Teems, and feeds all ; whose self-same mettle
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is
puft,
Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,
The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm,
With all the abhorred births below crisp hea-
ven, [shine ;
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth
Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root :
Ensear thy fertile and conceptious womb !
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man !
Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and
bears, [face
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward
Hath to the marble mansion all above
Never presented !—O, a root—dear thanks !
Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn
leas, [draughts,
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips !

Timon's Discourse with Apemantus.

Apem. This is in thee a nature but affected :
A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung
From change of fortune. Why this spade ?
this place ?
This slave-like habit ? and these looks of care ?
Thy flatt'rers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie
soft ;
Hug their diseas'd perfumes, and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these
woods,
By putting on the cunning of a carper.
Be thou a flatt'rer now, and seek to thrive
By that which hath undone thee : hinge thy
knee,
And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,
Blow off thy cap ; praise his most vicious
strain,
And call it excellent. Thou wast told thus ;
Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters, that bid
welcome
To knaves, and all approachers : 'tis most just
That thou turn rascal ; hadst thou wealth
again, [likeness.
Rascals should have 't. Do not assume my
Tim. Were I like thee, I 'd throw away
myself. [like thyself,
Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself, being
A madman so long, now a fool : what, think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm ? will these moss'd
trees,
That have outliv'd the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip when thou point'st out ?—will the
cold brook,
Candied with ice, cawdle thy morning taste,
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit ? Call the
creatures
Whose naked natures live in all the spite
Of wreakful heaven ; whose bare unhoused
To the conflicting elements expos'd, [trunks,
Answer mere nature—bid them flatter thee ;
O ! thou shalt find——
Tim. Thou art a slave, whom fortune's
tender arm
With favor never clasp'd ; but bred a dog.

Hadst thou, like us, from our first swath, proceeded
The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
To such as may the passive drugs of it
Freely command, thou wouldst have plung'd thyself
In general riot; melted down thy youth
In different beds of lust; and never learn'd
The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd
The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
Who had the world as my confectionary,
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men
At duty, more than I could frame employment;
That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
Do on the oak—have with one winter's brush
Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare,
For every storm that blows:—I, to bear this,
That never knew but better, is some burthen.
Thy nature did commence in sufferance; time
Hath made thee hard in 't. Why shouldst thou hate men? [given?
They never flatter'd thee. What hast thou
If thou wilt curse,—thy father, that poor rag,
Must be thy subject, who in spite put stuff
To some she-beggar, and compounded thee
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! begone.
If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
Thou hadst been a knave and flatterer.

On Gold.

O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce [*Looking on the gold.*
'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,
That solder'st close impossibilities,
And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with every tongue,
To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts!
Think, thy slave man rebels: and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire.

Timon to the Thieves.

Why should you want? behold, the earth hath roots! [springs;
Within this mile break forth an hundred
The oaks bear masts, the briers scarlet hips;
The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush
Lays her full mess before you. Want! why want? [ries, water,
1 *Thief.* We cannot live on grass, on ber-
As beasts, and birds, and fishes.
Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and fishes; [con,
You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you
That you are thieves profest; that you work not
In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft
In limited professions. Rascal thieves, [grape,
Here 's gold: go, suck the subtle blood o' the
Till the high fever seeth your blood to froth,
And so 'scape hanging: trust not the physician;
His antidotes are poison, and he slays
More than you rob: take wealth and lives together;
Do villany, do, since you profess to do 't,
Like workmen. I 'll example you with thievery:
The sun 's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea; the moon 's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun;
The sea 's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears; the earth 's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
From gen'ral excrement: each thing 's a thief;
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough pow'r [away;
Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves:
Rob one another. There 's more gold: cut throats;
All that you meet are thieves: to Athens, go,
Break open shops; nothing can you steal,
But thieves do lose it.

§ 35. TITUS ANDRONICUS.

SHAKSPEARE.

An Invitation to Love.

THE birds chant melody on every bush;
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun;
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground:
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit;
And—whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once—
Let us sit down, and mark their yelling noise:
And after conflict—such as was suppos'd
The wand'ring prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
When with a happy storm they were surpris'd,
And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave—
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber!
Whiles hounds, and horns, and sweet melodious birds,
Be unto us as is a nurse's song [ious birds,
Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.

Vale, a dark and melancholy one described.

A barren detested vale, you see, it is:
The trees, tho' summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss, and baleful misseltoe.
Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds,
Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven.
And when they show'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
Would make such fearful and confused cries,
As any mortal body, hearing it,
Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.

Young Lady playing on a Lute and singing.

Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind:
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;

A craftier Tereus hast thou met withal,
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That could have better sew'd than Philomel.
O, had the monster seen those lily hands
Tremble, like aspen leaves, upon a lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kiss them; [life:
He would not then have touch'd them for his
Or had he heard the heavenly harmony,
Which that sweet tongue hath made,
He would have dropt his knife, and fell asleep,
As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.

A Lady's Tongue cut out.

O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,
That blabb'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage;
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear!

A Person in Despair compared to one on a Rock, &c.

For now I stand as one upon a rock,
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea; [wave,
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.

Tears compared to Dew on a Lily.

When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks; as doth the honey-dew
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

Reflections on killing a Fly.

Mar. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly!
Tit. But how, if that fly had a father and mother!
How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
And buzz lamenting doings in the air!
Poor harmless fly!
That with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came here to make us merry; and thou hast kill'd him!

Revenge.

Lo, by thy side, where rape and murder stands;
Now give some surance that thou art revenge,
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels;
And then I 'll come, and be thy waggoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globe.
Provide thee two proper palfries, black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,
And find out murderers in their guilty caves:
And, when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the waggon wheel
Trot, like a servile footman, all day long;
Even from Hyperion's rising in the east,
Until his very downfall in the sea.

§ 36. TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

SHAKSPEARE.

Love in a brave young Soldier.

CALL here my varlet, I 'll unarm again:
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
That find such cruel battle here within?
Each Trojan, that is master of his heart,
Let him to field; Troilus, alas! hath none.

\- - - - - - - - -

The Greeks are strong and skilful to their strength, [valiant;
Fierce to their skill and to their fierceness
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance;
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy.

\- - - - - - - - -

O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus—
When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In Cressid's love: Thou answer'st, she is fair,
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart [voice:
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her
Handlest in thy discourse—O, that her hand,
In whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach; to whose soft seizure
The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense
Hard as the palm of ploughmen! This thou tell'st me,
As true thou tell'st me, when I say I love her;
But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm, [me
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given
The knife that made it.

On Degree.

Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy. The bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe:
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead:
Force should be right; or, rather, right and wrong
(Between whose endless jar justice resides)
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
Then every thing includes itself in power,
Power into will; will into appetite;
And appetite, a universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce a universal prey,
And last eat up itself.

Adversity the Trial of Man.

——Why then, you princes,
Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works,
And think them shames, which are indeed nought else
But the protractive trials of great Jove,
To find persistive constancy in men?
The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune's love; for then, the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,

The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin :
But in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a broad and pow'rful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away ;
And what hath mass, or matter, by itself,
Lies rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Achilles described by Ulysses.

The great Achilles—whom opinion crowns
The sinew and the fore-hand of our host—
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs : with him Patroclus,
Upon a lazy bed, the live-long day
Breaks scurril jests ;
And with ridiculous and awkward action
(Which, slanderer ! he imitation calls) [non,
He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamem-
Thy topless deputation he puts on ;
And, like a strutting player—whose conceit
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage,
Such to be pitied and o'erwrested seeming
He acts thy greatness in : and when he speaks,
'Tis like a chime a-mending : with terms unsquar'd, [dropt,
Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon
Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff,
The large Achilles, on his prest bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause ;
Cries—"Excellent ! 'tis Agamemnon just !
Now play me Nestor—hem, and stroke thy
As he, being drest to some oration." [beard,
That 's done—as near as the extremest ends
Of parallels ; as like as Vulcan and his wife :
Yet good Achilles still cries—"Excellent !
'Tis Nestor right ! Now play him me, Patro-
Arming to answer in a night-alarm." [clus,
And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
Must be the scene of mirth ; to cough and spit,
And, with a palsy fumbling on his gorget,
Shake in and out the rivet :—and at this sport
Sir Valor dies ; cries—"O ! enough, Patroclus,
Or give me ribs of steel ! I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen." And, in this fashion
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact,
Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Success or loss, what is or is not, serves
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Respect.

I ask, that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as morning, when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus.

The Subtlety of Ulysses, and Stupidity of Ajax.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.

Nest. Yet he loves himself : is it not strange ? [*Aside.*

Ulys. Achilles will not to the field to-mor-

Aga. What 's his excuse ? [row.

Ulys. He doth rely on none ;
But carries on the stream of his dispose,
Without observance or respect of any,
In will peculiar, and in self-admission. [quest,

Aga. Why will he not, upon our fair re-
Untent his person, and share the air with us ?

Ulys. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only, [ness ;
He makes important : possest he is with great-
And speaks not to himself, but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath : imagin'd worth
Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,
That 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,
And batters down himself : what should I say ?
He is so plaguy proud, that the death tokens
Cry, "No recovery." [of it

Aga. Let Ajax go to him.—
Dear lord, go you, and greet him in his tent :
'Tis said, he holds you well ; and will be led,
At your request, a little from himself.

Ulys. O Agamemnon, let it not be so !
We 'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes,
When they go from Achilles : shall the proud lord
That bastes his arrogance with his own seam,
And never suffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts, save such as do revolve
And ruminate himself—shall he be worshipp'd
Of that we hold an idol more than he ?
No, this thrice worthy and right valiant lord
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd ;
Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,
As amply titled as Achilles is,
By going to Achilles :
That were to enlard his fat-already pride,
And add more coals to Cancer, when he burns
With entertaining great Hyperion.
This lord go to him ! Jupiter forbid !
And say in thunder "Achilles go to him."

Nest. O, this is well ; he rubs the vein of him. [*Aside.*

Dio. And how his silence drinks up this applause ! [*Aside.*

Ajax. If I go to him with my armed fist
I 'll pash him o'er the face.

Aga. O no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An he be proud with me, I 'll pheese his pride : let me go to him.

Ulys. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

Ajax. A paltry, insolent fellow !

Nest. How he describes himself ! [*Aside.*

Ajax. Can he not be sociable ?

Ulys. The raven chides blackness. [*Aside.*

Ajax. I 'll let his humors blood.

Aga. He 'll be the physician that should be the patient. [*Aside.*

Ajax. An all men were o' my mind—

Ulys. Wit would be out of fashion. [*Aside.*

Ajax. He should not bear it so; [it?
He should eat swords first: shall pride carry
Nest. An 'twould, you 'd carry half. [*Aside.*
Ulys. He would have ten shares. [*Aside.*
Ajax. I will knead him, I 'll make him supple. [him
Nest. He is not yet thorough warm; force
With praises; pour in; his ambition 's dry. [*Aside.*
Ulys. My lord, you feed too much on this dislike,
Nest. O noble general, do not do so.
Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles. [him harm.
Ulys. Why, 'tis this naming of him does
Here is a man—but 'tis before his face—
I will be silent.
Nest. Wherefore should you so?
He is not emulous, as Achilles is. [liant.
Ulys. Know the whole world, he is as va-
Ajax. A whoreson dog! that shall palter
Would he were a Trojan. [thus with us!
Nest. What a vice were it in Ajax now—
Ulys. If he were proud?
Dio. Or covetous of praise?
Ulys. Ay, or surly borne?
Dio. Or strange, or self-affected?
Ulys. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet composure: [suck:
Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee
Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature
Thrice fam'd beyond all erudition;
But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,
Let Mars divide eternity in twain,
And give him half: and for thy vigor,
Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield
To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,
Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines
Thy spacious and dilated parts: here 's Nestor,
Instructed by the antiquary times—
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise;
But pardon, father Nestor; were your days
As green as Ajax, and your brain so temper'd,
You should not have the eminence of him,
But be as Ajax.
Ajax. Shall I call you father?
Ulys. Ay, my good son.
Dio. Be rul'd by him, lord Ajax. [Achilles
Ulys. There is no tarrying here; the hart
Keeps thicket: please it our great general
To call together all his state of war; [friends,
Fresh kings are come to Troy; to-morrow,
We must with all our main of pow'r stand fast,
And here 's a lord; come knights from east to west,
And cull their flow'r, Ajax shall cope the best.
Aga. Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep: [draw deep.
Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks
[*Exeunt.*

An expecting Lover.

No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door,
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,
And give me swift transportance to those
Where I may wallow in the lily beds [fields,
Propos'd for the deserver! O gentle Pandarus,
From Cupid's shoulders pluck his painted
And fly with me to Cressid! [wings,
I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.
The imaginary relish is so sweet
That it enchants my sense; what will it be,
When that the wat'ry palate tastes indeed
Love's thrice-reputed nectar? Death, I fear me;
Swooning destruction; or some joy too fine,
Too subtle-potent, and too sharp in sweetness,
For the capacity of my ruder powers;
I fear it much; and I do fear besides
That I shall lose distinction in my joys;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying. - - - -
My heart beats thicker than a fev'rous pulse;
And all my powers do their bestowing lose,
Like vassalage at unawares encount'ring
The eye of majesty.

Constancy in love protested.

Troilus. True swains in love shall in the world to come [rhymes,
Approve their truths by Troilus; when their
Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,
Want similes; truth tir'd with iteration—
As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre—
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
As truth's authentic author to be cited,
As true as Troilus, shall crown up the verse,
And sanctify the numbers.
Cres. Prophet may you be!
If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itself,
When water-drops have worn the stones of
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up, [Troy,
And mighty states characterless are grated
To dusty nothing; yet let memory,
From false to false, among false maids in love,
Upbraid my falsehood! when they have said—as false
As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the hind, or step-dame to her son—
Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of false-
As false as Cressid. [hood,

Greatness contemptible when it declines.

'Tis certain, greatness, once fallen out with fortune, [is,
Must fall out with men too: what the declin'd
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall; for men, like butterflies,
Show not their mealy wings but to the summer:
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honor; but honor for those honors
That are without him, as place, riches, favor,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit; [ers,
Which when they fall, as being slippery stand-
The love that lean'd on them is slippery too,

Do one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall.

Honor: continued Acts necessary to preserve its Lustre.

Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-siz'd monster of ingratitudes:
Those scraps are good deeds past; which are devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done: perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honor bright: to have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail, [way,
In monumental mockery. Take the instant
For honor travels in a strait so narrow, [path;
Where one but goes abreast: keep then the
For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue; if you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost—
Or, like a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'er-run and trampled on; then what they do in present, [yours:
Though less than yours in past, must o'er-top
For time is like a fashionable host, [hand;
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the
And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer; welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek [wit,
Remuneration for the thing it was; for beauty,
High birth, vigor of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time. [kin—
One touch of nature makes the whole world
That all with one consent praise new-born gauds, [past;
Though they are made and moulded of things
And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
More laud than guilt o'er-dusted.
The present eye praises the present object.

Love shook off by a Soldier.

Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak, wanton Cupid
Shall from your neck unloose his am'rous fold,
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air.

Diomedes' Manner of Walking.

'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;
He rises on the toe: that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Description of Cressida.

There 's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body.
O these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
That give a coasting welcome ere it comes,
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
To every ticklish reader! set them down
For sluttish spoils of opportunity,
And daughters of the game.

The Character of Troilus.

The youngest son of Priam, a true knight.
Not yet mature, yet matchless: firm of word;
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;
Not soon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, soon calm'd:
His heart and hand both open, and both free;
For what he has, he gives; what thinks, he shows; [ty,
Yet gives he not till judgment guide his boun-
Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath:
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;
For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes
To tender objects; but he, in heat of action,
Is more vindicative than jealous love.

Hector in Battle.

I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
Laboring for destiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekish youths: and I have seen thee,
As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,
Despising many forfeits and subduements,
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i' the air,
Not letting it decline on the declin'd;
That I have said to some my standers-by,
"Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!"
And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wrestling.

PART II.

MISCELLANEOUS.

§ 1. *Sforza Duke of Milan pleading his Cause before the Emperor Charles V.*

MASSINGER.

Sforza. I come not, emperor, t' invade thy mercy,
By fawning on thy fortune ; nor bring with me
Excuses, or denials. I profess [instant
(And with a good man's confidence, ev'n this
That I am in thy power) I was thine enemy ;
Thy deadly and vow'd enemy, one that wish'd
Confusion to thy person and estates ; [cils,
And with my utmost pow'rs, and deepest coun-
Had they been truly follow'd, further'd it :
Nor will I now, although my neck were under
The hangman's axe, with one poor syllable
Confess, but that I honor'd the French king
More than thyself, and all men.
Now, give me leave,
(My hate against thyself, and love to him
Freely acknowledg'd) to give up the reasons
That made me so affected. In my wants
I ever found him faithful ; had supplies
Of men and monies from him ; and my hopes
Quite sunk, were, by his grace, buoy'd up again :
He was, indeed, to me, as my good angel,
To guard me from all dangers. I dare speak
(Nay must and will) his praise now, in as high
And loud a key, as when he was thy equal.
The benefits he sow'd in me, met not
Unthankful ground, but yielded him his own
With fair increase, and I still glory in it.
And, though my fortunes (poor compar'd to his
And Milan, weigh'd with France, appear as nothing)
Are in thy fury burnt ; let it be mention'd,
They serv'd but as small tapers to attend
The solemn flame at this great funeral ;
And with them I will gladly waste myself,
Rather than undergo the imputation
Of being base or unthankful.
If that, then, to be grateful
For courtesies receiv'd ; or not to leave
A friend in his necessities, be a crime
Amongst you Spaniards (which other nations
That, like you, aim'd at empire, lov'd and cherish'd
Where'er they found it) Sforza brings his head
To pay the forfeit. Nor come I as a slave,
Pinion'd and fetter'd, in a squalid weed,
Falling before thy feet, kneeling and howling,
For a forestall'd remission : that were poor,
And would but shame thy victory ; for conquest
Over base foes is a captivity,
And not a triumph. I ne'er fear'd to die,
More than I wish'd to live. When I had reach'd
My ends in being a duke, I wore these robes,
This crown upon my head, and to my side
This sword was girt ; and, witness truth, that, now
'Tis in another's pow'r, when I shall part
With them and life together, I 'm the same :
My veins then did not swell with pride ; nor now [stands
They shrink for fear.—Know, sir, that Sforza
Prepar'd for either fortune.
But, if example
Of my fidelity to the French (whose honors,
Titles, and glory, are now mix'd with yours ;
As brooks, devour'd by rivers, lose their names)
Has pow'r t' invite you to make him a friend
That hath given evident proof, he knows to love,
And to be thankful, this my crown, now yours,
You may restore me, and in me instruct
These brave commanders (should your fortune change,
Which now I wish not) what they may expect
From noble enemies for being faithful.
The charges of the war I will defray,
And, what you may (not without hazard) force,
Bring freely to you : I 'll prevent the cries
Of murder'd infants, and of ravish'd maids,
Which, in a city sack'd, call on Heaven's justice,
And stop the course of glorious victories.
And, when I know the captains and the soldiers,
That have in the late battle done best service,
And are to be rewarded, I myself,
According to their quality and merits, [said,
Will see them largely recompens'd.——I 've
And now expect my sentence.

Charles. Thou hast so far
Outgone my expectation, noble Sforza,
(For such I hold thee) and true constancy,
Rais'd on a brave foundation, bears such palm
And privilege with it, that, where we behold it,
Though in an enemy, it does command us
To love and honor it.—By my future hopes,
I 'm glad, for thy sake, that, in seeking favor,

Thou didst not borrow of Vice her indirect,
Crooked, and abject means; and for mine own,
That (since my purposes must now be chang'd
Touching thy life and fortunes) the world can-
Tax me of levity in my settled councils; [not
I being neither wrought by tempting bribes,
Nor servile flattery; but forc'd unto it
By a fair war of virtue.
All former passages of hate be buried;
For thus with open arms I meet thy love,
And as a friend embrace it; and so far
I am from robbing thee of the least honor,
That with my hands, to make it sit the faster,
I set thy crown once more upon thy head;
And do not only style thee duke of Milan,
But vow to keep thee so; yet, not to take
From others to give only to thyself,
I will not hinder your magnificence
To my commanders, neither will I urge it;
But in that, as in all things else, I leave you
To be your own disposer.

§ 2. *Sebastian and Dorax.*

DRYDEN.

Re-enter Dorax, having taken off his Turban and put on an European Habit.

Dor. Now do you know me?
Seb. Thou shouldst be Alonzo.
Dor. So you should be Sebastian;
But when Sebastian ceas'd to be himself
I ceas'd to be Alonzo.
Seb. As in a dream
I see thee here, and scarce believe mine eyes.
Dor. Is it so strange to find me where my wrongs,
And your inhuman tyranny, have sent me?
Think not you dream: or, if you did, my injuries
Shall call so loud, that lethargy should wake;
And death should give you back to answer me.
A thousand nights have brush'd their balmy wings
Over these eyes; but ever, when they clos'd,
Your tyrant image forc'd them ope again,
And dried the dews they brought.
The long expected hour is come at length,
By manly vengeance to redeem my fame:
And, that once clear'd, eternal sleep is welcome.
Seb. I have not yet forgot I am a king,
Whose royal office is redress of wrongs:
If I have wrong'd thee, charge me face to face;
I have not yet forgot I am a soldier.
Dor. 'Tis the first justice thou hast ever done me;
Then, tho' I loathe this woman's war of tongue,
Yet shall my cause of vengeance first be clear:
And, honor, be thou judge.
Seb. Honor befriend us both.
Beware! I warn thee yet to tell thy griefs
In terms becoming majesty to hear:
I warn thee thus, because I know thy temper
Is insolent and haughty to superiors:
How often hast thou brav'd my peaceful court,
Fill'd it with noisy brawls, and windy boasts;
And with past service, nauseously repeated,
Reproach'd even me, thy prince! [reward,
Dor. And well I might, when you forgot
The part of Heaven in kings: for punishment
Is hangman's work, and drudgery for devils.
I must and will reproach thee with my service,
Tyrant!—it irks me so to call my prince,
But just resentment and hard usage coin'd
Th' unwilling word; and grating as it is,
Take it, for 'tis thy due.
Seb. How, tyrant!
Dor. Tyrant! [echo back;
Seb. Traitor! that name thou canst not
That robe of infamy, that circumcision
Ill hid beneath that robe, proclaim thee traitor;
And, if a name
More foul than traitor be, 'tis renegade.
Dor. If I 'm a traitor, think and blush, thou tyrant,
Whose injuries betray'd me into treason,
Effac'd my loyalty, unhing'd my faith,
And hurried me from hopes of heaven to hell.
All these, and all my yet unfinish'd crimes,
When I shall rise to plead before the saints,
I charge on thee to make thy damning sure.
Seb. Thy old presumptuous arrogance again, [ing,
That bred my first dislike, and then my loath-
Once more be warn'd, and know me for thy king. [no more:
Dor. Too well I know thee, but for king
This is not Lisbon, nor the circle this,
Where, like a statue, thou hast stood besieg'd
By sycophants and fools, the growth of courts;
Where thy gull'd eyes in all the gaudy round
Met nothing but a lie in every face;
And the gross flattery of a gaping crowd,
Envious who first should catch and first applaud
The stuff of royal nonsense: when I spoke,
My honest homely words were carp'd and censur'd
For want of courtly style: related actions,
Though modestly reported, pass'd for boasts:
Secure of merit, if I ask'd reward, [vaded,
The hungry minions thought their rights in-
And the bread snatch'd from pimps and para-
Henriquez answer'd, with a ready lie, [sites.
To save his king's, the boon was begg'd before.
Seb. What say'st thou of Henriquez? Now, by Heaven,
Thou mov'st me more by barely naming him,
Than all thy foul, unmanner'd, scurril taunts.
Dor. And therefore 'twas to gall thee that I nam'd him, [smile;
That thing, that nothing but a cringe and
That woman, but more daub'd; or, if a man,
Corrupted to a woman; thy man-mistress.
Seb. All false as hell, or thou.
Dor. Yes; full as false
As that I serv'd thee fifteen hard campaigns,
And pitch'd thy standard in those foreign fields: [it,
By me thy greatness grew, thy years grew with
But thy ingratitude outgrew them both.

Seb. I see to what thou tend'st; but tell me first,
If those great acts were done alone for me;
If love produc'd not some, and pride the rest?
Dor. Why, love does all that 's noble here below,
But all th' advantage of that love was thine:
For, coming fraughted back, in either hand
With palm and olive, victory and peace,
I was indeed prepar'd to ask my own
(For Violante's vows were mine before):
Thy malice had prevention, ere I spoke;
And ask'd me Violante for Henriquez.
Seb. I meant thee a reward of greater worth. [be hop'd?
Dor. Where justice wanted, could reward
Could the robb'd passenger expect a bounty
From those rapacious hands who stripp'd him first? [love.
Seb. He had my promise ere I knew thy
Dor. My services deserv'd thou shouldst revoke it. [service;
Seb. Thy insolence hath cancell'd all thy
To violate my laws, even in my court,
Sacred to peace, and safe from all affronts;
Even to my face, and done in my despite,
Under the wing of awful majesty,
To strike the man I lov'd!
Dor. Ev'n in the face of Heaven, a place more sacred,
Would I have struck the man who, prompt by pow'r,
Would seize my right, and rob me of my love.
But, for a blow provok'd by thy injustice,
The hasty product of a just despair,
When he refus'd to meet me in the field,
That thou shouldst make a coward's cause thy own! [begg'd with tears
Seb. He durst: nay, more, desir'd and
To meet thy challenge fairly; twas thy fault
To make it public: but my duty then
To interpose, on pain of my displeasure,
Betwixt your swords.
Dor. On pain of infamy
He should have disobey'd. [to me:
Seb. The indignity thou didst was meant
Thy gloomy eyes were cast on me with scorn,
As who should say, the blow was there intended;
But that thou didst not dare to lift thy hands
Against anointed power: so was I forc'd
To do a sovereign justice to myself,
And spurn thee from my presence.
Dor. Thou hast dar'd
To tell me what I durst not tell myself:
I durst not think that I was spurn'd, and live;
And live to hear it boasted to my face;
All my long avarice of honor lost,
Heap'd up in youth, and hoarded up for age;
Has honor's fountain then suck'd back the stream?
He has; and hooting boys may dryshod pass,
And gather pebbles from the naked ford.
Give me my love, my honor; give them back:
Give me revenge while I have breath to ask it.
Seb. Now by this honor'd order which I wear, [it:
More gladly would I give than thou dar'st ask
Nor shall the sacred character of king
Be urg'd to shield me from thy bold appeal.
If I have injur'd thee, that makes us equal:
The wrong, if done, debas'd me down to thee.
But thou hast charg'd me with ingratitude;
Hast thou not charg'd me? Speak.
Dor. Thou know'st I have:
If thou disown'st that imputation, draw,
And prove my charge a lie. [draw:
Seb. No; to disprove that lie I must not
Be conscious to thy worth, and tell thy soul
What thou hast done this day in my defence:
To fight thee after this, what were it else
Than owning that ingratitude thou urg'st?
That isthmus stands between two rushing seas;
Which mounting view each other from afar,
And strive in vain to meet.
Dor. I 'll cut that isthmus:
Thou know'st I meant not to preserve thy life,
But to retrieve it, for my own revenge.
I sav'd thee out of honorable malice.
Now draw; I should be loath to think thou dar'st not;
Beware of such another vile excuse.
Seb. O, patience, Heaven!
Dor. Beware of patience too;
That 's a suspicious word: it had been proper,
Before thy foot had spurn'd me; now 'tis base:
Yet, to disarm thee of thy last defence,
I have thy oath for my security:
The only boon I begg'd was this fair combat:
Fight, or be perjur'd now; that 's all thy choice.
Seb. Now can I thank thee as thou wouldst be thank'd: [*Drawing.*
Never was vow of honor better paid,
If my true sword but hold, than this shall be.
The sprightly bridegroom on his wedding-night
More gladly enters not the lists of love.
Why, 'tis enjoyment to be summon'd thus.
Go; bear my message to Henriquez' ghost,
And say his master and his friend reveng'd him.
Dor. His ghost! then is my hated rival dead? [purpose.
Seb. The question is beside our present
Thou seest me ready; we delay too long.
Dor. A minute is not much in either's life,
When there 's but one betwixt us; throw it in
And give it him of us who is to fall.
Seb. He 's dead: make haste, and thou mayst yet o'ertake him. [longer.
Dor. When I was hasty, thou delay'dst me
I pr'ythee let me hedge one moment more
Into thy promise: for thy life preserv'd,
Be kind: and tell me how that rival died,
Whose death next thine, I wish'd.
Seb. If it would please thee, thou shouldst never know,
But thou, like jealousy, inquir'st a truth,
Which found, will torture thee. He died in fight:
Fought next my person, as in concert fought;
Kept pace for pace, and blow for every blow;

Save when he heav'd his shield in my defence,
And on his naked side receiv'd my wound:
Then, when he could no more, he fell at once,
But roll'd his falling body cross their way,
And made a bulwark of it for his prince.
Dor. I never can forgive him such a death!
Seb. I prophesied thy proud soul could not bear it.
Now judge thyself who best deserv'd my love.
I knew you both; and (durst I say) as Heaven
Foreknew among the shining angel host
Who should stand firm, who fall. [fall'n;
Dor. Had he been tempted so, so had he
And so, had I been favor'd, had I stood.
Seb. What had been, is unknown; what is, appears:
Confess he justly was preferr'd to thee. [stars,
Dor. Had I been born with his indulgent
My fortune had been his, and his been mine.
O, worse than hell! what glory have I lost,
And what has he acquir'd by such a death!
I should have fallen by Sebastian's side,
My corpse had been the bulwark of my king:
His glorious end was a patch'd work of fate,
Ill sorted with a soft effeminate life:
It suited better with my life than his
So to have died: mine had been of a piece,
Spent in your service, dying at your feet.
Seb. The more effeminate and soft his life,
The more his fame, to struggle to the field,
And meet his glorious fate: confess, proud spirit
(For I will have it from thy very mouth),
That better he deserv'd my love than thou.
Dor. O, whither wouldst thou drive me? I must grant,
Yes, I must grant, but with a swelling soul,
Henriquez had your love with more desert:
For you he fought and died: I fought against you:
Through all the mazes of the bloody field
Hunted your sacred life; which that I miss'd
Was the propitious error of my fate,
Not of my soul; my soul 's a regicide.
Seb. Thou mightst have given it a more gentle name:
Thou meant'st to kill a tyrant, not a king.
Speak, didst thou not, Alonzo?
Dor Can I speak?
Alas! I cannot answer to Alonzo:
No, Dorax cannot answer to Alonzo:
Alonzo was too kind a name for me. [arms,
Then, when I fought and conquer'd with your
In that blest age I was the man you nam'd:
Till rage and pride debas'd me into Dorax;
And lost, like Lucifer, my name above.
Seb. Yet twice this day I ow'd my life to Dorax. [my grief.
Dor. I sav'd you but to kill you: there 's
Seb. Nay, if thou canst be griev'd, thou canst repent: [wouldst:
Thou couldst not be a villain, though thou
Thou own'st too much in owning thou hast err'd:
And I too little, who provok'd thy crime.
Dor. O, stop this headlong torrent of your goodness;
It comes too fast upon a feeble soul,
Half drown'd in tears before; spare my confusion,
For pity spare, and say not, first you err'd.
For yet I have not dar'd, thro' guilt and shame,
To throw myself beneath your royal feet.
Now spurn this rebel, this proud renegade;
'Tis just you should, nor will I more complain.
Seb. Indeed thou shouldst not ask forgiveness first,
But thou prevent'st me still in all that 's noble.
Yes, I will raise thee up with better news:
Thy Violante's heart was ever thine;
Compell'd to wed, because she was my ward,
Her soul was absent when she gave her hand:
Nor could my threats, or his pursuing court-
Effect the consummation of his love: [ship,
So still indulging tears, she pines for thee,
A widow and a maid. [Heaven bless'd me!
Dor. Have I been cursing Heaven, while
I shall run mad with ecstasy of joy:
What, in one moment to be reconcil'd
To Heaven, and to my king, and to my love:
But pity is my friend, and stops me short,
For my unhappy rival. Poor Henriquez!
Seb. Art thou so generous too, to pity him?
Nay, then I was unjust to love him better.
Here let me ever hold thee in my arms;
And all our quarrels be but such as these,
Who shall love best and closest shall embrace:
Be what Henriquez was—be my Alonzo.
Dor. What, My Alonzo, said you? my Alonzo!
Let my tears thank you, for I cannot speak;
And if I could, [as mine.
Words were not made to vent such thoughts
Seb. Thou canst not speak, and I can ne'er be silent.
Some strange reverse of fate must sure attend
This vast profusion, this extravagance
Of Heaven to bless me thus. 'Tis gold so pure,
It cannot bear the stamp without allay.
Be kind, ye pow'rs, and take but half away:
With ease the gifts of fortune I resign:
But let my love and friend be ever mine.

§ 3. *Antony and Ventidius.* DRYDEN.

Ant. THEY tell me 'tis my birth-day; and I 'll keep it
With double pomp of sadness. [breath.
'Tis what the day deserves which gave me
Why was I rais'd the meteor of the world,
Hung in the skies, and blazing as I travell'd,
Till all my fires were spent, and then cast
To be trod out by Cæsar? [downwards
Vent. [*Aside.*] On my soul
'Tis mournful, wondrous mournful!
Ant. Count thy gains;
Now, Antony, wouldst thou be born for this?
Glutton of fortune, thy devouring youth
Hast starv'd thy wanting age.
Vent. [*Aside.*] How sorrow shakes him!

So now the tempest tears him up by the roots,
And on the ground extends the noble ruin.
Ant. [*Having thrown himself down.*]
Lie there, thou shadow of an emperor;
The place thou pressest on thy mother earth
Is all thy empire now: now it contains thee;
Some few days hence and then 'twill be too large,
When thou 'rt contracted in thy narrow urn,
Shrunk to a few cold ashes: then Octavia
(For Cleopatra will not live to see it),
Octavia then will have thee all her own,
And bear thee in her widow'd hand to Cæsar.
Cæsar will weep, the crocodile will weep,
To see his rival of the universe [more on 't.
Lie still and peaceful there. I 'll think no
Give me some music; look that it be sad;
I 'll soothe my melancholy till I swell
And burst myself with sighing——
'Tis somewhat to my humor. Stay, I fancy
I 'm now turn'd wild, a commoner of nature,
Of all forsaken, and forsaking all;
Live in a shady forest's sylvan scene; [oak,
Stretch'd at my length beneath some blasted
I lean my head upon the mossy bark,
And look just of a piece as I grew from it:
My uncomb'd locks, matted like mistletoe,
Hang o'er my hoary face; a murm'ring brook
Runs at my foot——
Vent. Methinks, I fancy
Myself there too.
Ant. The herd come jumping by me, [on,
And fearless quench their thirst while I look
And take me for their fellow-citizen.
More of this image, more; it lulls my thoughts.
Vent. I must disturb him: I can hold no longer. [*Stands before him.*
Ant. [*Starting up.*] Art thou Ventidius?
Vent. Are you Antony?
I 'm liker what I was, than you to him
When that I left you last.
Ant. I 'm angry.
Vent. So am I.
Ant. I would be private: leave me.
Vent. Sir, I love you,
And therefore will not leave you.
Ant. Will not leave me? [am I?
Where have you learnt that answer! Who
Vent. My emperor: the man I love next Heaven.
If I said more, I think 'twere scarce a sin:
You're all that 's good and godlike.
Ant. All that 's wretched.
You will not leave me then?
Vent. 'Twas too presuming
To say I would not: but I dare not leave you;
And 'tis unkind in you to chide me hence
So soon, when I so far have come to see you.
Ant. Now thou hast seen me, art thou satisfied?
For, if a friend, thou hast beheld enough;
And, if a foe, too much. [dew,
Vent. Look, emperor, this is no common
I have not wept these forty years; but now
My mother comes afresh into my eyes;
I cannot help her softness. [man! he weeps!
Ant. By Heaven he weeps, poor good old
The big round drops course one another down
The furrows of his cheeks. Stop 'em, Ventidius,
Or I shall blush to death; they set my shame,
That caus'd 'em, full before me.
Vent. I 'll do my best.
Ant. Sure there 's contagion in the tears of friends;
See, I have caught it too. Believe me, 'tis not
For my own griefs, but thine,—nay, father—
Vent. Emperor! [victory.
Ant. Emperor! why that 's the style of
The conqu'ring soldier, red with unfelt wounds,
Salutes his general so: but never more
Shall that sound reach my ears.
Vent. I warrant you.
Ant. Actium, Actium! O——
Vent. It sits too near you. [day;
Ant. Here, here it lies; a lump of lead by
And in my short, distracted, nightly slumbers,
The hag that rides my dreams.
Vent. Out with it: give it vent.
Ant. Urge not my shame—
I lost a battle.
Vent. So has Julius done.
Ant. Thou favor'st me, and speak'st not half thou think'st;
For Julius fought it out, and lost it fairly:
But Antony——
Vent. Nay, stop not.
Ant. Antony—
(Well, thou wilt have it)—like a coward fled,
Fled while his soldiers fought; fled first, Ventidius.
Thou long'st to curse me, and I give thee leave.
I know thou cam'st prepar'd to rail.
Vent. I did. [Ventidius.
Ant. I 'll help thee—I have been a man,
Vent. Yes, and a brave one: but——
Ant. I know thy meaning.
But I have lost my reason, have disgrac'd
The name of soldier with inglorious ease.
In the full vintage of my flowing honors
Sat still, and saw it prest by other hands. [it,
Fortune came smiling to my youth, and woo'd
And purple greatness met my ripen'd years.
When first I came to empire, I was borne
On tides of people, crowding to my triumphs;
The wish of nations, and the willing world
Receiv'd me as its pledge of future peace.
I was so great, so happy, so belov'd,
Fate could not ruin me; till I took pains,
And work'd against my fortune, chid her from me,
And turn'd her loose: yet still she came again.
My careless days and my luxurious nights
At length have wearied her, and now she 's gone: [soldier,
Gone, gone, divorc'd for ever! Help me,
To curse this madman, this industrious fool,
Who labor'd to be wretched. Pr'ythee curse
Vent. No. [me.
Ant. Why?

Vent. You are too sensible already
Of what you 've done, too conscious of your failings,
And like a scorpion, whipt by others first
To fury, sting yourself in mad revenge.
I would bring balm, and pour it in your wounds, [fortunes.
Cure your distemper'd mind, and heal your
Ant. I know thou wouldst.
Vent. I will.
Ant. Ha, ha, ha, ha!
Vent. You laugh.
Ant. I do, to see officious love
Give cordials to the dead.
Vent. You would be lost then!
Ant. I am.
Vent. I say you are not. Try your fortune.
Ant. I have to th' utmost. Dost thou think me desperate [lost
Without just cause? No, when I found all
Beyond repair, I hid me from the world,
And learnt to scorn it here; which now I do
So heartily, I think it is not worth
The cost of keeping.
Vent. Cæsar thinks not so:
He 'll thank you for the gift he could not take.
You would be kill'd like Tully, would you? Do;
Hold out your throat to Cæsar, and die tamely.
Ant. No, I can kill myself; and so resolve.
Vent. I can die with you too, when time shall serve:
But fortune calls upon us now to live,
To fight, to conquer.
Ant. Sure thou dream'st, Ventidius.
Vent. No, 'tis you dream; you sleep away your hours
In desperate sloth, miscall'd philosophy. [you,
Up, up, for honor's sake; twelve legions wait
And long to call you chief. By painful journeys
I led 'em, patient both of heat and hunger,
Down from the Parthian marches to the Nile.
'Twill do you good to see their sun-burnt faces,
Their scarr'd cheeks, and chopt hands; there 's virtue in 'em: [rates
They 'll sell those mangled limbs at dearer
Than yon trim bands can buy.
Ant. Where left you them?
Vent. I say, in Lower Syria.
Ant. Bring 'em hither;
There may be life in these.
Vent. They will not come.
Ant. Why didst thou mock my hopes with promis'd aids,
To double my despair? They 're mutinous.
Vent. Most firm and loyal.
Ant. Yet they will not march
To succor me. O trifler!
Vent. They petition
You would make haste to head 'em.
Ant. I am besieg'd. [came I hither?
Vent. There 's but one way shut up—how
Ant. I will not stir.
Vent. They would perhaps desire
A better reason.
Ant. I have never us'd
My soldiers to demand a reason of
My actions. Why did they refuse to march?
Vent. They said they would not fight for
Ant. What was 't they said? [Cleopatra.
Vent. They said they would not fight for Cleopatra. [conquer,
Why should they fight, indeed, to make her
And make you more a slave? to gain you kingdoms,
Which for a kiss, at your next midnight feast,
You 'll sell to her?—Then she new names her jewels,
And calls this diamond such or such a tax;
Each pendant in her ear shall be a province.
Ant. Ventidius, I allow your tongue free license
On all my other faults; but, on your life,
No word of Cleopatra: she deserves
More worlds than I can lose.
Vent. Behold, you pow'rs,
To whom you have intrusted human kind;
See Europe, Afric, Asia put in balance;
And all weigh'd down by one light worthless woman!
I think the gods are Antonies, and give,
Like prodigals, this nether world away
To none but wasteful hands.
Ant. You grow presumptuous. [speak.
Vent. I take the privilege of plain love to
Ant. Plain love! plain arrogance, plain insolence! [tor;
Thy men are cowards; thou, an envious trai-
Who, under seeming honesty, hast vented
The burden of thy rank o'erflowing gall.
O that thou wert my equal, great in arms
As the first Cæsar was, that I might kill thee
Without stain to my honor!
Vent. You may kill me. [tor.
You have done more already; call'd me trai-
Ant. Art thou not one?
Vent. For showing you yourself, [been
Which none else durst have done. But had I
That name, which I disdain to speak again,
I needed not have sought your abject fortunes,
Come to partake your fate, to die with you.
What hinder'd me t' have led my conqu'ring eagles
To fill Octavius' band? I could have been
A traitor then, a glorious, happy traitor,
And not have been so call'd.
Ant. Forgive me, soldier;
I 've been too passionate.
Vent. You thought me false; [Sir;
Thought my old age betray'd you. Kill me,
Pray kill me; yet you need not, your unkind-
Has left your sword no work. [ness
Ant. I did not think so;
I said it in my rage: pr'ythee forgive me.
Why didst thou tempt my anger, by discovery
Of what I would not hear?
Vent. No prince but you
Could merit that sincerity I us'd,
Nor durst another man have ventur'd it;

But you, ere love misled your wand'ring eyes,
Were sure the chief and best of human race,
Fram'd in the very pride and boast of nature.
Ant. But Cleopatra——
Go on; for I can bear it now.
Vent. No more. [thou mayst:
Ant. Thou dar'st not trust my passion; but
Thou only lov'st; the rest have flatter'd me.
Vent. Heaven's blessing on your heart, for that kind word.
May I believe you love me? Speak again.
Ant. Indeed I do. Speak this, and this, and this.
Thy praises were unjust; but I'll deserve 'em,
And yet mend all. Do with me what thou wilt;
Lead me to victory, thou know'st the way.
Vent. And, will you leave this——
Ant. Pr'ythee do not curse her, [love
And I will leave her; though Heaven knows I
Beyond life, conquest, empire, all but honor;
But I will leave her.
Vent. That 's my royal master.
And shall we fight?
Ant. I warrant thee, old soldier:
Thou shalt behold me once again in iron;
And, at the head of our old troops, that beat
The Parthians, cry aloud, Come, follow me!
Vent. O, now I hear my emperor! In that word
Octavius fell. Gods, let me see that day;
And, if I have ten years behind, take all;
I'll thank you for the exchange.
Ant. O, Cleopatra!
Vent. Again! [went;
Ant. I 've done. In that last sigh she
Cæsar shall know what 'tis to force a lover
From all he holds most dear.
Vent. Methinks you breathe
Another soul; your looks are more divine;
You speak a hero, and you move a god.
Ant. O, thou hast fir'd me! My soul 's up in arms,
And mans each part about me. Once again
The noble eagerness of fight hath seiz'd me;
That eagerness, with which I darted upward
To Cassius' camp. In vain the steepy hill
Oppos'd my way; in vain a war of spears
Sung round my head, and planted all my shield;
I won the trenches, while my foremost men
Lagg'd on the plain below.
Vent. Ye gods, ye gods,
For such another honor!
Ant. Come on, my soldier;
Our hearts and arms are still the same. I long
Once more to meet our foes; that thou and I,
Like Time and Death, marching before our troops,
May taste fate to 'em; mow 'em out a passage,
And, ent'ring where the utmost squadrons
Begin the noble harvest of the field. [yield,

§ 4. *Priuli and Jaffier.* OTWAY.

Pri. No more! I'll hear no more! Be gone and leave me.
Jaff. Not hear me! By my sufferings, but you shall!
My lord, my lord! I 'm not that abject wretch
You think me. Patience! where 's the distance throws
Me back so far, but I may boldly speak [me!
In right, though proud oppression will not hear
Pri. Have you not wrong'd me?
Jaff. Could my nature e'er
Have brook'd injustice or the doing wrong,
I need not now thus low have bent myself,
To gain a hearing from a cruel father.
Wrong'd you?
Pri. Yes, wrong'd me. In the nicest point,
The honor of my house, you 've done me wrong.
When you first came home from travel,
With such hopes as made you look'd on
By all men's eyes, a youth of expectation,
Pleas'd with your seeming virtue, I received you; [merits;
Courted, and sought to raise you to your
My house, my table, nay, my fortune too,
My very self was yours: you might have us'd me
To your best service: like an open friend
I treated, trusted you, and thought you mine:
When, in requital of my best endeavors,
You treacherously practis'd to undo me;
Seduc'd the weakness of my age's darling,
My only child, and stole her from my bosom.
Jaff. 'Tis to me you owe her;
Childless you had been else, and in the grave
Your name extinct; no more Priuli heard of.
You may remember, scarce five years are past,
Since in your brigantine you sail'd to see
The Adriatic wedded by our Duke;
And I was with you. Your unskilful pilot
Dash'd us upon a rock; when to your boat
You made for safety; enter'd first yourself:
Th' affrighted Belvidera, following next,
As she stood trembling on the vessel's side,
Was by a wave wash'd off into the deep;
When instantly I plung'd into the sea,
And buffeting the billows to her rescue,
Redeem'd her life with half the loss of mine.
Like a rich conquest, in one hand I bore her,
And, with the other, dash'd the saucy waves,
That throng'd and press'd to rob me of my prize. [arms:
I brought her; gave her to your despairing
Indeed, you thank'd me; but a nobler gratitude
Rose in her soul; for, from that hour, she lov'd me,
Till, for her life, she paid me with herself.
Pri. You stole her from me; like a thief, you stole her
At dead of night; that cursed hour you chose
To rifle me of all my heart held dear.
May all your joys in her prove false as mine;
A sterile fortune and a barren bed
Attend you both; continual discord make
Your days and nights bitter and grievous still;
May the hard hand of a vexatious need
Oppress and grind you; till at last, you find

The curse of disobedience all your portion.
Jaff. Half of your curse you have bestow'd in vain :
Heaven has already crown'd our faithful loves
With a young boy, sweet as his mother's beauty. [grandsire,
May he live to prove more gentle than his
And happier than his father.
Pri. No more.
Jaff. Yes, all ; and then——adieu for ever.
There 's not a wretch, that lives on common charity,
But 's happier than I : for I have known
The luscious sweets of plenty ; every night
Have slept with soft content about my head,
And never wak'd but to a joyful morning ;
Yet now must fall ; like a full ear of corn,
Whose blossom 'scap'd, yet 's wither'd in the ripening. [trench ;
Pri. Home, and be humble ; study to re-
Discharge the lazy vermin of thy hall,
Those pageants of thy folly ;
Reduce the glitt'ring trappings of thy wife
To humble weeds, fit for thy little state :
Then to some suburb cottage both retire :
Drudge to feed loathsome life : get brats and starve.
Home, home, I say.—— [*Exit.*
Jaff. Yes, if my heart would let me—
This proud, this swelling heart ; home would I go,
But that my doors are hateful to my eyes,
Fill'd and damm'd up with gaping creditors.
I 've now not fifty ducats in the world ;
Yet still I am in love, and pleas'd with ruin.
O Belvidera ! Oh, she is my wife !—
And we will bear our wayward fate together—
But ne'er know comfort more.

§ 5. *Jaffier and Pierre.* OTWAY.

Jaff. By Heav'n you stir not,
I must be heard, I must have leave to speak :
Thou hast disgrac'd me, Pierre, by a vile blow :
Had not a dagger done thee nobler justice ?
But use me as thou wilt, thou canst not wrong me,
For I am fallen beneath the basest injuries :
Yet look upon me with an eye of mercy,
With pity and with charity behold me ;
Shut not thy heart against a friend's repentance ;
But, as there dwells a godlike nature in thee,
Listen with mildness to my supplications.
Pier. What whining monk art thou ? what holy cheat, [ears,
That would'st encroach upon my credulous
And cant thus vilely ? hence ! I know thee not.
Jaff. Not know me, Pierre !
Pier. No, know thee not ; what art thou ?
Jaff. Jaffier, thy friend, thy once-lov'd valu'd friend ! [hardly.
Though now deserv'dly scorn'd, and us'd most
Pier. Thou Jaffier ! thou my once-lov'd valu'd friend ! [friend,
By Heav'ns thou ly'st ; the man so call'd my
Was generous, honest, faithful, just, and valiant,
Noble in mind, and in his person lovely,
Dear to my eyes, and tender to my heart :
But thou a wretched, base, false, worthless coward,
Poor even in soul, and loathsome in thy aspect :
All eyes must shun thee, and all hearts detest thee.
Pr'ythee avoid, no longer cling thus round me,
Like something baneful, that my nature 's chill'd at. [tears I have not,
Jaff. I have not wrong'd thee, by these
But still am honest, true, and hope too, valiant ;
My mind still full of thee, therefore still noble.
Let not thy eyes then shun me, nor thy heart
Detest me utterly : Oh ! look upon me,
Look back and see my sad, sincere submission !
How my heart swells, as e'en 'twould burst my bosom ;
Fond of its goal, and laboring to be at thee ;
What shall I do ? what say to make thee hear me ? [thou call thyself
Pier. Hast thou not wrong'd me ? dar'st
That once-lov'd valu'd friend of mine,
And swear thou hast not wrong'd me ? Whence these chains ? [this moment ?
Whence the vile death, which I may meet
Whence this dishonor, but from thee, thou false one ? [I 've done asking.
Jaff. All 's true ; yet grant one thing, and
Pier. What 's that ?
Jaff. To take thy life on such conditions
The council have propos'd : thou and thy friend
May yet live long, and to be better treated.
Pier. Life ! ask my life ! confess ! record myself
A villain, for the privilege to breathe,
And carry up and down this cursed city
A discontented and repining spirit,
Burdensome to itself, a few years longer,
To lose it, may be at last, in a lewd quarrel
For some new friend, treacherous and false as thou art ! [jangling,
No, this vile world and I have long been
And cannot part on better terms than now,
When only men like thee are fit to live in 't.
Jaff. By all that 's just——
Pier. Swear by some other powers,
For thou hast broken that sacred oath too lately. [leave thee,
Jaff. Then, by that hell I merit, I 'll not
Till to thyself at least thou 'rt reconcil'd,
However thy resentment deal with me.
Pier. Not leave me ! [thee ;
Jaff. No ; thou shalt not force me from
Use me reproachfully, and like a slave ;
Tread on me, buffet me, heap wrongs on wrongs
On my poor head ; I 'll bear it all with patience ;
I 'll weary out thy most friendly cruelty :
Lie at thy feet and kiss 'em, though they spurn me,
Till, wounded by my sufferings, thou relent,

And raise me to thy arms with dear forgive-
Pier. Art thou not—— [ness.
Jaff. What?
Pier. A traitor?
Jaff. Yes.
Pier. A villain?
Jaff. Granted.
Pier. A coward, a most scandalous coward,
Spiritless, void of honor, one who has sold
Thy everlasting fame for shameless life?
Jaff. All, all, and more, much more: my faults are numberless.
Pier. And wouldst thou have me live on
Base as thou 'rt false——? [terms like thine,
Jaff. No; 'tis to me that 's granted:
The safety of thy life was all I aim'd at,
In recompense for faith and trust so broken.
Pier. I scorn it more, because preserv'd by thee;
And as when first my foolish heart took pity
On thy misfortunes, sought thee in thy miseries, [state
Reliev'd thy wants, and rais'd thee from thy
Of wretchedness, in which thy fate had plung'd thee,
To rank thee in my list of noble friends;
All I receiv'd, in surety for thy truth,
Were unregarded oaths, and this, this dagger,
Given with a worthless pledge thou since hast
So I restore it back to thee again; [stol'n:
Swearing, by all those powers which thou hast violated, [nion,
Never from this curs'd hour to hold commu-
Friendship or interest with thee, though our years
Were to exceed those limited the world.
Take it——Farewell, for now I owe thee no-
Jaff. Say thou wilt live then. [thing.
Pier. For my life, dispose of it [with.
Just as thou wilt, because 'tis what I 'm tir'd
Jaff. Oh Pierre!
Pier. No more.
Jaff. My eyes won't lose the sight of thee,
But languish after thine, and ache with gazing.
Pier. Leave me—Nay, then thus, thus I throw thee from me; [thee.
And curses great as is thy falsehood catch

§ 6. *Theodosius and Marcian.* LEE.

Theo. Ha! what rash thing art thou, who sett'st so small
A value on thy life, thus to presume
Against the fatal orders I have given,
Thus to entrench on Cæsar's solitude,
And urge thy ruin?
Mar. Mighty Cæsar,
I have transgress'd; and for my pardon bow
To thee, as to the gods, when I offend:
Nor can I doubt your mercy, when you know
The nature of my crime. I am commission'd
From all the earth to give thee thanks and praises, [arms
Thou darling of mankind! whose conqu'ring
Already drown the glory of great Julius;
Whose deeper reach in laws and policy
Makes wise Augustus envy thee in heaven!
What mean the Fates by such prodigious virtue? [face,
When scarce the manly down yet shades thy
With conquest thus to overrun the world,
And make barbarians tremble. O yē gods!
Should Destiny now end thee in the bloom,
Methinks I see thee mourn'd above the loss
Of lov'd Germanicus; thy funerals,
Like his, are solemniz'd with tears of blood.
Theo. How, Marcian!
Mar. Yes, the raging multitude,
Like torrents, set no bound to their mad grief;
Shave their wives' heads, and tear off their own hair;
With wild despair they bring their infants out,
To brawl their parents' sorrow in the streets:
Trade is no more; all courts of justice stopt;
With stones they dash the windows of their tĕmples, [gods,
Pull down their altars, break their household
And still the universal groan is this——
"Constantinople 's lost, our empire 's ruin'd;
Since he is gone, that father of his country;
Since he is dead, O life, where is thy pleasure?
O Rome, O conquer'd world, where is thy glory?" [thy manners:
Theo. I know thee well, thy custom and
Thou didst upbraid me; but no more of this,
Not for thy life——
Mar. What 's life without my honor?
Could you transform yourself into a Gorgon,
Or make that beardless face like Jupiter's,
I would be heard in spite of all your thunder:
O pow'r of guilt! you fear to stand the test
Which virtue brings: like sores your vices shake
Before this Roman healer. But, by the gods,
Before I go, I 'll rip the malady,
And let the venom flow before your eyes.
This is a debt to the great Theodosius,
The grandfather of your illustrious blood:
And then farewell for ever.
Theo. Presuming Marcian!
What canst thou urge against my innocence?
Through the whole course of all my harmless youth,
Ev'n to this hour, I cannot call to mind [me.
One wicked act which I have done to shame
Mar. This may be true: yet if you give the sway
To other hands, and your poor subjects suffer,
Your negligence to them is as the cause.
O Theodosius, credit me, who know [kings;
The world, and hear how soldiers censure
In after times, if thus you should go on,
Your memory by warriors will be scorn'd,
As much as Nero or Caligula loath'd: [ease,
They will despise your sloth, and backward
More than they hate the others' cruelty.
And what a thing, ye gods, is scorn or pity!
Heap on me, Heaven, the hate of all mankind;
Load me with malice, envy, detestation;
Let me be horrid to all apprehension,
And the world shun me, so I 'scape but scorn.

Theo. Pr'ythee no more. [parisons,
Mar. Nay, when the legions make com-
And say, Thus cruel Nero once resolv'd,
On Galba's insurrection, for revenge
To give all France as plunder to the army;
To poison the whole senate at a feast;
To burn the city, turn the wild beasts out,
Bears, lions, tigers, on the multitude; [fire,
That, so obstructing those that quench'd the
He might at once destroy rebellious Rome——
Theo. O cruelty! why tell'st thou me of this?
Am I of such a barb'rous bloody temper?
Mar. Yet some will say, This show'd he had a spirit,
However fierce, avenging, and pernicious,
That savor'd of a Roman: but for you,
What can your partial sycophants invent,
To make you room among the emperors?
Whose utmost is the smallest part of Nero;
A pretty player, one that can act a hero,
And never be one. O ye immortal gods!
Is this the old Cæsarean majesty?
Now in the name of our great Romulus,
Why sing you not, and fiddle too, as he did?
Why have you not, like Nero, a Phonascus,
One to take care of your celestial voice?
Lie on your back, my lord, and on your stomach
Lay a thin plate of lead; abstain from fruits;
And when the business of the stage is done,
Retire with your loose friends to costly banquets,
While the lean army groans upon the ground.
Theo. Leave me, I say, lest I chastise thee;
Hence, begone, I say——
Mar. Not till you have heard me out.
Build too, like him, a palace lin'd with gold,
As long and large as that of th' Esquiline:
Enclose a pool too in it, like the sea,
And at the empire's cost let navies meet;
Adorn your starry chambers too with gems;
Contrive the plated ceilings to turn round,
With pipes to cast ambrosian oils upon you:
Consume with this prodigious vanity,
In mere perfumes and odorous distillations,
Of sesterces at once four hundred millions;
Let naked virgins wait you at your table,
And wanton Cupids dance and clap their wings.
No matter what becomes of the poor soldiers,
So they perform the drudgery they are fit for;
Why, let 'em starve for want of their arrears,
Drop as they go, and lie like dogs in ditches.
Theo. Come, you are a traitor!
Mar. Go to, you are a boy——
Or by the gods——
Theo. If arrogance like this, [punished,
And to the emperor's face should 'scape un-
I 'll write myself a coward; die, then, villain,
A death too glorious for so bad a man,
By Theodosius' hand.
[*Marcian disarms him, but is wounded.*
Mar. Now, sir, where are you?
What, in the name of all our Roman spirits,
Now charms my hand from giving thee thy fate?
Has he not cut me off from all my honors?
Torn my commissions, sham'd me to the earth,
Banish'd the court, a vagabond for ever?
Do not the soldiers hourly ask it from me?
Sigh their own wrongs, and beg me to revenge 'em? [throne,
What hinders now, but that I mount the
And make, besides, this purple youth my footstool?
The armies court me: and my country's cause,
The injuries of Rome and Greece, persuade me, [drawn,
Show but this Roman blood which he has
They 'll make me emperor whether I will or no:
Did not, for less than this, the latter Brutus,
Because he thought Rome wrong'd, in person head
Against his friend a black conspiracy,
And stab the majesty of all the world?
Theo. Act as you please: I am within your pow'r. [crime
Mar. Did not the former Brutus, for the
Of Sextus, drive old Tarquin from his kingdom?
And shall this prince too, by permitting others
To act their wicked wills, and lawless plea-
Ravish from the empire its dear health, [sures,
Well-being, happiness, and ancient glory?
Go on in this dishonorable rest? [troops
Shall he, I say, dream on, while the starv'd
Lie cold and waking in the winter camp;
And like pin'd birds, for want of sustenance,
Feed on the haws and berries of the fields?
O temper, temper me, ye gracious gods!
Give to my hand forbearance, to my heart
Its constant loyalty! I would but shake him,
Rouse him a little from this death of honor,
And show him what he should be.
Theo. You accuse me,
As if I were some monster most unheard of!
First, as the ruin of the army; then
Of taking your commission: but by Heaven
I swear, O Marcian! this I never did,
Nor ne'er intended it; nor say I this
To alter thy stern usage; for with what
Thou 'st said, and done, and brought to my remembrance,
I grow already weary of my life. [not know
Mar. My lord, I take your word: you do
The wounds which rage within your country's bowels;
The horrid usage of the suffering soldier:
But why will not our Theodosius know?
If you intrust the government to others
That act these crimes, who but yourself 's to blame!
Be witness, O ye gods! of my plain dealings,
Of Marcian's honesty, howe'er degraded.
I thank you for my banishment: but alas!
My loss is little to what soon will follow!
Reflect but on yourself and your own joys;
Let not this lethargy for ever hold you.

'Twas rumor'd through the city, that you lov'd;
That your espousals should be solemniz'd;
When on a sudden here you send your orders
That this bright favorite, the lov'd Eudosia,
Should lose her head. [thou?
Theo. O heaven and earth! What say'st
That I have seal'd the death of my Eudosia!
Mar. 'Tis your own hand and signet: yet I swear, [sway,
Though you have given to female hands your
And therefore I, as well as the whole army,
For ever ought to curse all womankind;
Yet when the virgin came, as she was doom'd,
And on the scaffold, for that purpose rais'd
Without the walls, appear'd before the army—
Theo. What, on a scaffold! ha! before the army? [turn'd
Mar. How quickly was the tide of fury
To soft compassion, and relenting tears!
But when the axe
Sever'd the brightest beauty of the earth
From that fair body—had you heard the groan,
Which, like a peal of distant thunder, ran
Through all the armed host, you would have thought,
By the immediate darkness that fell round us,
Whole nature was concern'd at such a suff'ring,
And all the gods were angry.
Theo. O Pulcheria!
Cruel, ambitious sister! this must be
Thy doing. O, support me, noble Marcian!
Now, now 's the time, if thou dar'st strike: behold,
I offer thee my breast; with my last breath,
I 'll thank thee too, if now thou draw'st my blood.
Were I to live, thy counsel should direct me;
But 'tis too late—— [cius!
Mar. He faints! What, hoa, there! Lu-
My lord the emperor! Eudosia lives;
She 's here, or will be in a minute, moment!
Quick as the thought, she calls you to the temple.
O, Lucius, help!—I 've gone too far; but see,
He breathes again.—Eudosia has awak'd him.
Theo. Did not you name Eudosia?
Mar. Yes, she lives:
I did but feign the story of her death,
To find how near you plac'd her to your heart:
And may the gods rain all their plagues upon me,
If ever I rebuke you thus again!
Yet 'tis most certain that you sign'd her death,
Not knowing what the wise Pulcheria offer'd,
Who left it in my hand to startle you:
But, by my life and fame, I did not think
It would have touch'd your life. O pardon me,
Dear prince, my lord, my emperor, royal master:
Droop not because I utter'd some rash words,
And was a madman. By the immortal gods
I love you as my soul: whate'er I said, [tears,
My thoughts were otherwise; believe these
Which do not use to flow: all shall be well.
I swear that there are seeds in that sweet temper,
T' atone for all the crimes in this bad age.
Theo. I thank thee first for my Eudosia's life. [life
What but my love could have call'd back that
Which thou hast made me hate? But, O, methought [thee,
'Twas hard, dear Marcian, very hard from
From him I ever reverenc'd as my father,
To hear so harsh a message! But no more;
We 're friends: thy hand. Nay, if thou wilt not rise,
And let me fold my arms about thy neck,
I 'll not believe thy love: in this forgive me.
First let me wed Eudosia, and we 'll out;
We will, my general, and make amends
For all that 's past: glory and arms, ye call,
And Marcian leads me on!
Mar. Let her not rest, then;
Espouse her straight: I 'll strike you at a heat.
May this great humor get large growth within you;
And be encourag'd by the embold'ning gods:
O what a sight will this be to the soldier,
To see me bring you dress'd in shining armor,
To head the shouting squadrons! O ye gods!
Methinks I hear the echoing cries of joy,
The sounds of trumpets, and the beat of drums;
I see each starving soldier bound from earth,
As if a god by miracle had rais'd him;
And with beholding you, grow fat again!
Nothing but gazing eyes, and opening mouths,
Cheeks red with joy, and lifted hands about you;
Some wiping the glad tears that trickle down
With broken Io's, and with sobbing raptures;
Crying, To arms! he 's come; our emperor 's come
To win the world! Why, is not this far better
Than lolling in a lady's lap, and sleeping,
Fasting or praying? Come, come, you shall be merry:
And for Eudosia, she is yours already!
Marcian has said it, Sir; she shall be yours.
Theo. O Marcian! O my brother, father, all!
Thou best of friends! most faithful counsellor!
I 'll find a match for thee too, ere I rest,
To make thee love me. For, when thou art with me, [I 'm nothing.
I 'm strong and well; but when thou 'rt gone,

§ 7. *Gloster and Hastings.* ROWE.

Glost. My lord, y' are well encounter'd; here has been
A fair petitioner this morning with us;
Believe me, she has won me much to pity her:
Alas, her gentle nature was not made
To buffet with adversity. I told her
How worthily her cause you had befriended;
How much for your good sake we meant to do;
That you had spoke, and all things should be well. [service.
Hast. Your highness binds me ever to your

Glost. You know your friendship is most potent with us,
And shares our power. But of this enough,
For we have other matter for your ear:
The state is out of tune; distracting fears,
And jealous doubts, jar in our public counsels;
Amidst the wealthy city murmurs rise,
Lewd railings, and reproach on those that rule,
With open scorn of government; hence credit,
And public trust 'twixt man and man are broke,
The golden streams of commerce are withheld,
Which fed the wants of needy hinds and artisans, [bellion.
Who therefore curse the great, and threat re-
Hast. The resty knaves are overrun with ease,
As plenty ever is the nurse of faction: [state?
If in good days, like these, the headstrong herd
Grow madly wanton, and repine, it is
Because the reins of pow'r are held too slack,
And reverend authority of late
Has worn a face of mercy more than justice.
Glost. Beshrew my heart! but you have well divin'd [wonder
The source of these disorders. Who can
If riot and misrule o'erturn the realm,
When the crown sits upon a baby brow?
Plainly to speak—hence comes the gen'ral cry,
And sum of all complaint: 'Twill ne'er be well
With England (thus they talk) while children govern. [of that?
Hast. 'Tis true the king is young; but what
We feel no want of Edward's riper years,
While Glo'ster's valor and most princely wisdom
So well supply our infant sovereign's place,
His youth's support, and guardian to his throne.
Glost. The council (much I 'm bound to thank 'em for 't)
Have plac'd a pageant sceptre in my hand,
Barren of pow'r, and subject to control;
Scorn'd by my foes, and useless to my friends.
O worthy lord! were mine the rule indeed,
I think I should not suffer rank offence
At large to lord it in the commonweal;
Nor would the realm be rent by discord thus,
Thus fear and doubt, betwixt disputed titles.
Hast. Of this I am to learn; as not suppposing
A doubt like this—— [heard
Glost. Ay, marry, but there is;
And that of much concern. Have you not
How, on a late occasion, Doctor Shaw [ness
Has mov'd the people much about the lawful-
Of Edward's issue? by right grave authority
Of learning and religion plainly proving,
A bastard scion never should be grafted
Upon a royal stock; from thence, at full
Discoursing on my brother's former contract
To Lady Elizabeth Lucy, long before
His jolly match with that same buxom widow,
The queen he left behind him——
Hast. Ill befal [fusion,
Such meddling priests, who kindle up con-
And vex the quiet world with their vain scruples!
By Heaven, 'tis done in perfect spite to peace.
Did not the king,
Our royal master, Edward, in concurrence
With his estates assembled, well determine
What course the sovereign rule should take henceforward?
When shall the deadly hate of faction cease,
When shall our long-divided land have rest,
If every peevish, moody malcontent
Shall set the senseless rabble in an uproar,
Fright them with dangers, and perplex their brains,
Each day, with some fantastic giddy change?
Glost. What if some patriot, for the public good, [state?
Should vary from your scheme, new-mould the
Hast. Curse on the innovating hand attempts it!
Remember him, the villain, righteous Heaven,
In thy great day of vengeance! Blast the traitor,
And his pernicious counsels, who for wealth,
For pow'r, the pride of greatness, or revenge,
Would plunge his native land in civil wars!
Glost. You go too far, my lord.
Hast. Your highness' pardon——
Have we so soon forgot those days of ruin,
When York and Lancaster drew forth the battles?
When, like a matron butcher'd by her sons
And cast beside some common way, a spectacle
Of horror and affright to passers by, [us?
Our groaning country bled at ev'ry vein;
When murders, rapes, and massacres prevail'd;
When churches, palaces, and cities blaz'd;
When insolence and barbarism triumph'd,
And swept away distinction; peasants trod
Upon the necks of nobles; low were laid
The reverend crosier and the holy mitre,
And desolation cover'd all the land;
Who can remember this, and not, like me,
Here vow to sheath a dagger in his heart
Whose damn'd ambition would renew those horrors,
And set once more that scene of blood before
Glost. How now! so hot!
Hast. So brave, and so resolv'd. [moment,
Glost. Is then our friendship of so little
That you could arm your hand against my life? [I meant it;
Hast. I hope your highness does not think
No, Heaven forefend that e'er your princely person [ment.
Should come within the scope of my resent-
Glost. O noble Hastings! Nay, I must embrace you;
By holy Paul, y' are a right honest man.
The time is full of danger and distrust,
And warns us to be wary: hold me not
Too apt for jealousy and light surmise,
If, when I mean to lodge you next my heart,
I put your truth to trial. Keep your loyalty,
And live your king and country's best support.
For me, I ask no more than honor gives,

To think me yours, and rank me with your friends. [should pay.
Hast. Accept what thanks a grateful heart
O princely Gloster! judge me not ungentle,
Of manners rude, and insolent of speech,
If, when the public safety is in question,
My zeal flows warm and eager from my tongue.
Glost. Enough of this; to deal in wordy compliment
Is much against the plainness of my nature;
I judge you by myself, a clear true spirit;
And, as such, once more join you to my bosom.
Farewell, and be my friend. [*Exit.*
Hast. I am not read, [ness,
Nor skill'd and practis'd in the arts of great-
To kindle thus, and give a scope to passion.
The duke is surely noble; but he touch'd me
E'en on the tend'rest point, the master-string
That makes most harmony or discord to me.
I own the glorious subject fires my breast,
And my soul's darling passion stands confess'd:
Beyond or love's or friendship's sacred band,
Beyond myself, I prize my native land:
On this foundation would I build my fame,
And emulate the Greek and Roman name;
Think England's peace bought cheaply with my blood,
And die with pleasure for my country's good.

§ 3. *Gustavus and Dalecarlians.* BROOKE.

1st Dale. LET us all see him!
2d Dale. Yes, and hear him too.
3d Dale. Let us be sure 'tis he himself.
4th Dale. Our general. [can be found.
5th Dale. And we will fight while weapons
6th Dale. Or hands to wield them.
7th Dale. Get on the bank, Gustavus.
Anderson. Do, my lord.
Gus. My countrymen!——
1st Dale. Ho! hear him!
2d Dale. Peace!
3d Dale. Peace!
4th Dale. Peace! [your hearts,
Gus. Amazement, I perceive, hath fill'd
And joy for that your lost Gustavus, 'scap'd
Thro' wounds, imprisonments, and chains, and deaths, [ye.
Thus sudden, thus unlook'd for, stands before
As one escap'd from cruel hands I come,
From hearts that ne'er knew pity, dark and vengeful;
Who quaff the tears of orphans, bathe in blood,
And know no music but the groans of Sweden.
Yet, not for that my sister's early innocence,
And mother's age, now grind beneath captivity;
Nor that one bloody, one remorseless hour
Swept my great sire and kindred from my side,
For them Gustavus weeps not; tho' my eyes
Were far less dear, for them I will not weep.
But, O great parent, when I think on thee!
Thy numberless, thy nameless, shameful infamies,
My widow'd country! Sweden! when I think
Upon thy desolation, spite of rage—
And vengeance that would choke them—tears will flow. [them,
And. O, they are villains, ev'ry Dane of
Practis'd to stab and smile, to stab the babe
That smiles upon them.
Arn. What accursed hours [these,
Roll o'er these wretches who to fiends like
In their dear liberty, have barter'd more
Than worlds will rate for! [rogative!
Gus. O Liberty, Heaven's choice pre-
True bond of law, thou social soul of property,
Thou breath of reason, life of life itself!
For thee the valiant bleed. O sacred Liberty!
Wing'd from the summer's snare, from flatt'ring ruin,
Like the bold stork you seek the wintry shore,
Leave courts, and pomps, and palaces to slaves,
Cleave to the cold and rest upon the storm.
Upborne by thee, my soul disdain'd the terms
Of empire offer'd at the hands of tyrants.
With thee I sought this fav'rite soil; with thee
These fav'rite sons I sought: thy sons, O Liberty!
For e'en amid the wilds of life you lead them,
Lift their low-rafted cottage to the clouds,
Smile o'er their heaths, and from their moun-
Beam glory to the nations. [tain tops
All. Liberty! Liberty! [carlia,
Gus. Are ye not mark'd, ye men of Dale-
Are ye not mark'd by all the circling world
As the great stake, the last effort for liberty?
Say, is it not your wealth, the thirst, the food,
The scope and bright ambition of your souls?
Why else have you, and your renown'd forefathers, [thrones
From the proud summit of their glitt'ring
Cast down the mightiest of your lawful kings,
That dar'd the bold infringement? What but liberty, [years,
Thro' the fam'd course of thirteen hundred
Aloof hath held invasion from your hills, [ye
And sanctified their shade?—And will ye, will
Shrink from the hopes of the expecting world;
Bid your high honors stoop to foreign insult;
And in one hour give up to infamy
The harvest of a thousand years of glory?
1st Dale. No.
2d Dale. Never, never.
3d Dale. Perish all first.
4th Dale. Die all!
Gus. Yes, die by piece-meal! [triumph!
Leave not a limb o'er which a Dane may
Now from my soul I joy, I joy, my friends,
To see ye fear'd; to see that e'en your foes
Do justice to your valors! There they be,
The pow'rs of kingdoms, summ'd in yonder host,
Yet kept aloof, yet trembling to assail ye.
And, O, when I look round and see you here,
Of number short, but prevalent in virtue,
My heart swells high, and burns for the encounter.
True courage but from opposition grows;
And what are fifty, what a thousand slaves,
Match'd to the sinew of a single arm

That strikes for liberty—that strikes to save
His fields from fire, his infants from the sword,
His couch from lust, his daughters from pollution,
And his large honors from eternal infamy?
What doubt we then? Shall we, shall we stand here,
Till motives that might warm an ague's frost,
And nerve the coward's arm, shall poorly serve
To wake us to resistance?—Let us on?
O, yes, I read your lovely fierce impatience;
You shall not be withheld; we will rush on them——
This is indeed to triumph, where we hold
Three kingdoms in our toil! is it not glorious,
Thus to appal the bold, meet force with fury,
And push yon torrent back, till every wave
Flee to its fountain? [word more
3d Dale. On, lead us on, Gustavus; one
Is but delay of conquest.
Gus. Take your wish.
He who wants arms may grapple with the foe,
And so be furnish'd. You, most noble Anderson,
Divide our pow'rs, and with the fam'd Olaus
Take the left route—You, Eric, great in arms!
With the renown'd Nederbi, hold the right,
And skirt the forest down: then wheel at once,
Confess'd to view, and close up all the vale:
Myself, and my most valiant cousin here,
Th' invincible Arvida, gallant Sivard,
Arnoldus, and these hundred hardy vet'rans,
Will pour directly on, and lead the onset.
Joy, joy, I see confess'd from ev'ry eye,
Your limbs tread vig'rous, and your breasts beat high!
Thin tho' our ranks, tho' scanty be our bands,
Bold are our hearts, and nervous are our hands.
With us, truth, justice, fame, and freedom
Each singly equal to an host of foes: [close,
I feel, I feel them fill me out for fight!
They lift my limbs as feather'd Hermes light!
Or like the bird of glory, tow'ring high [eye!
Thunder within his grasp, and lightning in his

§ 9. *Gustavus and Cristiern.* BROOKE.

Crist. TELL me, Gustavus, tell me why is this,
That, as a stream diverted from the banks
Of smooth obedience, thou hast drawn those
Upon a dry unchannell'd enterprise [men
To turn their inundation? Are the lives
Of my misguided people held so light, [buke
That thus thou'dst push them on the keen re-
Of guarded majesty; where justice waits,
All awful and resistless, to assert
Th' impervious rights, the sanctitude of kings,
And blast rebellion!
Gus. Justice, sanctitude,
And rights! O, patience! Rights! what rights, thou tyrant?
Yes, if perdition be the rule of pow'r, [chief,
If wrongs give right, O then, supreme in mis-
Thou wert the lord, the monarch of the world,
Too narrow for thy claim. But if thou think'st
That crowns are vilely propertied, like coin,
To be the means, the speciality of lust,
And sensual attribution; if thou think'st
That empire is of titled birth or blood;
That nature, in the proud behalf of one,
Shall disenfranchise all her lordly race,
And bow her gen'ral issue to the yoke
Of private domination; then, thou proud one,
Here know me for thy king. Howe'er, be
Not claim hereditary, not the trust [told,
Of frank election,
Not even the high anointing hand of Heaven,
Can authorize oppression, give a law
For lawless pow'r, wed faith to violation,
On reason build misrule, or justly bind
Allegiance to injustice. Tyranny
Absolves all faith; and who invades our rights,
Howe'er his own commence, can never be
But an usurper. But for thee, for thee [kind,
There is no name. Thou hast abjur'd man-
Dash'd safety from thy bleak, unsocial side,
And wag'd wild war with universal nature.
Crist. Licentious traitor! thou canst talk it largely.
Who made thee umpire of the rights of kings,
And pow'r, prime attribute—as on thy tongue
The poise of battle lay, and arms of force,
To throw defiance in the front of duty?
Look round, unruly boy! thy battle comes
Like raw, disjointed must'ring, feeble wrath,
A war of waters, borne against the rock
Of our firm continent, to fume, and chafe,
And shiver in the toil.
Gus. Mistaken man! [weakness;
I come impower'd and strengthen'd in thy
For tho' the structure of a tyrant's throne
Rise on the necks of half the suff'ring world,
Fear trembles in the cement; pray'rs, and tears,
And secret curses, sap its mould'ring base,
And steal the pillars of allegiance from it:
Then let a single arm but dare the sway,
Headlong it turns, and drives upon destruction. [Heaven!
Trol. Profane, and alien to the love of
Art thou still harden'd to the wrath divine,
That hangs o'er thy rebellion? Know'st thou
Thou art at enmity with grace, cast out, [not
Made an anathema, a curse enroll'd
Among the faithful, thou and thy adherents
Shorn from our holy church, and offer'd up
As sacred to damnation?
Gus. Yes, I know,
When such as thou, with sacrilegious hand,
Seize on the apostolic key of heaven,
It then becomes a tool for crafty knaves
To shut out virtue, and unfold those gates
That heaven itself had barr'd against the lusts
Of avarice and ambition. Soft and sweet
As looks of charity, or voice of lambs
That bleat upon the mountain, are the words
Of Christian meekness! mission all divine!
The law of love sole mandate. But your gall,
Ye Swedish prelacy, your gall hath turn'd

The words of sweet, but indigested peace,
To wrath and bitterness. Ye hallow'd men,
In whom vice sanctifies, whose precepts teach
Zeal without truth, religion without virtue;
Who ne'er preach heaven but with a downward eye, [loose
That turns your souls to dross! who, shouting,
The dogs of hell upon us. Thefts and rapes,
Sack'd towns, and midnight howlings thro' the realm, [chief!
Receive your sanction. O, 'tis glorious mis-
When vice turns holy, puts religion on,
Assumes the robe pontifical, the eye
Of saintly elevation, blesseth sin,
And makes the seal of sweet offended Heaven
A sign of blood, a label for decrees
That hell would shrink to own.

Crist. No more of this.
Gustavus, wouldst thou yet return to grace,
And hold thy motions in the sphere of duty,
Acceptance might be found.

Gus. Imperial spoiler!
Give me my father, give me back my kindred!
Give me the fathers of ten thousand orphans,
Give me the sons in whom thy ruthless sword
Has left our widows childless. Mine they were, [breast
Both mine and ev'ry Swede's, whose patriot
Bleeds in his country's woundings. O, thou canst not! [then
Thou hast outsinn'd all reck'ning! Give me
My all that 's left, my gentle mother there,
And spare yon little trembler.

Crist. Yes, on terms
Of compact and submission.

Gus. Ha! with thee? [country,
Compact with thee? and mean'st thou for my
For Sweden? No, so hold my heart but firm,
Altho' it wring for 't, tho' blood drop for tears,
And at the sight my straining eyes start forth—
They both shall perish first.

§ 10. *Lady Randolph, Lord Randolph, and young Norval, not known at the time to be Lady Randolph's Son.* HOME.

Lady Ran. How fares my lord?

Lord Ran. That it fares well, thanks to this gallant youth,
Whose valor sav'd me from a wretched death.
As down the winding dale I walk'd alone,
At the cross way four armed men attacked me,
Rovers I judge from the licentious camp,
Who would have quickly laid Lord Randolph low,
Had not this brave and generous stranger come,
Like my good angel, in the hour of fate,
And, mocking danger, made my foes his own.
They turn'd upon him: but his active arm
Struck to the ground, from whence they rose no more,
The fiercest two: the others fled amain,
And left him master of the bloody field.
Speak, Lady Randolph; upon beauty's tongue
Dwell accents pleasing to the brave and bold.
Speak, noble dame, and thank him for thy lord. [now I feel.

Lady Ran. My lord, I cannot speak what
My heart o'erflows with gratitude to Heaven,
And to this noble youth, who, all unknown
To you and yours, deliberated not,
Nor paus'd at peril—but, humanely brave,
Fought on your side against such fearful odds.
Have you yet learnt of him whom we should thank, [life?
Whom call the saviour of Lord Randolph's

Lord Ran. I ask'd that question, and he answer'd not;
But I must know who my deliverer is.
[*To the Stranger.*

Norv. A low-born man, of parentage obscure,
Who nought can boast but his desire to be
A soldier, and to gain a name in arms.

Lord Ran. Whoe'er thou art, thy spirit is ennobled
By the great King of kings: thou art ordain'd
And stamp'd a hero by the sovereign hand
Of nature! Blush not, flow'r of modesty
As well as valor, to declare thy birth.

Norv. My name is Norval: on the Grampian Hills
My father feeds his flocks; a frugal swain,
Whose constant cares were to increase his store,
And keep his only son, myself, at home.
For I had heard of battles: and I long'd
To follow to the field some warlike lord;
And Heaven soon granted what my sire denied.
This moon, which rose last night round as my shield,
Had not yet fill'd her horns, when, by her light,
A band of fierce barbarians from the hills
Rush'd like a torrent down upon the vale,
Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds fled
For safety, and for succor. I alone,
With bended bow, and quiver full of arrows,
Hover'd about the enemy, and mark'd
The road he took: then hasted to my friends;
Whom, with a troop of fifty chosen men,
I met advancing. The pursuit I led,
Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumber'd foe.
We fought and conquer'd. Ere a sword was drawn,
An arrow from my bow had pierc'd their chief,
Who wore that day the arms which now I wear.
Returning home in triumph, I disdain'd
The shepherd's slothful life: and having heard
That our good king had summon'd his bold peers
To lead their warriors to the Carron side,
I left my father's house, and took with me
A chosen servant to conduct my steps: [ster.
Yon trembling coward, who forsook his ma-
Journeying with this intent, I pass'd these tow'rs;
And, heaven directed, came this day to do
The happy deed that gilds my humble name.

Lord Ran. He is as wise as brave: was ever tale
With such a gallant modesty rehears'd?
My brave deliv'rer! thou shalt enter now
A nobler list; and, in a monarch's sight,
Contend with princes for the prize of fame.
I will present thee to our Scottish king,
Whose valiant spirit ever valor lov'd.
Ha! my Matilda! wherefore starts that tear?
Lady Ran. I cannot say; for various affections,
And strangely mingled, in my bosom swell:
Yet each of them may well command a tear.
I joy that thou art safe; and I admire
Him, and his fortunes, who hath wrought thy safety;
Yea, as my mind predicts, with thine his own.
Obscure and friendless, he the army sought;
Bent upon peril, in the range of death
Resolv'd to hunt for fame, and with his sword
To gain distinction which his birth denied.
In this attempt unknown he might have perish'd,
And gain'd with all his valor but oblivion.
Now grac'd by thee, his virtue serves no more
Beneath despair. The soldier now of hope,
He stands conspicuous: fame and great renown
Are brought within the compass of his sword.
On this my mind reflected, whilst you spoke,
And bless'd the wonder-working hand of Heaven. [thoughts!
Lord Ran. Pious and grateful ever are thy
My deeds shall follow where thou point'st the way.
Next to myself, and equal to Glenalvon,
In honor and command shall Norval be. [I am
Norv. I know not how to thank you: rude
In speech and manners: never till this hour
Stood I in such a presence: yet, my lord,
There 's something in my breast which makes me bold
To say, that Norval ne'er will shame thy favor.
Lady Ran. I will be sworn thou wilt not. Thou shalt be
My knight; and ever, as thou didst to-day,
With happy valor guard the life of Randolph.
Lord Ran. Well hast thou spoke. Let me forbid reply. [*To Norval.*
We are thy debtors still; thy high desert
O'ertops our gratitude. I must proceed,
As was at first intended, to the camp;
Some of my train, I see, are speeding hither,
Impatient doubtless of their lord's delay.
Go with me, Norval; and thine eyes shall see
The chosen warriors of thy native land,
Who languish for the fight, and beat the air
With brandish'd swords.
Norv. Let us begone, my lord.

§ 11. *Young Norval informs Lord Randolph by what Means he acquired a Knowledge in the Art of War.* HOME.

BENEATH a mountain's brow, the most remote
And inaccessible by shepherds trod,
In a deep cave dug by no mortal hand,
A hermit liv'd; a melancholy man,
Who was the wonder of our wand'ring swains.
Austere and lonely, cruel to himself,
Did they report him; the cold earth his bed,
Water his drink, his food the shepherds' alms.
I went to see him; and my heart was touch'd
With reverence and with pity. Mild he spake,
And ent'ring on discourse, such stories told,
As made me oft revisit his sad cell.
For he had been a soldier in his youth;
And fought in famous battles, when the peers
Of Europe, by the bold Godfredo led,
Against the usurping infidel display'd
The cross of Christ, and won the Holy Land.
Pleas'd with my admiration, and the fire
His speech struck from me, the old man would shake
His years away, and act his young encounters:
Then, having show'd his wounds, he'd sit him down,
And all the live-long day discourse of war.
To help my fancy, in the smooth green turf
He cut the figures of the marshall'd hosts;
Describ'd the motions, and explain'd the use
Of the deep column, and the lengthen'd line,
The square, the crescent, and phalanx firm;
For all that Saracen or Christian knew
Of war's vast art, was to this hermit known.
——Unhappy man!
Returning homewards by Messina's port,
Loaded with wealth and honors bravely won,
A rude and boist'rous captain of the sea
Fasten'd a quarrel on him. Fierce they fought;
The stranger fell; and with his dying breath,
Declar'd his name and lineage. Mighty God!
The soldier cried, my brother! O my brother!
——They exchang'd forgiveness:
And happy, in my mind, was he that died;
For many deaths has the surviver suffer'd.
In the wild desert on a rock he sits,
Upon some nameless stream's untrodden banks,
And ruminates all day his dreadful fate.
At times, alas! nor in his perfect mind,
Holds dialogues with his lov'd brother's ghost;
And oft each night forsakes his sullen couch,
To make sad orisons for him he slew.

§ 12. *Douglas's Soliloquy in the Wood, waiting for Lady Randolph, after he was known to be her Son.* HOME.

THIS is the place, the centre of the grove.
Here stands the oak, the monarch of the wood!
How sweet and solemn is this midnight scene!
The silver moon, unclouded, holds her way
Thro' skies, where I could count each little star. [leaves;
The fanning west-wind scarcely stirs the
The river, rushing o'er its pebbled bed,
Imposes silence with a stilly sound.
In such a place as this, at such an hour,
If ancestry can be in aught believ'd,
Descending spirits have convers'd with man,
And told the secrets of the world unknown.
- - - - - - - - -

Eventful day! how hast thou chang'd my state!
Once on the cold and winter-shaded side
Of a bleak hill mischance had rooted me,
Never to thrive, child of another soil;
Transplanted now to the gay sunny vale,
Like the green thorn of May, my fortune flow'rs. [host!
Ye glorious stars! high heaven's resplendent
To whom I oft have of my lot complain'd,
Hear and record my soul's unalter'd wish!
Dead or alive, let me but be renown'd!
May Heav'n inspire some fierce gigantic Dane
To give a bold defiance to our host!
Before he speaks it out, I will accept:
Like DOUGLAS conquer, or like DOUGLAS die.

§ 13. *Cato.* ADDISON.

Enter Cato.

Cato. FATHERS, we once again are met in council;
Cæsar's approach has summon'd us together,
And Rome attends her fate from our resolves.
How shall we treat this bold aspiring man?
Success still follows him, and backs his crimes;
Pharsalia gave him Rome, Egypt has since
Receiv'd his yoke, and the whole Nile is Cæsar's.
Why should I mention Juba's overthrow,
And Scipio's death? Numidia's burning sands
Still smoke with blood. 'Tis time we should decree
What course to take. Our foe advances on us,
And envies us even Libya's sultry deserts.
Fathers, pronounce your thoughts: are they still fix'd
To hold it out, and fight it to the last?
Or are your hearts subdu'd at length, and wrought
By time, and ill success, to a submission?
Sempronius, speak.
Sem. My voice is still for war.
Gods! can a Roman senate long debate
Which of the two to choose—slav'ry or death?
No, let us rise at once, gird on our swords,
And, at the head of our remaining troops,
Attack the foe, break through the thick array
Of his throng'd legions, and charge home upon him.
Perhaps some arm, more lucky than the rest,
May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage.
Rise, fathers, rise! 'tis Rome demands your help;
Rise, and revenge her slaughter'd citizens,
Or share their fate! The corps of half her senate
Manure the fields of Thessaly; while we
Sit here delib'rating in cold debates,
If we should sacrifice our lives to honor,
Or wear them out in servitude and chains.
Rouse up, for shame! our brothers of Pharsalia
Point at their wounds, and cry aloud—To battle! [slow,
Great Pompey's shade complains that we are
And Scipio's ghost walks unreveng'd amongst us.
Cato. Let not a torrent of impetuous zeal
Transport thee thus beyond the bounds of reason:
True fortitude is seen in great exploits
That justice warrants, and that wisdom guides;
All else is tow'ring phrensy and distraction.
Are not the lives of those who draw the sword
In Rome's defence intrusted to our care?
Should we thus lead them to a field of slaughter,
Might not th' impartial world with reason say,
We lavish'd at our deaths the blood of thousands,
To grace our fall, and make our ruin glorious?
Lucius, we next would know what 's your opinion. [turn'd on peace.
Luc. My thoughts, I must confess, are
Already have our quarrels fill'd the world
With widows and with orphans: Scythia mourns
Our guilty wars, and earth's remotest regions
Lie half unpeopled by the feuds of Rome:
'Tis time to sheathe the sword and spare mankind.
It is not Cæsar, but the gods, my fathers,
The gods declare against us, and repel
Our vain attempts. To urge the foe to battle
(Prompted by blind revenge and wild despair)
Were to refuse th' awards of Providence,
And not to rest in Heaven's determination.
Already have we shown our love to Rome,
Now let us show submission to the gods.
We took up arms, not to revenge ourselves,
But free the commonwealth; when this end fails, [cause,
Arms have no farther use. Our country's
That drew our swords, now wrests them from our hands,
And bids us not delight in Roman blood
Unprofitably shed. What men could do,
Is done already: heaven and earth will witness,
If Rome must fall, that we are innocent.
Sem. This smooth discourse, and mild behavior, oft
Conceal a traitor. Something whispers me
All is not right—Cato, beware of Lucius.
[*Aside to Cato.*
Cato. Let us appear nor rash nor diffident;
Immod'rate valor swells into a fault;
And fear admitted into public councils,
Betrays like treason. Let us shun them both.
Fathers, I cannot see that our affairs
Are grown thus desp'rate; we have bulwarks round us;
Within our walls are troops inur'd to toil
In Afric's heat, and season'd to the sun;
Numidia's spacious kingdom lies behind us,
Ready to rise at its young prince's call.
While there is hope, do not distrust the gods;
But wait at least till Cæsar's near approach
Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late
To sue for chains, and own a conqueror.

Why should Rome fall a moment ere her time?
No: let us draw her term of freedom out
In its full length, and spin it to the last,
So shall we gain still one day's liberty;
And let me perish, but in Cato's judgment,
A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

Enter Marcus.

Mar. Fathers, this moment, as I watch'd the gate,
Lodg'd in my post, a herald is arriv'd
From Cæsar's camp, and with him comes old Decius,
The Roman knight; he carries in his looks
Impatience, and demands to speak with Cato.

Cato. By your permission, fathers—bid him enter. [*Exit Marcus.*
Decius was once my friend; but other prospects [Cæsar.
Have loos'd those ties, and bound him fast to
His message may determine our resolves.

Enter Decius.

Dec. Cæsar sends health to Cato——

Cato. Could he send it [welcome.
To Cato's slaughter'd friends, it would be
Are not your orders to address the senate?

Dec. My business is with Cato; Cæsar sees [knows
The straits to which you 're driven; and, as he
Cato's high worth, is anxious for your life.

Cato. My life is grafted on the fate of Rome. [try.
Would he save Cato, bid him spare his coun-
Tell your dictator this; and tell him, Cato
Disdains a life which he has power to offer.

Dec. Rome and her senators submit to Cæsar;
Her gen'rals and her consuls are no more,
Who check'd his conquests, and denied his triumphs:
Why will not Cato be this Cæsar's friend?

Cato. Those very reasons thou hast urg'd, forbid it.

Dec. Cato, I 've orders to expostulate,
And reason with you, as from friend to friend:
Think on the storm that gathers o'er your head,
And threatens ev'ry hour to burst upon it.
Still may you stand high in your country's honors; [Cæsar,
Do but comply, and make your peace with
Rome will rejoice, and cast its eyes on Cato,
As on the second of mankind.

Cato. No more:
I must not think of life on such conditions.

Dec. Cæsar is well acquainted with your virtues,
And therefore sets this value on your life.
Let him but know the price of Cato's friendship, [ship,
And name your terms.

Cato. Bid him disband his legions,
Restore the commonwealth to liberty,
Submit his actions to the public censure,
And stand the judgment of a Roman senate.
Bid him do this, and Cato is his friend.

Dec. Cato, the world talks loudly of your wisdom—— [ne'er employ'd

Cato. Nay more—tho' Cato's voice was
To clear the guilty, and to varnish crimes,
Myself will mount the rostrum in his favor,
And strive to gain his pardon from the people.

Dec. A style like this becomes a conqueror.

Cato. Decius, a style like this becomes a Roman.

Dec. What is a Roman that is Cæsar's foe?

Cato. Greater than Cæsar: he 's a friend to virtue.

Dec. Consider, Cato, you 're in Utica,
And at the head of your own little senate;
You don't now thunder in the capitol,
With all the mouths of Rome to second you.

Cato. Let him consider that, who drives us hither; [little,
'Tis Cæsar's sword has made Rome's senate
And thinn'd its ranks. Alas! thy dazzled eye
Beholds this man in a false glaring light,
Which conquest and success have thrown upon him; [him black
Didst thou but view him right, thou'dst see
With murder, treason, sacrilege, and crimes
That strike my soul with horror but to name them.
I know thou look'st on me, as on a wretch
Beset with ills, and cover'd with misfortunes;
But, by the gods I swear, millions of worlds
Should never buy me to be like that Cæsar.

Dec. Does Cato send this answer back to Cæsar [ship?
For all his gen'rous cares and proffer'd friend-

Cato. His cares for me are insolent and vain: [Cato.
Presumptuous man! the gods take care of
Would Cæsar show the greatness of his soul,
Bid him employ his care for these my friends,
And make good use of his ill-gotten pow'r,
By shelt'ring men much better than himself.

Dec. Your high unconquer'd heart makes you forget
You are a man; you rush on your destruction.
But I have done. When I relate hereafter
The tale of this unhappy embassy,
All Rome will be in tears. [*Exit Decius.*

§ 14. *Cato solus, sitting in a thoughtful Posture; in his Hand Plato's Book on the Immortality of the Soul.* ADDISON.

A drawn Sword on the Table by him.

It must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well—
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality? [sire,
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man:
Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untried being, [pass?
Through what new scenes and changes must we

The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me,
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there 's a power above
(And that there is all nature cries aloud
Through all her works), he must delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in must be happy.
But when! or where!—this world was made for Cæsar.
I 'm weary of conjectures—this must end 'em.
[*Laying his Hand on his Sword.*
Thus am I doubly arm'd: my death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me.
This in a moment brings me to an end;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secur'd in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.
What means this heaviness that hangs upon me?
This lethargy that creeps thro' all my senses?
Nature oppress'd, and harass'd out with care
Sinks down to rest. This once I 'll favor her,
That my awaken'd soul may take her flight,
Renew'd in all her strength, and fresh with life,
An off'ring fit for heaven. Let guilt or fear
Disturb man's rest, Cato knows neither of 'em,
Indiff'rent in his choice to sleep or die.

§ 15. *Forest Sports.* LAMB.

Margaret. IN the name of the boy God, who plays at hood-man-blind with the Muses, and cares not whom he catches: what is it you love?

Simon. Simply, all things that live,
From the crook'd worm to man's imperial form,
And God-resembling likeness. The poor fly,
That makes short holyday in the sunbeam,
And dies by some child's hand. The feeble bird
With little wings, yet greatly venturous
In the upper sky. The fish in th' other element,
That knows no touch of eloquence. What else?
Yon tall and elegant stag,
Who paints a dancing shadow of his horns
In the water, where he drinks.

Margaret. I myself love all these things, yet so as with a difference:—for example, some animals better than others, some men rather than other men; the nightingale before the cuckoo, the swift and graceful palfrey before the slow and asinine mule.
Your humor goes to confound all qualities.
What sports do you use in the forest?—

Simon. Not many; some few, as thus:—
To see the sun to bed, and to arise,
Like some hot amorist with glowing eyes,
Bursting the lazy bands of sleep that bound him,
With all his fires and travelling glories round him.
Sometimes the moon on soft night clouds to rest,
Like beauty nestling in a young man's breast,
And all the winking stars, her handmaids, keep
Admiring silence, while those lovers sleep.
Sometimes outstretcht, in very idleness,
Nought doing, saying little, thinking less,
To view the leaves, thin dancers upon air,
Go eddying round; and small birds, how they fare,
When mother Autumn fills their beaks with corn,
Filch'd from the careless Amalthea's horn;
And how the woods berries, and worms provide
Without their pains, when earth has nought
To answer their small wants. [beside
To view the graceful deer come tripping by,
Then stop, and gaze, then turn, they know not why,
Like bashful yonkers in society. [why,
To mark the structure of a plant or tree,
And all fair things of earth, how fair they be.

The Mourner visited.

John. How beautiful,
[*handling his mourning.*
And comely do these mourning garments shew!
Sure grief hath set his sacred impress here,
To claim the world's respect! they note so feelingly
By outward types the serious man within.—
Alas! what part or portion can I claim
In all the decencies of virtuous sorrow,
Which other mourners use? as namely,
This black attire, abstraction from society,
Good thoughts, and frequent sighs, and seldom smiles,
A cleaving sadness native to the brow,
All sweet condolements of like-grieved friends,
(That steal away the sense of loss almost)
Men's pity, and good offices
Which enemies themselves do for us then,
Putting their hostile disposition off, [looks.
As we put off our high thoughts and proud
[*Pauses, and observes the pictures.*
These pictures must be taken down:
The portraitures of our most antient family
For nigh three hundred years! how have I listen'd,
To hear Sir Walter, with an old man's pride,
Holding me in his arms, a prating boy,
And pointing to the pictures where they hung,
Repeat by course their worthy histories,
(As Hugh de Widville, Walter, first of the name, [John:
And Anne the handsome, Stephen, and famous
Telling me, I must be his famous John.)
But that was in old times.
Now, no more
Must I grow proud upon our house's pride.
I rather, I, by most unheard of crimes,
Have backward tainted all their noble blood,
Rased out the memory of an ancient family,
And quite revers'd the honors of our house.
Who now shall sit and tell us anecdotes?

The secret history of his own times,
And fashions of the world when he was young:
How England slept out three and twenty years,
While Carr and Villiers rul'd the baby king:
The costly fancies of the pedant's reign,
Balls, feastings, huntings, shows in allegory,
And beauties of the court of James the First.

Margaret enters.

John. Comes Margaret here to witness my
O, lady, I have suffer'd loss, [disgrace?
And diminution of my honor's brightness.
You bring some images of old times, Margaret,
That should be now forgotten. [gotten, John.

Margaret. Old times should never be for-
I came to talk about them with my friend.

John. I did refuse you, Margaret, in my
pride. [pride,

Margaret. If John rejected Margaret in his
(As who does not, being splenetic, refuse
Sometimes old play-fellows,) the spleen being
The offence no longer lives. [gone,
O Woodvil, those were happy days,
When we two first began to love. When first,
Under pretence of visiting my father,
(Being then a stripling nigh upon my age)
You came a wooing to his daughter, John.
Do you remember,
With what a coy reserve and seldom speech,
(Young maidens must be chary of their speech)
I kept the honors of my maiden pride?
I was your favorite then.

John. O Margaret, Margaret!
These your submissions to my low estate,
And cleaving to the fates of sunken Woodvil,
Write bitter things 'gainst my unworthiness.
Thou perfect pattern of thy slander'd sex,
Whom miseries of mine could never alienate,
Nor change of fortune shake; whom injuries,
And slights (the worst of injuries) which moved
Thy nature to return scorn with like scorn,
Then when you left in virtuous pride this
house,
Could not so separate, but now in this
My day of shame, when all the world forsake,
You only visit me, love, and forgive me.

§ 16. *Soliloquy of Lioni.* Byron.

Nought, save sleep,
Which will not be commanded. Let me hope
it. [*Exit Antonio.*
Though my breast feels to anxious; I will try
Whether the air will calm my spirits: 'tis
A goodly night; the cloudy wind which blew
From the Levant hath crept into its cave,
And the broad moon has brighten'd. What a
stillness! [*Goes to an open lattice.*
And what a contrast with the scene I left,
Where the tall torches' glare, and silver lamps'
More pallid gleam along the tapestried walls,
Spread over the reluctant gloom which haunts
Those vast and dimly-latticed galleries
A dazzling mass of artificial light, [were.
Which show'd all things, but nothing as they
There Age essaying to recall the past,
After long striving for the hues of youth
At the sad labor of the toilet, and
Full many a glance at the too faithful mirror,
Prankt forth in all the pride of ornament,
Forgot itself, and trusting to the falsehood
Of the indulgent beams, which show, yet hide,
Believed itself forgotten, and was fool'd.
There Youth, which needed not, nor thought
of such [health,
Vain adjuncts, lavish'd its true bloom, and
And bridal beauty, in the unwholesome press
Of flush'd and crowded wassailers, and wasted
Its hours of rest in dreaming this was pleasure,
And so shall waste them till the sunrise streams
On sallow cheeks and sunken eyes, which
should not
Have worn this aspect yet for many a year.
The music, and the banquet, and the wine—
The garlands, the rose odors, and the flowers—
The sparkling eyes and flashing ornaments—
The white arms and the raven hair—the braids
And bracelets; swanlike bosoms, and the
necklace
An India in itself, yet dazzling not
The eye like what it circled; the thin robes
Floating like light clouds 'twixt our gaze and
heaven; [like,
The many-twinkling feet so small and sylph-
Suggesting the more secret symmetry
Of the fair forms which terminate so well—
All the delusion of the dizzy scene,
Its false and true enchantments—art and nature
Which swam before my giddy eyes, that drank
The sight of beauty as the parch'd pilgrim's
On Arab sands the false mirage, which offers
A lucid lake to his eluded thirst, [ters—
Are gone.—Around me are the stars and wa-
Worlds mirror'd in the ocean, goodlier sight
Than torches glared back by a gaudy glass;
And the great element, which is to space
What ocean is to earth, spreads its blue depths,
Soften'd with the first breathings of the spring;
The high moon sails upon her beauteous way.
Serenely smoothing o'er the lofty walls
Of those tall piles and sea-girt palaces,
Whose porphyry pillars, and whose costly
fronts,
Fraught with the orient spoil of many marbles,
Like altars ranged along the broad canal,
Seem each a trophy of some mighty deed
Rear'd up from out the waters, scarce less
strangely
Than those more massy and mysterious giants
Of architecture, those Titanian fabrics, [have
Which point in Egypt's plains to times that
No other record. All is gentle: nought
Stirs rudely; but, congenial with the night,
Whatever walks is gliding like a spirit.
The tinklings of some vigilant guitars
Of sleepless lovers to a wakeful mistress,
And cautious opening of the casement showing
That he is not unheard; while her young hand,
Fair as the moonlight of which it seems part,
So delicately white, it trembles in
The act of opening the forbidden lattice,
To let in love through music, makes his heart

Thos Phillips. R.A. pinxt. Annis & Smith. sc.

LORD BYRON.

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Thrill like his lyre-strings at the sight;—the
Phosphoric of the oar, or rapid twinkle [dash
Of the far lights of skimming gondolas,
And the responsive voices of the choir
Of boatmen answering back with verse for verse;
Some dusky shadow chequering the Rialto;
Some glimmering palace roof, or tapering spire,
Are all the sights and sounds which here pervade
The ocean-born and earth-commanding city—
How sweet and soothing is this hour of calm!
I thank thee, Night! for thou hast chased away [throng,
Those horrid bodements which, amidst the
I could not dissipate: and with the blessing
Of thy benign and quiet influence,—
Now will I to my couch, although to rest
Is almost wronging such a night as this——
[*A knocking is heard from without.*
Hark! what is that? or who at such a moment?

§ 17. *Last Speech of the Doge.* BYRON.

I SPEAK to Time and to Eternity,
Of which I grow a portion, not to man.
Ye elements? in which to be resolved
I hasten, let my voice be as a spirit [banner,
Upon you! Ye blue waves! which bore my
Ye winds! which flutter'd o'er as if you loved it,
And fill'd my swelling sails as they were wafted
To many a triumph! Thou, my native earth,
Which I have bled for, and thou foreign earth,
Which drank this willing blood from many a wound!
Ye stones, in which my gore will not sink, but
Reek up to Heaven! Ye skies, which will receive it! [thou!
Thou sun! which shinest on these things, and
Who kindlest and who quenchest suns!—Attest!
I am not innocent—but are these guiltless?
I perish, but not unavenged; far ages
Float up from the abyss of time to be, [doom
And show these eyes, before they close, the
Of this proud city, and I leave my curse
On her and hers for ever!——Yes, the hours
Are silently engendering of the day,
When she, who built 'gainst Attila a bulwark,
Shall yield, and bloodlessly and basely yield
Unto a bastard Attila, without
Shedding so much blood in her last defence
As these old veins, oft drain'd in shielding her,
Shall pour in sacrifice.—She shall be bought
And sold, and be an appanage to those
Who shall despise her!—She shall stoop to be
A province for an empire, petty town
In lieu of capital, with slaves for senates,
Beggars for nobles, panders for a people!
Then when the Hebrew's in thy palaces,
The Hun in thy high places, and the Greek
Walks o'er thy mart, and smiles on it for his!
When thy patricians beg their bitter bread
In narrow streets, and in their shameful need
Make their nobility a plea for pity!
Then, when the few who still retain a wreck
Of their great fathers' heritage shall fawn
Round a barbarian Vice of Kings' Vice-gerent,
Even in the palace where they sway'd as sovereigns, [reign,
Even in the palace where they slew their sove-
Proud of some name they have disgraced, or sprung
From an adulteress boastful of her guilt
With some large gondolier or foreign soldier,
Shall bear about their bastardy in triumph
To the third spurious generation;—when
Thy sons are in the lowest scale of being,
Slaves turn'd o'er to the vanquish'd by the victors,
Despised by cowards for greater cowardice,
And scorn'd even by the vicious for such vices
As in the monstrous grasp of their conception
Defy all codes to image or to name them;
Then, when of Cyprus, now thy subject kingdom,
All thine inheritance shall be her shame
Entail'd on thy less virtuous daughters, grown
A wider proverb for worse prostitution;—
When all the ills of conquer'd states shall cling thee,
Vice without splendor, sin without relief
Even from the gloss of love to smooth it o'er,
But in its stead coarse lusts of habitude,
Prurient yet passionless, cold studied lewdness,
Depraving nature's frailty to an art;—
When these and more are heavy on thee, when
Smiles without mirth, and pastimes without pleasure,
Youth without honor, age without respect,
Meanness and weakness, and a sense of wo
'Gainst which thou wilt not strive, and dar'st not murmur,
Have made thee last and worst of peopled deserts,
Then, in the last gasp of thine agony, [murders,
Amidst thy many murders, think of mine!
Thou den of drunkards with the blood of princes!
Gehenna of the waters! Thou sea Sodom!
Thus I devote thee to the infernal gods!
Thee and thy serpent seed! [*tioner.*
[*Here the Doge turns, and addresses the execu-*
Slave, do thine office!
Strike as I struck the foe! Strike as I would
Have struck those tyrants! Strike deep as
Strike—and but once! [my curse!
[*The Doge throws himself upon his knees, and as the executioner raises his sword the scene closes.*

§ 18. *The Fountain of Siloe—Night.* MILMAN.

Javan. SWEET fountain, once again I visit thee!
And thou art flowing on, and freshening still
The green moss, and the flowers that bend to thee,
Modestly with a soft unboastful murmur
Rejoicing at the blessings that thou bearest.

Pure, stainless, thou art flowing on; the stars
Make thee their mirror, and the moonlight beams
Course one another o'er thy silver bosom:
And yet thy flowing is through fields of blood,
And armed men their hot and weary brows
Slake with thy limpid and perennial coolness.
Even with such rare and singular purity
Mov'st thou, oh Miriam! in yon cruel city.
Men's eyes o'erwearied with the sights of war,
With tumult and with grief, repose on thee
As on a refuge and a sweet refreshment.
Voice at a distance. Javan!
Javan. It is her voice! the air is fond of it,
And enviously delays its tender sounds
From the ear that thirsteth for them—Miriam!
Javan, Miriam. [lessness,
Javan. Nay, stand thus in thy timid breath-
That I may gaze on thee, and thou not chide
Because I gaze too fondly. [me
Miriam. Hast thou brought me
Thy wonted offerings?
Javan. Dearest, they are here;
The bursting fig, the cool and ripe pomegranate,
The skin all rosy with the imprison'd wine;
All I can bear thee, more than thou canst bear
Home to the city.
Miriam. Bless thee! Oh my father!
How will thy famish'd and thy toil-bow'd frame
Resume its native majesty! thy words,
When this bright draught hath slak'd thy parched lips,
Flow with thy wonted freedom and command!
Javan. Thy father! still no thought but of thy father!
Nay, Miriam! but thou must hear me now,
Now ere we part—if we must part again,
If my sad spirit must be rent from thine.
Even now our city trembles on the verge
Of utter ruin. Yet a night or two,
And the fierce stranger in our burning streets
Stands conqueror: and how the Roman con-
Let Gischala, let fallen Jotapata [quers,
Tell, if one living man, one innocent child,
Yet wander o'er their cold and scatter'd ashes,
They slew them, Miriam, the old grey man,
Whose blood scarce tinged their sword—(nay, turn not from me, [them
The tears thou sheddest feel as though I wrung
From mine own heart, my life blood's dearest drops)—
They slew them, Miriam, at the mother's breast,
The smiling infants;—and the tender maid,
The soft, the loving, and the chaste like thee,
They slew her not till————
Miriam. Javan, 'tis unkind!
I have enough at home of thoughts like these,
Thoughts horrible, that freeze the blood, and make
A heavier burthen of this weary life.
I hop'd with thee t' have pass'd a tranquil hour,
A brief, a hurried, yet still tranquil hour!
—But thou art like them all! the miserable
Have only Heaven, where they can rest in peace, [misery.
Without being mock'd and taunted with their
Javan. Thou know'st it is a lover's wayward joy
To be reproach'd by her he loves, or thus
Thou wouldst not speak. But 't was not to provoke [tenderness:
That sweet reproof, which sounds so like to
I would alarm thee, shock thee, but to save.
That old and secret stair, down which thou stealest
At midnight through tall grass and olive trunks,
Which cumber, yet conceal thy difficult path,
It cannot long remain secure and open;
Nearer and closer the stern Roman winds
His trenches; and on every side but this
Soars his imprisoning wall. Yet, yet 'tis time,
And I must bear thee with me, where are met
In Pella the neglected church of Christ.
Miriam. With thee! to fly with thee! thou mak'st me fear
Lest all the while I have deceived my soul,
Excusing to myself our stolen meetings
By the fond thought, that for my father's life
I labor'd, bearing sustenance from thee,
Which he hath deem'd heaven-sent.
Javan. Oh! farewell then [dream,
The faithless dream, the sweet yet faithless
That Miriam loves me!
Miriam. Love thee! I am here,
Here at dead midnight by the fountain's side,
Trusting thee, Javan, with a faith as fearless
As that which the instinctive infant twines
To its mother's bosom—Love thee! when the sounds
Of massacre are round me, when the shouts
Of frantic men in battle rack the soul
With their importunate and jarring din,
Javan, I think on thee, and am at peace.
Our famish'd maidens gaze on me, and see
That I am famish'd like themselves, as pale,
With lips as parch'd and eyes as wild, yet I
Sit patient with an enviable smile
On my wan cheeks, for then my spirit feasts
Contented on its pleasing thoughts of thee.
My very prayers are full of thee, I look
To heaven and bless thee; for from thee I learnt [sions.
The way by which we reach the eternal man-
But thou, injurious Javan! coldly doubtest.
And—Oh! but I have said too much. Oh! scorn not [utter
The immodest maid, whom thou hast vex'd to
What yet she scarce dared whisper to herself.
Javan. Will it then cease! will it not always sound [me?
Sweet, musical as thus? and wilt thou leave
Miriam. My father!
Javan. Miriam! is not thy father [stock!)
(Oh, that such flowers should bloom on such a
The curse of Israel? even his common name
Simon the assassin! of the bloody men
That hold their iron sway within yon city,
The bloodiest!

Miriam. O cease, I pray thee cease!
Javan! I know that all men hate my father;
Javan! I fear that all should hate my father;
And therefore, Javan, must his daughter's love,
Her dutiful, her deep, her fervent love,
Make up to his forlorn and desolate heart
The forfeited affections of his kind.
Is it not written so in our Law? and He
We worship came not to destroy the Law.
Then let men rain their curses, let the storm
Of human hate beat on his rugged trunk,
I will cling to him, starve, die, bear the scoffs
Of men upon my scatter'd bones with him.
Javan. Oh, Miriam! what a fatal art hast thou [purpose;
Of winding thought, word, act, to thy sole
The enamouring one even now too much enamour'd!
I must admire thee more for so denying,
Than I had dared if thou hadst fondly granted.
Thou dost devote thyself to utterest peril,
And me to deepest anguish; yet even now
Thou art lovelier to me in thy cold severity
Flying me, leaving me without a joy,
Without a hope on earth, without thyself;
Thou art lovelier now than if thy yielding soul
Had smiled on me a passionate consent.
Go; for I see thy parting homeward look,
Go in thy beauty! like a setting star,
The last in all the thick and moonless heavens,
O'er the lone traveller in the trackless desert.
Go! if this dark and miserable earth
Do jealously refuse us place for meeting,
There is a heaven for those who trust in Christ.
Farewell!———
And thou return'st!—
Miriam. I had forgot—— [thee,
The fruit, the wine——Oh! when I part from
How can I think of ought but thy last words?
Javan. Bless thee! but we may meet again even here! [tears.
Thou look'st consent, I see it through thy
Yet once again that cold sad word, Farewell!

§ 19. *The Falcon—Conclusion.*

CORNWALL.

A Dramatic Scene.

Fred. GIANA! *my* Giana! we will have
Nothing but halcyon days: Oh! we will live
As happily as the bees that hive their sweets,
And gaily as the summer fly, but wiser:
I 'll be thy servant ever; yet not so.
Oh! my own love, divinest, best, I 'll be
Thy sun of life, faithful through every season,
And thou shalt be my flower perennial,
My bud of beauty, my imperial rose,
My passion flower, and I will wear thee on
My heart, and thou shalt never never fade.
I 'll love thee mightily, my queen, and in
The sultry hours I 'll sing thee to thy rest
With music sweeter than the wild birds' song:
And I will swear thine eyes are like the stars,
(They are, they are, but softer) and thy shape
Fine as the vaunted nymphs who, poets feign'd,
Dwelt long ago in woods of Arcady.
My gentle deity! I 'll crown thee with
The whitest lilies and then bow me down
Love's own idolater, and worship thee.
And thou *wilt* then be mine? my love, love!
How fondly will we pass our lives together;
And wander, heart-link'd, thro' the busy world
Like birds in eastern story.
Gia. Oh! you rave. [ever:
Fred. I 'll be a miser of thee; watch thee
At morn, at noon, at eve, and all the night.
We will have clocks that with their silver chime
Shall measure out the moments: and I 'll mark
The time, and keep love's pleasant calendar.
To day I 'll note a smile: to-morrow how
Your bright eyes spoke—how saucily; and then
Record a kiss pluck'd from your currant lip,
And say how long 'twas taking; then, thy voice
As rich as stringed harp swept by the winds
In autumn, gentle as the touch that falls
On serenader's moonlit instrument—
Nothing shall pass unheeded. Thou shalt be
My household goddess—nay smile not, nor shake
Backwards thy clustering curls, incredulous:
I swear it shall be so: it shall, my love.
Gia. Why, now thou'rt mad indeed: mad.
Fred. Oh! not so.
There was a statuary once who lov'd [shaped;
And worshipped the white marble that he
Till, as the story goes, the Cyprus' queen,
Or some such fine kind-hearted deity, [came
Touch'd the pale stone with life, and it be-
At last, Pygmalion's bride: but thee—on whom
Nature had lavish'd all her wealth before,
Now love has touch'd with beauty: doubly fit
For human worship thou, thou—let me pause,
My breath is gone.
Gia. With talking.
Fred. With delight.
But I may worship thee in silence, still.
Gia. The evening 's dark; now I must go:
Until to-morrow. [farewell
Fred. Oh! not yet, not yet.
Behold! the moon is up, the bright ey'd moon,
And seems to shed her soft delicious light
On lovers reunited. Why, she smiles,
And bids you tarry: will you disobey
The lady of the sky? beware.
Gia. Farewell.
Nay, nay, I must go.
Fred. We will go together. [wait
Gia. It must not be to-night: my servants
My coming at the fisher's cottage.
Fred. Yet, [thee,
A few more words, and then I 'll part with
For one long night: to-morrow bid me come
(Thou hast already with thine eyes) and bring
My load of love and lay it at thy feet.
—Oh! ever while those floating orbs look bright,
Shalt thou to me be a sweet guiding light.

Once, the Chaldean from his topmost tower
Did watch the stars, and then assert their power
Throughout the world: so, dear Giana, I
Will vindicate my own idolatry.
And in the beauty and the spell that lies
In the dark azure of thy love-lit eyes;
In the clear veins that wind thy neck beside,
'Till in the white depths of thy breast they hide,
And in thy polish'd forehead, and thy hair
Heap'd in thick tresses on thy shoulders fair;
In thy calm dignity; thy modest sense;
In thy most soft and winning eloquence;
In woman's gentleness and love (now bent
On me, so poor) shall lie my argument.

§ 20. *The Plague.* DRYDEN.

THE raw damps
With flaggy wings fly heavily about,
Scattering their pestilential colds and rheums
Through all the lazy air. Hence murrains follow
On bleating flocks, and on the lowing herds.
At last the malady grew more domestic,
And the faithful dog
Died at his master's feet; and next his master:
For all those plagues which earth and air had brooded,
First on inferior creatures tried their force,
And last they seiz'd on man:
And then a thousand deaths at once advanc'd,
And every dart took place. All was so sudden,
That scarce a first man fell. One but began
To wonder, and straight fell a wonder too;
A third, who stoop'd to raise his dying friend,
Dropp'd in the pious act. Heard you that groan?
A troop of ghosts took flight together there!
Now death 's grown riotous, and will play no more
For single stakes, but families and tribes.
With dead and dying men our streets are cover'd,
And earth exposes bodies on the pavements
More than those she hides in graves.
Between the bride and bridegroom have I seen
The nuptial torch do common offices [eyes,
Of marriage and of death. Cast round your
Where late the streets were so thick sown with men,
Like Cadmus' brood, they jostled for their passage;
Now look for those erected heads, and see them,
Like pebbles, paving all our public ways.

§ 21. *The killing of a Boar.* OTWAY.

FORTH from the thicket rush'd another boar,
So large, he seem'd the tyrant of the woods,
With all his dreadful bristles rais'd up high;
They seem'd a grove of spears upon his back:
Foaming he came at me where I was posted,
Whetting his huge long tusks, and gaping wide,
As he already had me for his prey; [wide,
Till, brandishing my well-pois'd javelin high,
With this bold executing arm I struck
The ugly brindled monster to the heart.

§ 22. *Description of a populous City.* YOUNG.

THIS ancient city,
How wanton sits she amidst nature's smiles!
Nor from her highest turret has to view
But golden landscapes and luxuriant scenes,
A waste of wealth, the store-house of the world;
Here fruitful vales far stretching fly the sight;
There sails unnumber'd whiten all the stream;
While from the banks full twenty thousand cities
Survey their pride, and see their gilded towers
Float on the waves, and break against the shore.
——Various nations meet
As in the sea, yet not confin'd in space,
But streaming freely through the spacious streets,
Which send forth millions at each brazen gate;
Whene'er the trumpet calls, high over head
On the broad walls the chariots bound along.

§ 23. *Rural Courtship.* DRYDEN.

HE preferr'd me
Above the maidens of my age and rank; [mine.
Still shunn'd their company, and still sought
I was not won by gifts, yet still he gave;
And all his gifts though small, yet spoke his love.
He pick'd the earliest strawberries in the woods,
The cluster'd filberts, and the purple grapes:
He taught a prating stare to speak my name;
And when he found a nest of nightingales,
Or callow linnets, he would show 'em me,
And let me take 'em out.

§ 24. *Description of a Person left on a desert Island.* THOMSON.

NEXT night—a dreary night!
Cast on the wildest of the Cyclad Isles,
Where never human foot had mark'd the shore,
These ruffians left me.
Beneath a shade
I sat me down, more heavily oppress'd,
More desolate at heart than e'er I felt
Before; when Philomela o'er my head
Began to tune her melancholy strain,
As piteous of my woes: till, by degrees,
Composing sleep on wounded nature shed
A kind but short relief. At early morn,
Wak'd by the chant of birds, I look'd around
For usual objects: objects found I none,
Except before me stretch'd the toiling main,
And rocks and woods, in savage view, behind.

§ 25. *The first Feats of a young Eagle.* ROWE.

So the Eagle,
That bears the thunder of our grandsire Jove,

With joy beholds his hardy youthful offspring
Forsake the nest, to try his tender pinions
In the wide untrack'd air; till, bolder grown,
Now, like a whirlwind on a shepherd's fold,
He darts precipitate, and gripes the prey;
Or fixing on some dragon's scaly hide,
Eager of combat, and his future feast,
Bears him aloft reluctant, and in vain
Wreathing his spiry tail.

§ 26. *Filial Piety.* MALLET.

E'ER since reflection beam'd her light upon me,
You, Sir, have been my study. I have plac'd
Before mine eyes, in every light of life,
The father and the king. What weight of duty
Lay on a son from such a parent sprung,
What virtuous toil to shine with his renown,
Has been my thought by day, my dream by night:
- - - - - - - - -
But first and ever nearest to my heart
Was this prime duty, so to frame my conduct
Tow'rd such a father, as were I a father,
My soul would wish to meet with from a son.
And may reproach transmit my name abhorr'd
To latest time—if ever thought was mine
Unjust to filial reverence, filial love!

§ 27. *Bad Fortune more easily borne than good.* ROWE.

WITH such unshaken temper of the soul
To bear the swelling tide of prosp'rous fortune,
Is to deserve that fortune.—In adversity
The mind grows tough by buffeting the tem-
But in success dissolving, sinks to ease, [pest;
And loses all her firmness.

§ 28. *A Friend to Freedom can never be a Traitor.* THOMSON.

HE who contends for freedom,
Can ne'er be justly deem'd his sovereign's foe;
No! 'Tis the wretch who tempts him to subvert it,
The soothing slave, the traitor in the bosom,
Who best deserves that name; he is a worm
That eats out all the happiness of kingdoms.

§ 29. *Description of a Hag.* OTWAY.

IN a close lane, as I pursu'd my journey,
I spied a wither'd hag, with age grown double,
Picking dry sticks, and mumbling to herself;
Her eyes with scalding rheum were gall'd and red, [wither'd,
Cold palsy shook her head, her hand seem'd
And on her crooked shoulders had she wrapp'd
The tatter'd remnants of an old strip'd hanging, [cold:
Which serv'd to keep her carcass from the
So there was nothing of a piece about her.
Her lower weeds were all o'er coarsely patch'd
With different color'd rags, black, red, white, yellow,
And seem'd to speak variety of wretchedness.

§ 30. *Happiness the inseparable Companion of Virtue.* ROWE.

To be good is to be happy; angels
Are happier than men, because they 're better.
Guilt is the source of sorrow; 'tis the fiend,
Th' avenging fiend, that follows us behind
With whips and stings: the blest know none of this,
But rest in everlasting peace of mind, [ness.
And find the height of all their heaven is good-

§ 31. *The true End of Life.* THOMSON.

WHO, who would live, my Narva, just to
This idle air, and indolently run, [breathe
Day after day, the still returning round
Of life's mean offices and sickly joys?
But in the service of mankind to be
A guardian god below; still to employ
The mind's brave ardor in heroic arms,
Such as may raise us o'er the grovelling herd,
And make us shine for ever—that is life.

§ 32. *The same.* S. JOHNSON.

REFLECT that life and death, affecting sounds,
Are only varied modes of endless being.
Reflect that life, like every other blessing,
Derives its value from its use alone;
Nor for itself, but for a nobler end,
Th' Eternal gave it, and that end is virtue.
When inconsistent with a greater good,
Reason commands to cast the less away;
Thus life, without loss of wealth, is well preserv'd,
And virtue cheaply sav'd with loss of life.

§ 33. *Character of an excellent Man.* ROWE.

How could my tongue
Take pleasure, and be lavish in thy praise!
How could I speak thy nobleness of nature!
Thy open, manly heart, thy courage, constancy,
And inborn truth, unknowing to dissemble!
Thou art the man in whom my soul delights,
In whom, next Heaven, I trust.

§ 34. *Virtue the only true Source of Nobility.* THOMSON.

I TELL thee, then, whoe'er amidst the sons
Of reason, valor, liberty, and virtue,
Displays distinguish'd merit, is a noble
Of nature's own creating. Such have risen,
Sprung from the dust, or where had been our honors?
And such, in radiant bands, will rise again
In yon immortal city; that, when most
Deprest by fate, and near apparent ruin,
Returns, as with an energy divine, [her.
On her astonish'd foes, and shakes them from

§ 35. *The happy Effects of Misfortune.* THOMSON.

IF misfortune comes, she brings along
The bravest virtues. And so many great
Illustrious spirits have convers'd with woe,

Have in her school been taught, as are enough
To consecrate distress, and make ambition
E'en wish the frown beyond the smile of fortune.

§ 36. *A Description of the Morning.* OTWAY.

WISH'D morning 's come; and now upon the plains, [flocks,
And distant mountains, where they feed their
The happy shepherds leave their homely huts,
And with their pipes proclaim the new-born day:
The lusty swain comes with his well-fill'd scrip
Of healthful viands, which, when hunger calls,
With much content and appetite he eats,
To follow in the field his daily toil, [fruits:
And dress the grateful glebe that yields him
The beasts, that under the warm hedges slept,
And weather'd out the cold bleak night, are up; [tures, raise
And, looking tow'rds the neighboring pas-
Their voice, and bid their fellow brutes good-morrow:
The cheerful birds too on the tops of trees
Assemble all in choirs; and with their notes
Salute and welcome up the rising sun.

§ 37. *The charming Notes of the Nightingale.* LEE.

THUS, in some poplar shade, the nightingale
With piercing moans does her lost young bewail:
Which the rough hind observing, as they lay
Warm in their downy nest had stolen away:
But she in mournful sounds does still complain,
Sings all the night, though all her songs are vain,
And still renews her miserable strain.

§ 38. *The same.* ROWE.

So when the spring renews the flow'ry field,
And warns the pregnant nightingale to build;
She seeks the safest shelter of the wood,
Where she may trust her little tuneful brood,
Where no rude swains her shady cell may know, [blow:
No serpents climb, nor blasting winds may
Fond of the chosen place, she views it o'er,
Sits there, and wanders through the grove no more;
Warbling she charms it each returning night,
And loves it with a mother's dear delight.

§ 39. *The Love of our Country the greatest Virtue.* THOMSON.

HIS only plot was this: that, much provok'd, [try:
He rais'd his vengeful arm against his coun-
And lo! the righteous gods have now chastis'd him [fought.
Even by the hands of those for whom he
Whatever private views and passions plead,
No cause can justify so black a deed: [soul,
These, when the angry tempest clouds the
May darken reason and her course control;
But when the prospect clears, her startled eye
Must from the treach'rous gulf with horror fly,
On whose wide wave by stormy passions tost,
So many helpless wretches have been lost.
Then be this truth the star by which we steer:
Above ourselves our country shall be dear.

§ 40. *The same.* W. WHITEHEAD.

LEARN hence, ye Romans! on how sure a base
The patriot builds his happiness; no stroke,
No keenest, deadliest shaft of adverse fate
Can make his generous bosom quite despair,
But that alone by which his country falls.
Grief may to grief in endless round succeed,
And nature suffer when our children bleed:
Yet still superior must that hero prove,
Whose first, best passion, is his country's love.

§ 41. *In what Philosophy really consists.* THOMSON.

PHILOSOPHY consists not
In airy schemes or idle speculations.
The rule and conduct of all social life
Is her great province. Not in lonely cells
Obscure she lurks, but holds her heavenly light
To senates and to kings, to guide their counsels,
And teach them to reform and bless mankind.
All policy but hers is false and rotten;
All valor not conducted by her precepts
Is a destroying fury sent from hell,
To plague unhappy man, and ruin nations.

§ 42. *Scipio restoring the captive Princess to her Royal Lover.* THOMSON.

WHAT with admiration
Struck every heart, was this: A noble virgin,
Conspicuous far o'er all the captive dames,
Was mark'd the general's prize. She wept and blush'd, [An eye,
Young, fresh, and blooming like the morn.
As when the blue sky trembles through a cloud
Of purest white. A secret charm combin'd
Her features, and infus'd enchantment through them;
Her shape was harmony.—But eloquence
Beneath her beauty fails; which seem'd on purpose
By nature lavish'd on her, that mankind
Might see the virtue of a hero tried
Almost beyond the stretch of human force.
Soft as she pass'd along, with downcast eyes,
Where gentle sorrows swell'd, and now and then
Dropp'd o'er her modest cheek a trickling tear,
The Roman legions languish'd, and hard war
Felt more than pity. E'en their chief himself, [ask'd
As on his high tribunal rais'd he sat,
Turn'd from the dang'rous sight, and chiding
His officers, if by this gift they meant
To cloud his virtue in its very dawn.

- - - - - - - - -

She, question'd of her birth, in trembling accents,
With tears and blushes broken, told her tale.
But when he found her royally descended,
Of her old captive parents the sole joy;
And that a hapless Celtiberian prince,
Her lover, and belov'd, forgot his chains,
His lost dominions, and for her alone
Wept out his tender soul; sudden the heart
Of this young, conqu'ring, loving, godlike Ro- [man
Felt all the great divinity of virtue.
His wishing youth stood check'd, his tempting pow'r
Restrain'd by kind humanity.—At once
He for her parents and her lover call'd.
The various scene imagine; how his troops
Look'd dubious on, and wonder'd what he meant; [ants lay
While stretch'd below the trembling suppli-
Rack'd by a thousand mingling passions, fear,
Hope, jealousy, disdain, submission, grief,
Anxiety, and love, in every shape;
To these as different sentiments succeeded,
As mix'd emotions: when the man divine
Thus the dread silence to the lover broke:
"We both are young, both charm'd. The right of war
Has put thy beauteous mistress in my pow'r,
With whom I could in the most sacred ties
Live out a happy life: but know that Romans
Their hearts, as well as enemies, can conquer.
Then take her to thy soul; and with her take
Thy liberty and kingdom. In return
I ask but this:—when you behold these eyes,
These charms, with transport, be a friend to Rome."

§ 43. *Providence.* THOMSON.

THERE is a Pow'r
Unseen, that rules th' illimitable world,
That guides its motions from the brightest star
To the least dust of this sin-tainted mould;
While man, who madly deems himself the lord [ence.
Of all, is nought but weakness and depend-
This sacred truth, by sure experience taught,
Thou must have learnt when wandering all alone, [sky,
Each bird, each insect, flitting through the
Was more sufficient for itself than thou.

§ 44. *Description of Ships appearing at a Distance, and approaching the Shore.* DRYDEN.

Guiom. As far as I could cast my eyes
Upon the sea, something, methought, did rise
Like blueish mists, which still appearing more,
Took dreadful shapes, and thus mov'd tow'rds the shore:
The object I could first distinctly view, [flew:
Was tall, straight trees, which on the water
Wings on their sides instead of leaves did grow, [blow:
Which gather'd all the breath the winds could
And at their roots grew floating palaces,
Whose out-blow'd bellies cut the yielding seas.
Montezuma. What divine monsters, O ye gods! are these,
That float in air, and fly upon the seas?
Came they alive, or dead, upon the shore?
Guiom. Alas! they liv'd too sure: I heard them roar:
All turn'd their sides, and to each other spoke:
I saw their words break out in fire and smoke.
Sure 'tis their voice that thunders from on high,
And these the younger brothers of the sky:
Deaf with the noise, I took my hasty flight;
No mortal courage can support the fright.

§ 45. *Virtue preferable to Rank.* ROWE.

WHAT tho' no gaudy titles grace my birth;
Titles, the servile courtier's lean reward;
Sometimes the pay of virtue, but more oft
The hire which greatness gives to slaves and sycophants:
Yet Heaven, that made me honest, made me more
Than e'er a king did when he made a lord.

§ 46. *Description of an ancient Cathedral.* CONGREVE.

'TIS dreadful:
How rev'rend is the face of this tall pile
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
To bear aloft its arch'd and ponderous roof,
By its own weight made steadfast and immoveable!
Looking tranquillity: it strikes an awe
And terror to my aching sight! The tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart.

§ 47. *Description of a Triumph.* LEE.

HE comes, and with a port so proud,
As if he had subdu'd the spacious world:
And all Sinope's streets are fill'd with such
A glut of people, you would think some god
Had conquer'd in their cause, and them thus rank'd, [heads!
That he might make his entrance on their
While from the scaffolds, windows, tops of houses,
Are cast such gaudy show'rs of garlands down,
That e'en the crowd appear like conquerors,
And the whole city seems like one vast meadow
Set all with flow'rs, as a clear heaven with stars.
Nay, as I have heard, ere he the city enter'd,
Your subjects lin'd the way for many furlongs;
The very trees bore men: and as our God,
When from the portal of the east he dawns,
To welcome him with all their warbling throats
And prune their feathers in his golden beams;
So did your subjects, in their gaudy trim,
Upon the pendant branches speak his praise.
Mothers, who cover'd all the banks beneath,
Did rob the crying infants of the breast,
Pointing Ziphares out, to make them smile;

And climbing boys stood on their fathers' shoulders, [cries,
Answering their shouting sires with tender
To make the concert up of general joy.

§ 48. *A Shepherd's Life happier than a King's.* HILL.

TH' unbusied shepherd, stretch'd beneath the hawthorn,
His careless limbs thrown out in wanton ease,
With thoughtless gaze perusing the arch'd heavens,
And idly whistling while his sheep feed round him,
Enjoys a sweeter shade than that of canopies
Hemm'd in with cares, and shook by storms of treason.

§ 49. *Virtue its own Reward.* ROWE.

GREAT minds, like Heav'n, are pleas'd with doing good,
Though the ungrateful subjects of their favors
Are barren in return. Virtue does still
With scorn the mercenary world regard,
Where abject souls do good, and hope reward.
Above the worthless trophies man can raise,
She seeks not honor, wealth, nor airy praise,
But with herself, herself the goddess pays.

§ 50. *No Difficulties insuperable to the Prudent and Brave.* ROWE.

THE wise and active conquer difficulties
By daring to attempt them: sloth and folly
Shiver and shrink at sight of toil and hazard,
And make th' impossibility they fear.

§ 51. *Percy and Elinor.—From Percy's Masque.* HILLHOUSE.

An oratory opening into Elinor's chamber. A missal spread upon the altar, before a crucifix: over it a large picture of the Virgin. Elinor kneeling, and singing to her harp.

Elinor.

O, holy Virgin, call thy child,
Her spirit longs to be with thee,
For, threatening lower those skies so mild,
Whose faithless day-star dawned for me.

From tears released to speedy rest,
From youthful dreams which all beguiled,
To quiet slumber on thy breast,
O, holy Virgin, call thy child.

Joy from my darkling soul is fled,
And haggard phantoms hunt me wild;
Despair assails, and hope is dead:
O, holy Virgin, call thy child.

[*As the sound of her harp ceases, the picture slides, discovering Percy, wrapped in a cloak, with a lamp. She starts.*
Grace keep us!

Per. Fear not, lady; angel guardians
Surround by night the bower of Innocence:
Mortal nor spirit evil durst profane it.
[*Springs down.*

El. What apparition?—

Per. [*Throwing off his cloak.*] Pardon, gentle lady!
Bold as may seem— [here, audacious?

El. Ha! do I wake?—What dost thou
At midnight!—Hence, rash youth! with speed, begone! [thou, slave,
Hence! or I wake the house. How darest
Steal on the secrets of my worship?—Fly!
Thy very life may answer such an outrage.

Per. Sweet lady, hear me.

El. Quit this place.

Per. One word— [so abased

El. Heavens! is the Neville's daughter
That grooms dispute her chamber?—Ho?

Per. Nay then—
But, by my soul's eternal hope, I swear
In gratitude, in honor, but to say
Farewell, I came.

El. How? [above,

Per. No matter:—when we meet again—
Thou 'lt better know me. God be with you lady. [*Takes his lamp, going.*

El. Nay, now, I know not what thou

Per. Sweet saint, [meanest.
I would have told thee.

El. Goest thou from our service? [urge

Per. Thus to interpret!—Sooner would I
Guilt to a glowing Cherub, perish in his glance,
Than sully, but in thought, thy purity.

El. If I have done injustice———

Per. Speak; I pause.

El. What canst thou have to say?

Per. Thanks, thanks unnumbered,
Blessings unspeakable for all thy favors.
Shrined here—while life beats—worshipped, they will dwell,
Altho' thy beauty I behold no more.

El. No more!

Per. My heart is full—yet scarce——
Thou know'st, when I became an inmate here,
I called myself an orphan; desolate;
In the wide earth alone. So far, thou heard'st
A mournful truth; yet I deceived you.

El. Ha!
Deceived us, Arthur?

Per. Arthur 's not my name:
Nor am I what I seem.

El. Shield us! Who art thou?

Per. Tho' in your halls a vassal, lady, know
I spring of mighty lineage. Arthur boasts
Blood older than these towers, or any oak
Leafless with age on yonder hoary hills.
Me thou scest fallen; but my Fathers stood
Their country's bulwark. Kings have quaked to hear [host
The rumors of their march: their rushing
This sea-throned Isle has to her centre shook.

El. [*Disdainfully.*] What next, I pray?

Per. Alas!
What shall I say then? What will vouch my truth?——
Durst I my name reveal——

El. O, sir, forbear;
Lest its dread potency unseat our towers.

Per. Hast thou, before, found cause my faith to question ?
Ever, before this night ?—In justice—
El. No. [hour,
Per. Believest thou, in this solemn parting
Lips that dare imprecate heaven's wrath on falsehood,
Avenging thunders, hell, and penal judgment,
My lips—can frame a lie ? Believest thou this ? [tale——
El. I would not—cannot think it ; but this
Per. A moment, Elinor, consult your heart.
Have you not something seen, or fancied, in me, [baseness ?
That seemed ill coupled with this outward
Arguing a mind above the hireling's pitch,
A nobler nature—as in some mewed eagle
That creeps, degraded, round a peasant's croft,
Which proves the native of the princely eyry ?
El. Ha ! a ray like that——
Per. Recal the time [told.
When first my face thou saw'st ;—the tale I
Glance back to many a trivial circumstance
That still belied me ; startled thee, so oft,
And made thee gaze with wildered eyes. O, think,
Think of that night when righteous Providence
Rescued your honor :—when the moon beheld
Your death-like face, and loose locks on my breast ;—
When my roused spirit spoke—all else forgot—
High as her bent, and tender as the hour !
Thou own'st, feel'st truth in this. Mark ! do I, now,
Fashion my speech in phrase of servitude ?
Would the carle's tuneless tongue prove false the boast [with princes ;
That courts have been my home ; my walk
My toil the Antique Sages' lore ; my sport,
Penning sweet roundelays for ladies' lyres,
Who paid me with the radiance of their eyes ?
El. Pray, leave me.
Per. O, forgive this lordling pomp— [go,
Vain pride—no more :—thy heart believes. I
Go, Elinor, where Destiny conducts me :
To be myself ; or cast disguise, and life,
Together, off. In rank thine equal, peer
To England's proudest, powerful as thy sire,
And crowned with old hereditary laurels,
Arthur returns, or never more. Ah ! say,
If Fate should smile—wilt thou smile too ?—canst thou,
O, canst thou bid me rise—to life, to love,
To paradise with thee ?
El. My heart—alas !——
I 'm giddy : all my senses seem bewildered.
Per. May hope thy silence construe ?—Tongues more bless'd,
More used to ecstasy, might talk of mine !
El. Thou goest.—But where ? Upon what
Per. I cannot answer thee ? [quest ?
El. But is there danger ? [tongue.
Per. Question me not, for chains are on my
El. O ! choose some more propitious season.
Per. No ;
One mystic hour the characters of fate [me.
Mark for the enterprise, which must not pass
El. What dreadful meaning lurks beneath
I fear, alas ! I fear—— [your words ?
Per. For me ?
El. I know not— [seems
Methinks I dream ; so strange, so wildering
This tale. When ends the mystery ? saidst thou when ? [issue.
Per. My fortunes touch upon a speedy
Nor had thy sympathy been vainly waked,
Could I have torn my trembling heart away,
That clung and would not leave thee—leave thee here,
Unconscious of my love—a rival's prize—
Never to be remembered more ; or deemed
Senseless of virtues dearer to my soul
Than breath can utter. Falling, I could now
Greet death with smiles : the rapturous thought thou know'st
My love, my hopes, and wilt remember me,
Brightens the dark hour like a glimpse of Eden—
Adieu ! dim glows the matin star—But heed !
If this be not a dream of ecstasy,
A moment comes, is now upon the wing,
When, unexpected, I may rise to claim
My bride, and love.—Then, shrink not to confess me ;
For every hope swings on that fated hour.
[*Presses her hand hastily to his lips ; ascends. The picture closes after him.*]
El. [*In a wild tone of despair.*]
He 's gone ! for ever gone ! to bleed ! to perish !
The noblest ! bravest !—O ! my bursting heart !—
What will become of me———

§ 52. *Hadad and Tamar.* HILLHOUSE.

The garden of Absalom's house on Mount Zion, near the palace, overlooking the city. Tamar sitting by a fountain.

Tam. How aromatic evening grows ! The flowers,
And spicy shrubs exhale like onycha ;
Spikenard and henna emulate in sweets.
Blest hour ! which He, who fashioned it so
So softly glowing, so contemplative, [fair,
Hath set, and sanctified to look on man.
And lo ! the smoke of evening sacrifice
Ascends from out the tabernacle. Heaven
Accept the expiation, and forgive
This day's offences !—Ha ! the wonted strain,
Precursor of his coming !—Whence can this—
It seems to flow from some unearthly hand—
Enter Hadad.
Had. Does beauteous Tamar view, in this
Herself, or heaven ? [clear fount,
Tam. Nay, Hadad, tell me whence
Those sad, mysterious sounds.
Had. What sounds, dear Princess ?
Tam. Surely, thou know'st ; and now I almost think
Some spiritual creature waits on thee.

Had. I heard no sounds, but such as evening sends
Up from the city to these quiet shades;
A blended murmur sweetly harmonizing
With flowing fountains, feathered minstrelsy,
And voices from the hills.
Tam. The sounds I mean,
Floating like mournful music round my head,
From unseen fingers.
Had. When?
Tam. Now, as thou camest.
Had. 'Tis but thy fancy, wrought
To ecstasy; or else thy grandsire's harp
Resounding from his tower at eventide.
I 've lingered to enjoy its solemn tones,
Till the broad moon, that rose o'er Olivet,
Stood listening in the zenith; yea, have deemed
Viols and heavenly voices answered him.
Tam. But these—
Had. Were we in Syria, I might say
The Naiad of the fount, or some sweet Nymph,
The goddess of these shades, rejoiced in thee,
And gave thee salutations; but I fear
Judah would call me infidel to Moses.
Tam. How like my fancy! When these strains precede
Thy steps, as oft they do, I love to think
Some gentle being who delights in us
Is hovering near, and warns me of thy coming;
But they are dirge-like.
Had. Youthful fantasy,
Attuned to sadness, makes them seem so, lady.
So evening's charming voices, welcomed ever,
As signs of rest and peace;—the watchman's call,
The closing gates, the Levite's mellow trump
Announcing the returning moon, the pipe
Of swains, the bleat, the bark, the housing-bell,
Send melancholy to a drooping soul.
Tam. But how delicious are the pensive dreams
That steal upon the fancy at their call!
Had. Delicious to behold the world at rest.
Meek labor wipes his brow, and intermits
The curse, to clasp the younglings of his cot;
Herdsmen, and shepherds, fold their flocks—and hark!
What merry strains they send from Olivet!
The jar of life is still; the city speaks
In gentle murmurs; voices chime with lutes
Waked in the streets and gardens; loving pairs
Eye the red west in one another's arms;
And nature, breathing dew and fragrance, yields,
A glimpse of happiness, which He, who formed
Earth and the stars, had power to make eternal.
Tam. Ah! Hadad, meanest thou to reproach the Friend
Who gave so much, because he gave not all?
Had. Perfect benevolence, methinks, had willed
Unceasing happiness, and peace, and joy;
Filled the whole universe of human hearts
With pleasure, like a flowing spring of life.
Tam. Our Prophet teaches so, till man rebelled.
Had. Mighty rebellion! Had he 'leagured [Heaven
With beings powerful, numberless, and dreadful,
Strong as the enginery that rocks the world
When all its pillars tremble; mixed the fires
Of onset with annihilating bolts
Defensive vollied from the throne; this, this
Had been rebellion worthy of the name,
Worthy of punishment. But what did man?
Tasted an apple! and the fragile scene,
Eden, and innocence, and human bliss,
The nectar-flowing streams, life-giving fruits,
Celestial shades, and amaranthine flowers,
Vanish; and sorrow, toil, and pain, and death,
Cleave to him by an everlasting curse.
Tam. Ah! talk not thus.
Had. Is this benevolence?—
Nay, loveliest, these things sometimes trouble me;
For I was tutored in a brighter faith.
Our Syrians deem each lucid fount, and stream,
Forest, and mountain, glade, and bosky dell,
Peopled with kind divinities, the friends
Of man, a spiritual race allied
To him by many sympathies, who seek
His happiness, inspire him with gay thoughts,
Cool with their waves, and fan him with their airs.
O'er them, the Spirit of the Universe,
Or Soul of Nature, circumfuses all
With mild, benevolent, and sun-like radiance;
Pervading, warming, vivifying earth,
As spirit does the body, till green herbs,
And beauteous flowers, and branchy cedars rise; [caves,
And shooting stellar influence through her
Whence minerals and gems imbibe their lustre.
Tam. Dreams, Hadad, empty dreams.
Had. These deities
They invocate with cheerful gentle rites,
Hang garlands on their altars, heap their shrines [flowers.
With Nature's bounties, fruits, and fragrant
Not like yon gory mount that ever reeks—
Tam. Cast not reproach upon the holy altar. [pleasures here
Had. Nay, sweet.—Having enjoyed all
That Nature prompts, but chiefly blissful love,
At death, the happy Syrian maiden deems
Her immaterial flies into the fields,
Or circumambient clouds, or crystal brooks,
And dwells, a Deity, with those she worshipped;
Till time, or fate, return her in its course
To quaff, once more, the cup of human joy.
Tam. But thou believ'st not this.
Had. I almost wish [mar,
Thou didst; for I have feared, my gentle Ta-
Thy spirit is too tender for a Law
Announced in terrors, coupled with the threats
Of an inflexible and dreadful Being,
Whose word annihilates, whose awful voice
Thunders the doom of nations, who can check

The sun in heaven, and shake the loosened stars, [step
Like wind-tossed fruit, to earth, whose fiery
The earthquake follows, whose tempestuous breath
Divides the sea, whose anger never dies,
Never remits, but everlasting burns,
Burns unextinguished in the deeps of Hell.
Jealous, implacable—

Tam. Peace! impious! peace!

Had. Ha! says not Moses so?
The Lord is jealous.

Tam. Jealous of our faith,
Our love, our true obedience, justly his;
And a poor recompense for all his favors.
Implacable he is not; contrite man
Ne'er found him so.

Had. But others have,
If oracles be true.

Tam. Little we know
Of them; and nothing of their dire offence.

Had. I meant not to displease, love; but my soul
Sometimes revolts, because I think thy nature
Shudders at him and yonder bloody rites.
How dreadful! when the world awakes to light,
And life, and gladness, and the jocund tide
Bounds in the veins of every happy creature,
Morning is ushered by a murdered victim,
Whose wasting members reek upon the air,
Polluting the pure firmament; the shades
Of evening scent of death; almost, the shrine
O'ershadowed by the holy Cherubim;
And where the clotted current from the altar
Mixes with Kedron, all its waves are gore.
Nay, nay, I grieve thee—'tis not for myself,
But that I fear these gloomy things oppress
Thy soul, and cloud its native sunshine.

Tam. [*In tears, clasping her hands.*]
Witness, ye Heavens! Eternal Father, witness! [server!
Blest God of Jacob! Maker! Friend! Pre-
That with my heart, my undivided soul,
I love, adore, and praise thy glorious name,
Confess thee Lord of all, believe thy Laws
Wise, just, and merciful, as they are true.
O Hadad, Hadad! you misconstrue much
The sadness that usurps me—'tis for thee
I grieve—for hopes that fade—for your lost soul,
And my lost happiness. [soul,

Had. O, say not so,
Beloved princess. Why distrust my faith?

Tam. Thou know'st, alas, my weakness; but remember,
I never, never will be thine, although
The feast, the blessing, and the song were past,
Though Absalom and David called me bride,
Till sure thou own'st, with truth, and love sincere,
The Lord Jehovah. [sincere,

Had. Leave me not—Hear, hear—
I do believe—I know that Being lives [know
Whom you adore. Ah! stay—by proofs I
Which Moses had not.

Tam. Prince, unclasp my hand. [*Exit.*

Had. Untwine thy fetters if thou canst.—
How sweet
To watch the struggling softness! It allays
The beating tempest of my thoughts, and flows
Like the nepenthe of elysium through me.
How exquisite! Like subtlest essences,
She fills the spirit! How the girdle clips
Her taper waist with its resplendent clasp!
Her bosom's silvery-swelling network yields
Ravishing glimpses, like sweet shade and moonshine
Checkering Astarte's statue—

ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

POETICAL.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

SENTIMENTAL, LYRICAL, AND LUDICROUS.

CONSISTING OF

ODES, SONNETS, NARRATIVES, &c.

§ 1. *L' Allegro.* MILTON.

HENCE, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn, [unholy;
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights
Find out some uncouth cell, [wings,
Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous
And the night-raven sings;
There, under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But come, thou goddess, fair and free,
In heav'n yclep'd Euphrosyne,
And by men heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth,
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore
Or whether (as some sages sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-Maying,
There on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,
Fill'd her with thee, a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair;
Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport, that wrinkled care derides
And Laughter holding both his sides:
Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe,
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
And, if I give thee honor due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her and live with thee,
In unreproved pleasures free;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing, startle the dull night,
From his watch-tow'r in the skies,
Till the dapple dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-brier or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine:
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn door,
Stoutly struts his dames before;
Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumb'ring morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill:
Some time walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great sun begins his state,
Rob'd in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
While the ploughman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milk-maid singing blithe,
And the mower whets his sithe,

And ev'ry shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
Whilst the landscape round it measures;
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains, on whose barren breast
The lab'ring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim, with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.
Tow'rs and battlements it sees,
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighb'ring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage-chimney smokes
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
Are at their savory dinner set
Of herbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses:
And then in haste her bow'r she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tann'd haycock in the mead.
Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd shade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday.
Till the live-long day-light fail;
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How fairy Mab the junkets eat;
She was pinch'd and pull'd, she said,
And he by friar's lanthorn led;
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat,
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When, in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn,
That ten day lab'rers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
And, stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength;
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whisp'ring winds soon lull'd asleep.
Tow'red cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit, or arms, while both contend
To win her grace whom all commend:
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask, and antique pageantry,
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running;
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regain'd Eurydice.
These delights, if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

§ 2. *Satan summons the fallen Angels.*
MILTON.

Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,
Said then the lost Arch-angel, this the seat
That we must change for Heav'n, this mourn-
ful gloom
For that celestial light? Be it so, since he
Who now is Sov'reign, can dispose and bid
What shall be right: farthest from him is best,
Whom reason hath equall'd, force hath made
supreme
Above his equals. Farewell, happy fields,
Where joy for ever dwells: Hail Horrors, hail
Infernal World, and thou profoundest Hell
Receive thy new possessor; one who brings
A mind not to be chang'd by place or time.
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heav'n of Hell, a hell of Heav'n.
What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be, all but less than he
Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at
least
We shall be free; th' Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign secure, and, in my choice,
To reign is worth ambition though in Hell:
Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heav'n.
But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
Th' associates and copartners of our loss,
Lie thus astonish'd on th' oblivious pool,
And call them not to share with us their part
In this unhappy mansion, or once more,
With rallied arms, to try what may be yet
Regain'd in Heav'n, or what more lost in
So Satan spake, and him Beelzebub [Hell?
Thus answer'd: Leader of those armies bright,
Which but the Omnipotent none could have
foil'd, [pledge
If once they hear that voice, their liveliest
Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft
In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge

Of battle when it rag'd, in all assaults
Their surest signal, they will soon resume
New courage, and revive; though now they lie
Grovelling and prostrate on yon lake of fire,
As we ere while, astounded and amaz'd;
No wonder, fall'n such a pernicious height.
He scarce had ceas'd, when the superior Fiend [shield,
Was moving tow'rd the shore; his pond'rous
Ethereal temper, massy, large and round,
Behind him cast; the broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening from the top of Fesole,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers or mountains on her spotty globe.
His spear, to equal which the tallest pine,
Hewn on Norwegian hills to be the mast
Of some great admiral, were but a wand,
He walk'd with to support uneasy steps
Over the burning marle, not like those steps
On Heaven's azure; and the torrid clime
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire;
Nathless he so endur'd, till on the beach
Of that inflamed sea he stood, and call'd
His legions, angel forms, who lay entranc'd
Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where th' Etrurian shades
High over-arch'd embow'r; or scatter'd sedge
Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion arm'd
Hath vex'd the Red Sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew
Busiris and his Memphian chivalry,
While with perfidious hatred they pursued
The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld
From the safe shore their floating carcasses
And broken chariot wheels: so thick bestrown,
Abject and lost lay these, covering the flood,
Under amazement of their hideous change.
He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep
Of Hell resounded. Princes, Potentates,
Warriors, the flow'r of Heav'n, once yours, now lost,
If such astonishment as this can seize
Eternal spirits; or have you chosen this place,
After the toil of battle, to repose
Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find
To slumber here, as in the vales of Heav'n?
Or in this abject posture have you sworn
To adore the Conqueror? who now beholds
Cherub and seraph rolling in the flood
With scatter'd arms and ensigns, till anon
His swift pursuers from Heav'n gates discern
Th' advantage, and descending tread us down
Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf.
Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen! [sprung
They heard, and were abash'd; and up they
Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch
On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,
Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.
Nor did they not perceive the evil plight
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;
Yet to their General's voice they soon obey'd,
Innumerable. As when the potent rod
Of Amram's son, in Egypt's evil day,
Wav'd round the coast, up call'd a pitchy cloud
Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,
That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
Like night, and darken'd all the land of Nile:
So numberless were those bad angels seen,
Hovering on wing under the cope of Hell,
'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires;
Till, at a signal giv'n, th' uplifted spear
Of their great Sultan waving to direct
Their course, in even balance down they light
On the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain;
A multitude, like which the populous North
Pour'd never from her frozen loins, to pass
Rhene or the Danaw, when her barb'rous sons
Came like a deluge on the South, and spread
Beneath Gibraltar to the Lybian sands.
Forthwith from every squadron and each band
The heads and leaders thither haste, where stood [forms
Their great Commander; godlike shapes and
Excelling human, princely dignities, [thrones;
And powers that erst in Heaven sat on
Though of their names in heav'nly records
Be no memorial, blotted out and ras'd [now
By their rebellion from the books of Life.
Nor had they yet among the sons of Eve
Got them new names, till wand'ring o'er the earth, [of man,
Through God's high suff'rance for the trial
By falsities and lies the greatest part
Of mankind they corrupted to forsake
God their Creator, and th' invisible
Glory of him that made them to transform
Oft to the image of a brute, adorn'd
With gay religions full of pomp and gold,
And devils to adore for deities; [names,
Then were they known to men by various
And various idols through the heathen world.

§ 3. *Satan marshals the fallen Angels.*
MILTON.

ALL these and more came flocking; but with looks [pear'd
Downcast and dampt, yet such wherein ap-
Obscure some glimpse of joy, to have found their chief [lost
Not in despair, to have found themselves not
In loss itself; which on his countenance cast
Like doubtful hue: but he his wonted pride
Soon recollecting, with high words that bore
Semblance of worth, not substance, gently rais'd [fears.
Their fainting courage, and dispell'd their
Then strait commands, that at the warlike sound
Of trumpets loud and clarions be uprear'd
His mighty standard; that proud honor claim'd
Azazel as his right, a cherub tall; [furl'd
Who forthwith from the glittering staff un-
Th' imperial ensign, which full high advanc'd
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,
With gems and golden lustre rich emblaz'd,

Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds:
At which the universal host up sent
A shout that tore Hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
All in a moment through the gloom were seen
Ten thousand banners rise into the air
With orient colors waving: with them rose
A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms
Appear'd, and serried shields in thick array
Of depth immeasurable: anon they move
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders: such as rais'd
To height of noblest temper heroes old
Arming to battle; and instead of rage
Deliberate valor breath'd, firm and unmov'd
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat;
Nor wanting pow'r to mitigate and swage
With solemn touches troubled thoughts, and chase [pain,
Anguish and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and
From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they,
Breathing united force, with fixed thought
Mov'd on in silence to soft pipes that charm'd
Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil; and now
Advanc'd in view, they stand, a horrid front
Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise
Of warriors old with order'd spear and shield,
Awaiting what command their mighty chief
Had to impose; he through the armed files
Darts his experienc'd eye, and soon traverse
The whole battalion views, their order due,
Their visages and stature, as of Gods;
Their number last he sums. And now his heart [strength
Distends with pride, and hard'ning in his
Glories: for never since created man
Met such embodied force, as nam'd with these
Could merit more than that small infantry
Warr'd on by cranes; though all the giant brood
Of Phlegra with th' heroic race were join'd
That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side
Mix'd with auxiliar Gods; and what resounds
In fable or romance of Uther's son,
Begirt with British and Armoric knights;
And all who since, baptiz'd or infidel,
Jousted in Aspramont or Montalban,
Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisond,
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric's shore,
When Charlemain, with all his peerage, fell
By Fontarabia. Thus far these beyond
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observ'd
Their dread commander: he above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower; his form had not yet lost
All her original brightness, nor appear'd
Less than Arch-angel ruin'd, and th' excess
Of glory obscur'd; as when the sun new risen
Looks through the horizontal misty air
Shorn of his beams, or from behind the moon
In dim eclipse disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. Darken'd so, yet shone
Above them all th' Arch-angel; but his face
Deep scars of thunder had entrench'd, and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride
Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but cast
Signs of remorse and passion to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather
(Far other once beheld in bliss) condemn'd
For ever now to have their lot in pain,
Millions of spirits for his fault amerc'd
Of Heav'n, and from eternal splendors flung
For his revolt, yet faithful how they stood,
Their glory wither'd: as when Heaven's fire
Hath scath'd the forest oaks, or mountain pines, [bare,
With singed top their stately growth, though
Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepar'd [bend
To speak; whereat their doubled ranks they
From wing to wing, and half inclose him round
With all his peers: attention held them mute.
Thrice he essay'd, and thrice in spite of scorn,
Tears such as angels weep, burst forth: at last
Words, interwove with sighs, found out their way.

O myriads of immortal spirits! O powers
Matchless, but with th' Almighty, and that strife
Was not inglorious, though th' event was dire,
As this place testifies, and this dire change,
Hateful to utter: but what pow'r of mind
Foreseeing or presaging, from the depth
Of knowledge past or present, could have fear'd,
How such united force of Gods, how such
As stood like these, could ever know repulse?
For who can yet believe, though after loss,
That all these puissant legions, whose exile
Hath emptied Heav'n, shall fail to re-ascend,
Self-raised, and repossess their native seat?
For me be witness all the host of Heaven,
If counsels different, or danger shunn'd
By me, have lost our hopes. But he who reigns
Monarch in Heav'n, till then as one secure
Sat on his throne, upheld by old repute,
Consent or custom, and his regal state [ceal'd,
Put forth at full; but still his strength con-
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall. [own,
Henceforth his might we know, and know our
So as not either to provoke, or dread
New war, provok'd; our better part remains
To work in close design, by fraud or guile,
What force effected not; that he no less
At length from us may find, who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe. [rife
Space may produce new worlds; whereof so
There went a fame in Heav'n, that he ere long
Intended to create, and therein plant
A generation, whom his choice regard
Should favor equal to the sons of Heav'n:
Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps
Our first eruption, thither or elsewhere:
For this infernal pit shall never hold

Celestial spirits in bondage, nor th' abyss
Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts
Full council must mature: peace is despair'd,
For who can think submission? War then, war,
Open or understood, must be resolv'd.
He spake: and to confirm his words, out flew
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty cherubim; the sudden blaze
Far round illumin'd Hell: highly they rag'd
Against the Highest, and fierce with grasped arms
Clash'd on their sounding shields the din of war,
Hurling defiance tow'rd the vault of Heav'n.

§ 4. *Pandemonium.* MILTON.

THERE stood a hill not far, whose grisly top
Belch'd fire and rolling smoke; the rest entire
Shone with a glossy scurf, undoubted sign
That in his womb was hid metallic ore,
The work of sulphur. Thither wing'd with speed
A numerous brigade hasten'd: as when bands
Of pioneers, with spade and pick-axe arm'd,
Forerun the royal camp, to trench a field,
Or cast a rampart. Mammon led them on,
Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
From Heav'n, for ev'n in Heav'n his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of Heav'n's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught divine, or holy else enjoy'd
In vision beatific: by him first
Men also, and by his suggestion taught,
Ransack'd the centre, and with impious hands
Rifled the bowels of their mother Earth
For treasures better hid. Soon had his crew
Open'd into the hill a spacious wound,
And digg'd out ribs of gold. Let none admire
That riches grow in Hell; that soil may best
Deserve the precious bane. And here let those
Who boast in mortal things, and wond'ring tell
Of Babel, and the works of Memphian kings,
Learn how their greatest monuments of fame
And strength and art are easily out-done
By spirits reprobate, and in an hour
What in an age they with incessant toil,
And hands innumerable scarce perform.
Nigh on the plain in many cells prepar'd,
That underneath had veins of liquid fire
Sluic'd from the lake, a second multitude
With wondrous art founded the massy ore,
Sev'ring each kind, and scumm'd the bullion dross;
A third as soon had form'd within the ground
A various mould, and from the boiling cells,
By strange conveyance, fill'd each hollow nook,
As in an organ from one blast of wind
To many a row of pipes the sound-board breathes.
Anon out of the earth a fabric huge
Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet,
Built like a temple, where pilasters round
Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
With golden architrave; nor did there want
Cornice or frieze, with bossy sculptures graven;
The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon,
Nor great Alcairo such magnificence
Equall'd in all their glories, to enshrine
Belus or Serapis their gods, or seat
Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove
In wealth and luxury. Th' ascending pile
Stood fix'd her stately height, and straight the doors
Opening their brazen folds, discover wide
Within her ample spaces o'er the smooth
And level pavement: from the arched roof
Pendent by subtle magic, many a row
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
With Naphtha and Asphaltus, yielded light
As from a sky. The hasty multitude
Admiring enter'd, and the work some praise,
And some the Architect: his hand was known
In Heav'n by many a towered structure high,
Where sceptre'd angels held their residence,
And sat as princes, whom the supreme King
Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,
Each in his hierarchy, the orders bright.
Nor was his name unheard or unador'd
In ancient Greece; and in Ausonian land
Men call'd him Mulciber; and how he fell
From Heav'n they fabled, thrown by angry Jove
Sheer o'er the crystal battlements: from morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A summer's day; and with the setting sun
Dropt from the zenith, like a falling star,
On Lemnos th' Ægean isle: thus they relate,
Erring; for he with this rebellious rout
Fell long before; nor aught avail'd him now
T' have built in Heav'n high tow'rs; nor did he 'scape
By all his engines, but was headlong sent,
With his industrious crew, to build in hell.

§ 5. *Address to Light.* MILTON.

HAIL holy Light, offspring of Heav'n first
Or of th' eternal coeternal beam, [born,
May I express thee, unblam'd? Since God is light,
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
Or hear'st thou rather, pure ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the sun,
Before the Heav'ns thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite.
Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
Escap'd the Stygian pool, though long detain'd
In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight
Through utter and through middle darkness borne
With other notes than to th' Orphean lyre
I sung of Chaos and eternal Night,
Taught by the heav'nly Muse to venture down
The dark descent, and up to reascend
Through hard and rare: thee I revisit safe,

And feel thy sov'reign vital lamp; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt,
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flow'ry brooks beneath,
That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget
Those other two equall'd with me in fate,
So were I equall'd with them in renown,
Blind Thamyris and blind Mæonides,
And Tiresias and Phineus, prophets old:
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers, as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of Knowledge fair
Presented with a universal blank
Of Nature's works to me expung'd and rais'd,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
So much the rather thou, celestial Light
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

§ 6. *Satan's Address to the Sun.* MILTON.

O THOU that with surpassing glory crown'd,
Look'st from thy sole dominion, like the God
Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminish'd heads; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere;
Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,
Warring in Heav'n against Heav'n's matchless King;
Ah wherefore! he deserv'd no such return
From me, whom he created what I was
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none; nor was his service hard.
What could be less than to afford him praise,
The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks,
How due! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,
And wrought but malice; lifted up so high,
I disdain'd subjection, and thought one step higher
Would set me high'st, and in a moment quit
The debt immense of endless gratitude,
So burdensome still paying, still to owe,
Forgetful what from him I still receiv'd,
And understood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharg'd; what burden then?
O had his pow'rful destiny ordain'd
Me some inferior Angel, I had stood
Then happy; no unbounded hope had rais'd
Ambition. Yet, why not? some other power
As great might have aspir'd, and me, though mean,
Drawn to his part; but other pow'rs as great
Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.
Hadst thou the same free will and pow'r to stand? [t' accuse,
Thou hadst; whom hast thou then, or what,
But Heav'n's free love dealt equally to all?
Be then his love accurs'd, since love or hate,
To me alike, it deals eternal woe.
Nay curs'd be thou; since against his thy will
Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
Me miserable! which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell;
And in the lowest deep a lower deep
Still threat'ning to devour me opens wide,
To which the hell I suffer seems a Heav'n.
O then at last relent: is there no place
Left for repentance, none for pardon left?
None left but by submission; and that word
Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
Among the Sp'rits beneath, whom I seduc'd
With other promises and other vaunts
Than to submit, boasting I could subdue
Th' Omnipotent. Ah me, they little know
How dearly I abide that boast so vain,
Under what torments inwardly I groan,
While they adore me on the throne of hell,
With diadem and sceptre high advanc'd,
The lower still I fall, only supreme
In misery; such joy ambition finds.
But say I could repent, and could obtain
By act of grace my former state; how soon
Would height recal high thoughts, how soon unsay
What feign'd submission swore? ease would recant
Vows made in pain, as violent and void.
For never can true reconcilement grow,
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd so deep;
Which would but lead me to a worse relapse
And heavier fall: so should I purchase dear
Short intermission bought with double smart.
This knows my punisher; therefore as far
From granting he, as I from begging peace:
All hope excluded thus, behold instead
Of us out-cast, exil'd, his new delight,
Mankind created, and for him this world.
So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,
Farewell remorse: all good to me is lost;
Evil be thou my good; by thee at least
Divided empire with Heav'n's King I hold,
By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign;
As man ere long, and this new world, shall know.

§ 7. *Satan's Entrance into Paradise.* MILTON.

So on he fares, and to the border comes
Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,
Now nearer, crowns with her inclosure green,
As with a rural mound, the champain head
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
Access deny'd; and over-head up grew
Insuperable height of loftiest shade,
Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
A sylvan scene; and as the ranks ascend
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops
The verd'rous wall of Paradise up sprung:
Which to our general sire gave prospect large
Into his nether empire neighb'ring round.
And higher than that wall a circling row
Of goodliest trees, loaden with fairest fruit,
Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue,
Appear'd, with gay enamel'd colors mix'd:
On which the sun more glad impress'd his beams
Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
When God hath show'r'd the earth; so lovely seem'd
That landskip: and of pure, now purer air
Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
All sadness but despair: now gentle gales,
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole [sail
Those balmy spoils. As when to them who
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds blow
Sabean odors from the spicy shore
Of Araby the blest; with such delay
Well pleas'd they slack their course, and many a league, [smiles.
Cheer'd with the grateful smell, old Ocean

§ 8. *Eve's Account of herself.* MILTON.

To whom thus Eve replied. O thou for whom
And from whom I was form'd, flesh of thy flesh,
And without whom am to no end, my guide
And head, what thou hast said is just and
For we to him indeed all praises owe, [right:
And daily thanks; I chiefly, who enjoy
So far the happier lot, enjoying thee
Pre-eminent by so much odds, while thou
Like consort to thyself canst no where find.
That day I oft remember, when from sleep
I first awak'd, and found myself repos'd
Under a shade on flow'rs, much wond'ring where [and how:
And what I was; whence thither brought,
Not distant far from thence a murm'ring sound
Of waters issued from a cave, and spread
Into a liquid plain, then stood unmov'd
Pure as th' expanse of Heav'n; I thither went
With unexperienc'd thought, and laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky.
As I bent down to look, just opposite
A shape within the wat'ry gleam appear'd,
Bending to look on me: I started back,
It started back; but pleas'd I soon return'd;
Pleas'd it return'd as soon, with answ'ring looks
Of sympathy and love; there I had fix'd
Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain desire,
Had not a voice thus warn'd me: What thou seest,
What there thou seest, fair creature, is thyself;
With thee it came and goes: but follow me,
And I will bring thee where no shadow stays
Thy coming and thy soft embraces, he
Whose image thou art; him thou shalt enjoy
Inseparably thine, to him shalt bear
Multitudes like thyself, and thence be call'd
Mother of human race. What could I do,
But follow strait, invisibly thus led?
Till I espied thee, fair indeed and tall,
Under a platane; yet methought less fair,
Less winning soft, less amiably mild,
Than that smooth wat'ry image: back I turn'd;
Thou following criedst aloud, Return, fair Eve; [thou art,
Whom fly'st thou? whom thou fly'st, of him
His flesh, his bone; to give thee being, I lent
Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,
Substantial life, to have thee by my side
Henceforth an individual solace dear;
Part of my soul I seek thee, and thee claim
My other half; with that thy gentle hand
Seiz'd mine; I yielded, and from that time see
How beauty is excell'd by manly grace
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.
So spake our general mother, and with eyes
Of conjugal attraction unreprov'd,
And meek surrender, half embracing lean'd
On our first father; half her swelling breast
Naked met his under the flowing gold
Of her loose tresses hid: he in delight
Both of her beauty and submissive charms
Smil'd with superior love, as Jupiter
On Juno smiles, when he impregns the clouds
That shed May flow'rs; and press'd her matron lip
With kisses pure.

§ 9. *Adam's Account of himself.* MILTON.

As new wak'd from soundest sleep
Soft on the flowery herb I found me laid
In balmy sweat, which with his beams the sun
Soon dry'd, and on the reeking moisture fed.
Strait toward Heav'n my wond'ring eyes I turn'd,
And gaz'd a while the ample sky, till rais'd
By quick instinctive motion up I sprung,
As thitherward endeavoring, and upright
Stood on my feet; about me round I saw
Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,
And liquid lapse of murm'ring streams; by these, [flew,
Creatures that liv'd and mov'd, and walk'd, or
Birds on the branches warbling; all things smil'd, [flow'd.
With fragrance and with joy my heart o'er-

Myself I then perus'd, and limb by limb [ran
Survey'd, and sometimes went, and sometimes
With supple joints, as lively vigor led :
But who I was, or where or from what cause,
Knew not ; to speak I try'd, and forthwith
spake ;
My tongue obey'd, and readily could name
Whate'er I saw. Thou Sun, said I, fair light,
And thou enlighten'd Earth, so fresh and gay,
Ye hills, and dales, ye rivers, woods, and
plains,
And ye that live and move, fair creatures tell,
Tell if ye saw, how came I thus, how here ;
Not of myself, by some great Maker then,
In goodness and in power pre-eminent ;
Tell me how I may know him, how adore
From whom I have that thus I move and live,
And feel that I am happier than I know.
While thus I call'd, and stray'd, I knew not
whither,
From where I first drew air, and first beheld
This happy light, when answer none return'd,
On a green shady bank profuse of flowers
Pensive I sat me down ; there gentle sleep
First found me, and with soft oppression seiz'd
My droused sense, untroubled, though I thought
I then was passing to my former state
Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve :
When suddenly stood at my head a dream,
Whose inward apparition gently mov'd
My fancy to believe I yet had being, [divine,
And liv'd : One came, methought of shape
And said, thy mansion wants thee, Adam, rise,
First man, of men innumerable ordain'd
First father, call'd by thee I come thy guide
To the garden of bliss, thy seat prepar'd.
So saying, by the hand he took me rais'd,
And over fields and waters, as in air
Smooth sliding without step, last led me up
A woody mountain, whose high top was plain,
A circuit wide, inclos'd, with goodliest trees
Planted, with walks, and bowers, that what I
saw [tree
Of earth before scarce pleasant seem'd. Each
Loaden with fairest fruit that hung to th' eye
Tempting, stirr'd in me sudden appetite
To pluck and eat ; whereat I wak'd and found
Before mine eyes all real, as the dream
Had lively shadow'd : here had new begun
My wand'ring, had not he who was my guide
Up hither, from among the trees appear'd
Presence divine. Rejoicing, but with awe,
In adoration at his feet I fell [I am,
Submiss : he rear'd me, and whom thou sought'st
Said mildly, author of all this thou seest
Above, or round about thee, or beneath.
This paradise I give thee, count it thine
To till and keep, and of the fruit to eat
Of every tree that in the garden grows,
Eat freely with glad heart ; for here no dearth :
But of the tree whose operation brings
Knowledge of good and ill, which I have set
The pledge of thy obedience and thy faith,
Amid the garden by the tree of life,
Remember what I warn thee, shun to taste,
And shun the bitter consequence : for know
The day thou eat'st thereof, my sole command
Transgress'd, inevitably thou shalt die,
From that day mortal, and this happy state
Shalt lose, expell'd from hence into a world
Of woe and sorrow.

§ 10. *Description of Greece—From Paradise Regained.* MILTON.

To whom the Fiend with fear abash'd re-
Be not so sore offended, Son of God, [ply'd :
Though sons of God both angels are and men,
If I to try whether in higher sort [pos'd
Than these thou bear'st that title, have pro-
What both from men and angels I receive,
Tetrarchs of fire, air, flood, and on the earth
Nations besides from all the quarter'd winds,
God of this world invok'd and world beneath ;
Who then thou art, whose coming is foretold
To me so fatal, me it most concerns.
The trial hath indamag'd thee no way ;
Rather more honor left and more esteem !
Me nought advantag'd, missing what I aim'd.
Therefore let pass, as they are transitory,
The kingdoms of this world ; I shall no more
Advise thee ; gain them as thou canst, or not.
And thou thyself seem'st otherwise inclin'd
Than to a worldly crown, addicted more
To contemplation and profound dispute,
As by that early action may be judg'd,
When slipping from thy mother's eye thou
went'st
Alone into the temple ; there wast found
Among the gravest Rabbies disputant
On points and questions fitting Moses' chair,
Teaching, not taught ; the childhood shows
the man,
As morning shows the day. Be famous then
By wisdom ; as thy empire must extend,
So let extend thy mind o'er all the world
In knowledge, all things in it comprehend :
All knowledge is not couch'd in Moses' law,
The Pentateuch, or what the Prophets wrote ;
The Gentiles also know, and write, and teach
To admiration, led by Nature's light ; [verse,
And with the Gentiles much thou must con-
Ruling them by persuasion as thou mean'st ;
Without their learning, how wilt thou with
them,
Or they with thee hold conversation meet ?
How wilt thou reason with them, how refute
Their idolisms, traditions, paradoxes ?
Error by his own arms is best evinc'd.
Look once more, ere we leave this specular
mount,
Westward, much nearer by southwest, behold
Where on the Ægean shore a city stands
Built nobly, pure the air, and light the soil,
Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
And eloquence, native to famous wits
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,
City or suburban, studious walks and shades ;
See there the olive grove of Academe,
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird [long ;
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer

There flowery hill Hymettus with the sound
Of bees' industrious murmur oft invites
To studious musing; there Ilissus rolls [view
His whisp'ring stream: within the walls then
The schools of ancient sages; his who bred
Great Alexander to subdue the world,
Lyceum there, and painted Stoa next;
There shalt thou hear and learn the secret power
Of harmony in tones and numbers hit
By voice or hand, and various-measured verse,
Æolian charms and Dorian lyric odes, [sung,
And his who gave them breath, but higher
Blind Melesigenes, thence Homer call'd,
Whose poem Phœbus challeng'd for his own.
Thence what the lofty grave tragedians taught
In Chorus or Iambic, teachers best
Of moral prudence, with delight receiv'd
In brief sententious precepts, while they treat
Of fate, and chance, and change in human life;
High actions, and high passions best describ- [ing:
Thence to the famous orators repair, [ancient,
Those whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce democratie,
Shook th' arsenal, and fulmin'd over Greece,
To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne:
To sage philosophy next lend thine ear,
From Heav'n descended to the low-roofft house
Of Socrates; see there his tenement,
Whom well inspir'd the oracle pronounc'd
Wisest of men; from whose mouth issued forth
Mellifluous streams that water'd all the schools
Of Academics old and new, with those
Surnam'd Peripatetics, and the sect
Epicurean, and the Stoic severe;
These here revolve, or, as thou lik'st, at home,
Till time mature thee to a kingdom's weight;
These rules will render thee a king complete
Within thyself, much more with empire join'd.

§ 11. *Courage derived to Virtue from Trust in Providence.* MILTON.

THIS way the noise was, if mine ear be true,
My best guide now; methought it was the
Of riot and ill-managed merriment, [sound
Such as the jocund flute, or gamesome pipe
Stirs up among the loose unletter'd hinds,
When for their teeming flocks, and granges full, [Pan,
In wanton dance they praise the bounteous
And thank the Gods amiss. I should be loth
To meet the rudeness and swill'd insolence
Of such late wassailers; yet oh, where else
Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
In the blind mazes of this tangled wood?
My brothers, when they saw me wearied out
With this long way, resolving here to lodge
Under the spreading favor of these pines,
Stept, as they said, to the next thicket side
To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit
As the kind hospitable woods provide.
They left me then, when the grey hooded even,
Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed, [wain.
Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus'
But where they are, and why they came not back,
Is now the labor of my thought; 'tis likeliest
They had engag'd their wand'ring steps too far,
And envious darkness, ere they could return,
Had stole them from me; else, O thievish night,
Why wouldst thou, but for some felonious end,
In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars,
That nature hung in Heav'n, and fill'd their
With everlasting oil, to give due light [lamps
To the misled and lonely traveller?
This is the place, as well as I may guess,
Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth
Was rife and perfect in my list'ning ear;
Yet nought but single darkness do I find.
What might this be? A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory, [dire,
Of calling shapes, and beck'ning shadows
And airy tongues, that syllable men's names
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.
These thoughts may startle well, but not astound
The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
By a strong siding champion, Conscience.
O welcome pure-ey'd faith, white-handed hope,
Thou hovering angel, girt with golden wings,
And thou, unblemish'd form of chastity;
I see ye visibly, and now believe [things ill
That he, the Supreme Good, t' whom all
Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
Would send a glist'ring guardian, if need were
To keep my life and honor unassail'd.
Was I deceiv'd, or did a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
I did not err; there does a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
And casts a gleam over this tufted grove.
I cannot halloo to my brothers, but
Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest
I 'll venture; for my new enliven'd spirits
Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

SONG.

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen
Within thy airy shell,
By slow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet embroider'd vale,
Where the love-born nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well;
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
That likest thy Narcissus are?
O if thou have
Hid them in some flow'ry cave,
Tell me but where,
Sweet queen of Parly, daughter of the sphere,
So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all Heav'n's harmonies.

Comus. Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air

To testify his hidden residence:
How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence, through the empty vaulted night,
At every fall smoothing the raven down
Of darkness till it smil'd! I have oft heard
My mother Circe, with the Sirens three,
Amidst the flow'ry-kirtled Naiades
Culling their potent herbs, and baleful drugs,
Who, as they sung, would take the prison'd
And lap it in Elysium; Scylla wept, [soul,
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause:
Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,
And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself;
But such a sacred and home-felt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
I never heard till now. I 'll speak to her,
And she shall be my queen. Hail foreign
wonder, [breed,
Whom certain these rough shades did never
Unless the Goddess that in rural shrine [song
Dwell'st here with Pan, or Sylvan, by blest
Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog [wood.
To touch the prosp'rous growth of this tall
Lady. Nay, gentle shepherd, ill is lost that
That is address'd to unattending ears; [praise
Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
How to regain my sever'd company,
Compell'd me to awake the courteous echo
To give me answer from her mossy couch.
Comus. What chance, good lady, hath be-
reft you thus? [rinth.
Lady. Dim darkness and this leafy laby-
Comus. Could that divide you from near-
ushering guides?
Lady. They left me weary on a grassy turf.
Comus. By falsehood, or discourtesy, or
why? [friendly spring.
Lady. To seek i' th' valley some cool
Comus. And left your fair side all unguard-
ed, lady? [quick return.
Lady. They were but twain, and purpos'd
Comus. Perhaps forestalling night prevent-
ed them.
Lady. How easy my misfortune is to hit!
Comus. Imports their loss, besides the pre-
sent need? [lose.
Lady. No less than if I should my brothers
Comus. Were they of manly prime, or
youthful bloom? [lips.
Lady. As smooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd
Comus. Two such I saw, what time the
labor'd ox
In his loose traces from the furrow came,
And the swinkt hedger at his supper sat;
I saw them under a green mantling vine
That crawls along the side of yon small hill,
Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots;
Their port was more than human, as they
I took it for a faëry vision [stood;
Of some gay creatures of the element,
That in the colors of the rainbow live, [struck,
And play i' th' plighted clouds. I was awe-
And as I pass'd I worshipt; if those you seek,
It were a journey like the path to Heav'n,
To help you find them.
Lady. Gentle villager, [place?
What readiest way would bring me to the
Comus. Due west it rises from this shrubby
point. [suppose,
Lady. To find out that, good shepherd, I
In such a scant allowance of star-light,
Would over-task the best land-pilot's art,
Without the sure guess of well practis'd feet.
Comus. I know each lane, and every alley
green,
Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild wood,
And every bosky bourn from side to side,
My daily walks and ancient neighborhood;
And if your stray-attendants be yet lodg'd,
Or shroud within these limits, I shall know
Ere morrow wake, or the low-roosted lark
From her thatched pallet rouse; if otherwise
I can conduct you, lady, to a low
But loyal cottage, where you may be safe
Till further quest.
Lady. Shepherd, I take thy word,
And trust thy honest offer'd courtesy,
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
With smoky rafters, than in tap'stry halls
And courts of princes, where it first was nam'd,
And yet is most pretended: in a place
Less warranted than this, or less secure,
I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.
Eye me, blest Providence, and square my trial
To my proportion'd strength. Shepherd, lead
on.

§ 12. *Power of Chastity.* MILTON.

E. Bro. UNMUFFLE ye faint stars, and
thou fair moon,
That wont'st to love the traveller's benizon,
Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,
And disinherit Chaos, that reigns here
In double night of darkness and of shades;
Or if your influence be quite damm'd up
With black usurping mists, some gentle taper,
Though a rush candle from the wicker hole
Of some clay habitation, visit us
With thy long levell'd rule of streaming light,
And thou shalt be our star of Arcady,
Or Tyrian Cynosure.
Y. Bro. Or if our eyes
Be barr'd that happiness, might we but hear
The folded flocks penn'd in their wattled cotes,
Or sound of past'ral reed with oaten stops,
Or whistle from the lodge, or village cock
Count the night watches to his feathery dames,
'Twould be some solace yet, some little cheer-
ing
In this close dungeon of innumerous boughs.
But O that hapless virgin, our lost sister, [her,
Where may she wander now, whither betake
From the chill dew, amongst rude burs and
thistles?
Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now,
Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm
Leans her unpillow'd head fraught with sad
fears.
What if in wild amazement and affright,

Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp
Of savage hunger, or of savage heat? [quisite
E. Bro. Peace, brother, be not over-ex-
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils:
For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
What need a man forestall his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would most avoid?
Or if they be but false alarms of fear,
How bitter is such self-delusion?
I do not think my sister so to seek,
Or so unprincipled in Virtue's book, [ever,
And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms
As that the single want of light and noise
(Not being in danger, as I trust she is not)
Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,
And put them into misbecoming plight.
Virtue could see to do what virtue would
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
Were in the flat sea sunk. And wisdom's self
Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,
Where with her best nurse Contemplation
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her [wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.
He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit i' th' centre, and enjoy bright day:
But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun:
Himself is his own dungeon.
Y. Bro. 'Tis most true,
That musing meditation most affects
The pensive secresy of desert cell,
Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,
And sits as safe as in a senate house;
For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,
His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,
Or do his grey hairs any violence?
But beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree
Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
Of dragon-watch, with uninchanted eye,
To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit
From the rash hand of bold incontinence.
You may as well spread out the unsunn'd heaps
Of misers' treasure by an outlaw's den,
And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope
Danger will wink on opportunity,
And let a single helpless maiden pass
Uninjur'd in this wild surrounding waste.
Of night or loneliness it recks me not;
I fear the dread events that dog them both,
Lest some ill-greeting touch attempt the person
Of our unowned sister.
E. Bro. I do not, brother,
Infer, as if I thought my sister's state
Secure without all doubt, or controversy.
Yet where an equal poise of hope and fear
Does arbitrate th' event, my nature is
That I incline to hope rather than fear,
And gladly banish squint suspicion.
My sister is not so defenceless left
As you imagine; she has a hidden strength
Which you remember not.
Y. Bro. What hidden strength,
Unless the strength of Heav'n, if you mean that? [strength.
E. Bro. I mean that too, but yet a hidden
Which if Heav'n gave it, may be term'd her
'Tis chastity, my brother, chastity: [own;
She that has that, is clad in complete steel,
And like a quiver'd nymph with arrows keen
May trace huge forests, and unharbor'd heaths,
Infamous hills and sandy perilous wilds,
Where, through the sacred rays of chastity,
No savage fierce, bandit, or mountaineer
Will dare to soil her virgin purity:
Yea there, where very desolation dwells,
By grots, and caverns shagg'd with horrid shades,
She may pass on with unblench'd majesty,
Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.
Some say no evil thing that walks by night,
In fog or fire, by lake or moorish fen,
Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost,
That breaks his magic chains at curfeu time,
No goblin, or swart fairy of the mine
Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.
Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
Antiquity from the old schools of Greece
To testify the arms of chastity?
Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,
Fair silver-shafted queen, for ever chaste,
Wherewith she tam'd the brinded lioness
And spotted mountain pard, but set at nought
The frivolous bolt of Cupid; Gods and men
Fear'd her stern frown, and she was Queen o' th' Woods.
What was that snaky-headed Gorgon shield
That wise Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin,
Wherewith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd
But rigid looks of chaste austerity, [stone,
And noble grace that dash'd brute violence
With sudden adoration, and blank awe?
So dear to Heav'n is saintly chastity,
That when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
And in clear dream, and solemn vision,
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
Till oft converse with heav'nly habitants
Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,
Till all be made immortal: but when lust
By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul
But most by lewd and lavish act of sin, [talk,
Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
The soul grows clotted by contagion,
Imbodies and imbrutes, till she quite lose
The divine property of her first being.
Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp,
Oft seen in charnel vaults and sepulchres,
Ling'ring and sitting by a new-made grave,
As loth to leave the body that it lov'd,
And link'd itself by carnal sensuality
To a degenerate and degraded state. [sophy!
Y. Bro. How charming is divine philo-
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute.

And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.

§ 13. *Samson Agonistes.* MILTON.

Samson. [*Attendant leading him.*]
A LITTLE onward lend thy guiding hand
To these dark steps, a little further on;
For yonder bank hath choice of sun or shade:
There I am wont to sit, when any chance
Relieves me from my task of servile toil,
Daily in the common prison else enjoin'd me,
Where I, a prisoner chain'd, scarce freely draw
The air imprison'd also, close and damp,
Unwholesome draught: but here I feel amends,
The breath of Heaven fresh blowing, pure and sweet [respire.—
With day-spring born; here leave me to
This day a solemn feast the people hold
To Dagon their sea-idol, and forbid
Laborious works; unwillingly this rest
Their superstition yields me; hence with leave
Retiring from the popular noise, I seek
This unfrequented place to find some ease,
Ease to the body some, none to the mind
From restless thoughts, that, like a deadly swarm
Of hornets arm'd, no sooner found alone,
But rush upon me thronging, and present
Times past, what once I was, and what am now. [told
O, wherefore was my birth from Heaven fore-
Twice by an angel, who at last in sight
Of both my parents all in flames ascended
From off the altar, where an offering burn'd,
As in a fiery column charioting [act
His God-like presence, and from some great
Or benefit reveal'd to Abraham's race?
Why was my breeding order'd and prescrib'd
As of a person separate to God,
Design'd for great exploits; if I must die
Betray'd, captiv'd, and both my eyes put out,
Made of my enemies the scorn and gaze;
To grind in brazen fetters under task
With this Heaven-gifted strength? O glorious strength,
Put to the labor of a beast, debas'd
Lower than bond-slave! Promise was that I
Should Israel from Philistian yoke deliver;
Ask for this great deliverer now, and find him
Eyeless in Gaza at the mill with slaves,
Himself in bonds under Philistian yoke:
Yet stay, let me not rashly call in doubt
Divine prediction; what if all foretold [fault,
Had been fulfill'd but through mine own de-
Whom have I to complain of but myself? [me,
Who this high gift of strength committed to
In what part lodg'd, how easily bereft me,
Under the seal of silence could not keep,
But weakly to a woman must reveal it,
O'ercome with importunity and tears.
O impotence of mind, in body strong!
But what is strength without a double share
Of wisdom? vast, unwieldy, burdensome,
Proudly secure, yet liable to fall
By weakest subtleties, not made to rule
But to subserve where wisdom bears command!
God, when he gave me strength, to show withal
How slight the gift was, hung it in my hair.
But peace, I must not quarrel with the will
Of highest dispensation, which herein
Haply had ends above my reach to know:
Suffices that to me strength is my bane,
And proves the source of all my miseries;
So many, and so huge, that each apart
Would ask a life to wail; but chief of all,
O loss of sight, of thee I most complain!
Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,
Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age!
Light, the prime work of God, to me is extinct,
And all her various objects of delight [eas'd,
Annull'd, which might in part my grief have
Inferior to the vilest now become
Of man or worm; the vilest here excel me;
They creep, yet see; I, dark in light, expos'd
To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong,
Within doors, or without, still as a fool,
In power of others, never in my own; [half.
Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than
O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse
Without all hope of day!
O first created Beam, and thou great Word,
"Let there be light, and light was over all;"
Why am I thus bereav'd thy prime decree!
The Sun to me is dark
And silent as the Moon,
When she deserts the night,
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.
Since light so necessary is to life,
And almost life itself, if it be true
That light is in the soul,
She all in every part; why was the sight
To such a tender ball as the eye confin'd,
So obvious and so easy to be quench'd?
And not, as feeling, through all parts diffus'd,
That she might look at will through every pore?
Then had I not been thus exil'd from light,
As in the land of darkness, yet in light,
To live a life half dead, a living death,
And buried; but, O yet more miserable!
Myself my sepulchre, a moving grave;
Buried, yet not exempt,
By privilege of death and burial
From worst of other evils, pains and wrongs;
But made hereby obnoxious more
To all the miseries of life,
Life in captivity
Among inhuman foes.
But who are these? for with joint pace I hear
The tread of many feet steering this way;
Perhaps my enemies, who come to stare
At my affliction, and perhaps to insult,
Their daily practice to afflict me more.

§ 14. *Powers of Body and Mind.* MILTON.

OH how comely it is, and how reviving
To the spirits of just men, long oppress'd,
When God into the hands of their deliverer
Puts invincible might,
To quell the mighty of the earth, th' oppressor,

The brute and boisterous force of violent men,
Hardy and industrious to support
Tyrannic power, but raging to pursue
The righteous, and all such as honor truth!
He all their ammunition
And feats of war defeats;
With plain heroic magnitude of mind,
And celestial vigor arm'd,
Their armories and magazines contemns,
Renders them useless, while
With winged expedition,
Swift as the lightning glance, he executes
His errand on the wicked, who, surpris'd,
Lose their defence, distracted and amaz'd.

§ 15. *Patience.* MILTON.

MANY are the sayings of the wise,
In ancient and in modern books inroll'd,
Extolling Patience as the truest fortitude;
And to the bearing well of all calamities,
All chances incident to man's frail life,
Consolatories writ [sought,
With studied argument, and much persuasion
Lenient of grief and anxious thought;
But with th' afflicted, in his pangs, their sound
Little prevails, or rather seems a tune [plaint;
Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his com-
Unless he feel within
Some source of consolation from above,
Secret refreshings, that repair his strength,
And fainting spirits uphold.

§ 16. *Spirits.* MILTON.

SPIRITS, when they please,
Can either sex assume, or both; so soft
And uncompounded is their essence pure;
Not tied or manacled with joint or limb,
Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,
Like cumbrous flesh; but in what shape they
choose,
Dilated or condens'd, bright or obscure,
Can execute their airy purposes,
And works of love or enmity fulfil.

§ 17. *Pain.* MILTON.

WHAT avails [with pain,
Valor or strength, though matchless, quell'd
Which all subdues, and make remiss the
hands
Of mightiest? Sense of pleasure we may well
Spare out of life, perhaps, and not repine;
But live content, which is the calmest life:
But pain is perfect misery, the worst
Of evils! and, excessive, overturns
All patience.

§ 18. *Hypocrisy.* MILTON.

NEITHER man nor angel can discern
Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone,
By his permissive will thro' heaven and earth:
And oft though Wisdom wake, Suspicion sleeps
At Wisdom's gate, and to Simplicity [ill
Resigns her charge, while Goodness thinks no
Where no ill seems.

§ 19. *On Shakspeare.* MILTON.

WHAT needs my Shakspeare for his honor'd
bones
The labor of an age in piled stones,
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
Under a starry pointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory! great heir of fame!
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy
name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a live-long monument. [art
For whilst to th' shame of slow-endeavoring
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
Then thou our fancy of itself bereaving, [ing;
Dost make us marble with too much conceiv-
And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

§ 20. *Song: on May Morning.* MILTON.

NOW the bright morning-star, day's har-
binger, [her
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with
The flow'ry May, who from her green lap
throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire!
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

§ 21. *Sonnet on his deceased Wife.*
MILTON.

METHOUGHT I saw my late espoused saint
Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,
Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband
gave, [and faint.
Rescued from death by force, though pale
Mine, as whom wash'd from spot of child-bed
Purification in the old law did save, [taint
And such, as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in heaven without restraint,
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind:
Her face was veil'd, yet to my fancied sight
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person
shin'd
So clear, as in no face with more delight.
But, oh! as to embrace me she inclin'd,
I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back my
night.

§ 22. *Sonnet to the Nightingale.* MILTON.

O NIGHTINGALE, that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost
fill, [May.
While the jolly hours lead on propitious
Thy liquid notes, that close the eye of day,
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
Portend success in love; oh if Jove's will
Have link'd that amorous pow'r to thy soft
lay,

Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
Foretel my hopeless doom in some grove nigh;
As thou from year to year hast sung too late
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why:
Whether the muse or love call thee his mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

§ 23. *Christmas Hymn.* MILTON.

IT was the winter wild,
While the Heaven-born child
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
Nature in awe to him,
Had doff'd her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathize:
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the Sun, her lusty paramour.

Only with speeches fair
She wooes the gentle air
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow;
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
The saintly veil of maiden white to throw;
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

But he, her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-ey'd Peace; [sliding
She, crown'd with olive green, came softly
Down through the turning sphere,
His ready harbinger, [viding;
With turtle wing the amorous clouds di-
And, waving wide her myrtle wand, [land.
She strikes an universal peace through sea and

No war, or battle's sound,
Was heard the world around:
The idle spear and shield were high up hung;
The hooked chariot stood
Unstain'd with hostile blood;
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng;
And kings sat still with aweful eye, [by.
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was

But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of light
His reign of peace upon the Earth began:
The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kist,
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave, [ed wave.
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charm-

The stars, with deep amaze,
Stand fix'd in stedfast gaze,
Bending one way their precious influence;
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer that often warn'd them thence;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow, [go.
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them

And, though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
The Sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame [need:
The new-enlightened world no more should
He saw a greater sun appear [could bear.
Than his bright throne, or burning axle-tree,

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or e'er the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;
Full little thought they then,
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep, [keep.
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger strook;
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took:
The air, such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

Nature that heard such sound,
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's seat, the aery region thrilling,
Now was almost won
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling;
She knew such harmony alone [union.
Could hold all Heaven and Earth in happier

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light, [array'd;
That with long beams the shamefac'd night
The helmed Cherubim,
And sworded Seraphim, [play'd,
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings dis-
Harping in loud and solemn quire, [Heir.
With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's new-born

Such music (as 'tis said)
Before was never made,
But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set,
And the well-balanc'd world on hinges hung;
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres,
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time; [blow;
And let the base of Heaven's deep organ
And with your ninefold harmony,
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

For, if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long, [gold;
Time will run back, and fetch the age of
And speckled Vanity
Will sicken soon and die, [mould;
And leprous Sin will melt from earthly
And Hell itself will pass away, [day.
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering

Yea, Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,

Orb'd in a rainbow; and, like glories wear-
Mercy will sit between, [ing,
Thron'd in celestial sheen, [steering;
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down
And Heaven, as at some festival, [hall.
Will open wide the gates of her high palace

But wisest Fate says no,
This must not yet be so,
The babe yet lies in smiling infancy,
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss;
So both himself and us to glorify:
Yet first, to those ychain'd in sleep,
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder
through the deep;

With such a horrid clang
As on mount Sinai rang, [outbrake:
While the red fire and smouldering clouds
The aged Earth aghast
With terror of that blast,
Shall from the surface to the centre shake;
When, at the world's last session, [his throne.
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread

And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is,
But now begins; for, from this happy day,
The old Dragon, under ground
In straiter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurped sway;
And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swindges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

The oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum [ceiving.
Runs through the arched roof in words de-
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine, [leaving.
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos
No nightly trance, or breathed spell, [cell.
Inspires the pale-ey'd priests from the prophetic

The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;
From haunted spring and dale,
Edg'd with poplar pale,
The parting genius is with sighing sent;
With flower-inwoven tresses torn
The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thick-
ets mourn.

In consecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth, [night plaint;
The Lars, and Lemures, moan with mid-
In urns, and altars round,
A drear and dying sound [quaint;
Affrights the Flamens at their service
And the chill marble seems to sweat, [seat.
While each peculiar Power foregoes his wonted

Peor and Baälim
Forsake their temples dim,
With that twice-batter'd god of Palestine;
And mooned Ashtaroth,
Heaven's queen and mother both,
Now sits not girt with taper's holy shine;
The Libyc Hammon shrinks his horn,
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Tham-
muz mourn.

And sullen Moloch, fled,
Hath left in shadows dread
His burning idol all of blackest hue;
In vain with cymbals' ring
They call the grisly king,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue:
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.

Nor is Osiris seen
In Memphian grove or green, [ings loud:
Trampling the unshower'd grass with low-
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest; [shroud;
Nought but profoundest Hell can be his
In vain with timbrell'd anthems dark [ark.
The sable-stoled sorcerers bear his worshipt

He feels from Judah's land
The dreaded infant's hand,
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn;
Nor all the gods beside
Longer dare abide,
Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine:
Our babe, to show his Godhead true,
Can in his swaddling bands control the dam-
ned crew.

So, when the Sun in bed,
Curtain'd with cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale
Troop to the infernal jail,
Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave;
And the yellow-skirted Fayes [lov'd maze.
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-

But see, the Virgin blest
Hath laid her babe to rest; [ending:
Time is, our tedious song should here have
Heaven's youngest-teemed star
Hath fix'd her polish'd car, [tending.
Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp at-
And all about the courtly stable
Bright-harness'd angels sit in order serviceable.

§ 24. *Ode, to the Saviour.* MILMAN.

——FOR thou wert born of woman! thou
didst come,
Oh Holiest! to this world of sin and gloom,
Not in thy dread omnipotent array;
And not by thunders strew'd
Was thy tempestuous road;
Nor indignation burnt before thee on thy way.
But thee, a soft and naked child,
Thy mother undefil'd
In the rude manger laid to rest
From off her virgin breast.

The heavens were not commanded to pre-
A gorgeous canopy of golden air; [pare
Nor stoop'd their lamps th' enthroned fires
A single silent star [on high:
Came wandering from afar, [sky;
Gliding uncheck'd and calm along the liquid

The Eastern sages leading on
As at a kingly throne,
To lay their gold and odors sweet
Before thy infant feet.

The Earth and Ocean were not hush'd to hear
Bright harmony from every starry sphere;
Nor at thy presence brake the voice of song
From all the cherub choirs,
And seraphs' burning lyres,
Pour'd thro' the host of heaven the charmed clouds along.
One angel-troop the strain began,
Of all the race of man
By simple shepherds heard alone,
That soft Hosanna's tone.

And when thou didst depart, no car of flame
To bear thee hence in lambent radiance came;
Nor visible angels mourn'd with drooping plumes:
Nor didst thou mount on high
From fatal Calvary [their tombs.
With all thy own redeem'd out bursting from
For thou didst bear away from earth
But one of human birth,
The dying felon by thy side, to be
In Paradise with thee.

Nor o'er thy cross the clouds of vengeance brake;
A little while the conscious earth did shake
At that foul deed by her fierce children done;
A few dim hours of day
The world in darkness lay;
Then bask'd in bright repose beneath the cloudless sun.
While thou didst sleep within the tomb,
Consenting to thy doom;
Ere yet the white-rob'd angel shone
Upon the sealed stone.

And when thou didst arise, thou didst not stand
With Devastation in thy red right hand,
Plaguing the guilty city's murtherous crew:
But thou didst haste to meet
Thy mother's coming feet, [few.
And bear the words of peace unto the faithful
Then calmly, slowly didst thou rise
Into thy native skies,
Thy human form dissolved on high
In its own radiancy.

VARIOUS DESCRIPTIONS FROM SPENSER.

§ 25. *Adonis's Garden.*

BUT were it not that Time their troubler is,
All that in this delightful garden grows
Should happy be, and have immortal bliss:
For here all plenty and all pleasure flowes,
And sweet love gentle fits emongst them throws,
Without fell rancour, or fond jealousie;
Frankly each paramour his leman knows,
Each bird his mate; ne any does envie
Their goodly merriment, and gay felicitie.
- - - - - - - -
Right in the middest of that paradise [top
There stood a stately mount, on whose round
A gloomy grove of myrtle trees did rise,
Whose shadie boughs sharp steele did never lop,
Nor wicked beasts their tender buds did crop:
But, like a girlond compassed the hight,
And from their fruitfull sides sweet gumes did drop, [dight,
That all the ground with precious dew be-
Threw forth most dainty odours, and most sweet delight!
And, in the thickest covert in that shade,
There was a pleasant arbour, not by art,
But of the trees own inclination made,
Which knitting their ranke branches part to part,
With wanton ivie-twine entail'd athwart,
And eglantine and caprisfole emong,
Fashion'd above within her inmost part,
That neither Phœbus' beams could through them throng, [wrong.
Nor Æolus' sharp blast could work them any
And all about grew every sort of flowre,
To which sad lovers were transform'd of yore;
Fresh Hyacinthus, Phœbus' paramoure,
And dearest love;
Foolish Narcisse, that likes the wat'ry shore;
Sad Aramanthus, made a flowre but late;
Sad Aramanthus, in whose purple gore
Meseemes I see Amintas' wretched fate,
To whom sweet poets verse hath given endless date.

§ 26. *Affections.*

THEN 'gan the Palmer thus: Most wretched man,
That to affections does the bridle lend:
In their beginning they are weak and wan,
But soon, thro' suffrance, growe to fearfull end;
Whiles they are weak, betimes with them contend: [growe,
For when they once to perfect strength do
Strong warres they make, and cruel batt'ry bend
'Gainst fort of reason, it to overthrowe:
Wrath, jealousy, grief, love, this 'squire have laid thus lowe.
Wrath, jealousy, grief, love, do thus expell:
Wrath is a fire, and jealousy a weed;
Grief is a flood, and love a monster fell;
The fire of sparke, the weed of little seed,
The flood of drops, the monster filth did breed:
But sparks, seed, drops, and filth do thus decay; [outweed,
The sparks soon quench, the springing seed
The drops dry up, and filth wipe clean away;
So shall wrath, jealousy, grief, love, die and decay.

§ 27. *Ambition.*

A ROUT of people there assembled were,
Of every sort and nation under sky,

Which with great uprore preassed, to draw near
To th' upper part, where was advanced hie
A stately seat of soveraigne majestie,
And thereon sate a woman gorgeous gay,
And richly clad in robes of royaltie.
That never earthly prince in such array
His glory did enchaunce, and pompous pride display.
Her face right wondrous faire did seem to be,
That her broad beauties beam great brightness threw [might see:
Through the dim shade, that all men here
Yet was not that same her own native hew,
But wrought by art; and counterfeited shew,
Thereby more lovers unto her to call;
Nath'less, more heavenly faire in deed and
She by creation was, till she did fall; [view
Thenceforth she sought for helps to cloke her crimes withall.
There, as in glist'ring glory she did sit,
She held a great gold chain ylinked well,
Whose upper end to highest heaven was knit,
And lower part did reach to lowest hell;
And all that prease did round about her swell,
To catchen hold of that long chaine, thereby
To climb aloft, and others to excell;
That was Ambition, rash desire to stie;
And ev'ry link thereof a step of dignitie.
Some thought to raise themselves to high
By riches and unrighteous reward; [degree
Some by close should'ring, some by flatteree;
Others through friends, others for base reward;
And all, by wrong ways, for themselves prepar'd. [lowe;
Those that were up themselves, kept others
Those that were lowe themselves held others hard,
Ne suffer'd them to rise, or greater growe;
But every one did strive his fellow down to throwe.
O sacred hunger of ambitious mindes,
And impotent desire of men to raigne!
Who neither dread of God, that devils bindes,
Nor lawes of men that commonweals containe,
Nor bands of nature, that wild beasts restraine,
Can keep from outrage, and from doing wrong,
Where they may hope a kingdom to obtaine,
No faith so firm, no trust can be so strong,
No love so lasting then, that may enduren long.

§ 28. *Arbour.*

And over him art striveing to compaire
With nature, did an arbour green dispred,
Framed with wanton ivie, flowering faire,
Through which the fragrant eglantine did spred
His pricking armes, entayl'd with roses red,
Which dainty odours round about him threw;
And all within with flowres was garnished,
That, when mild Zephyrus amongst them blew, [colors shew.
Did breathe out bounteous smells, and painted

§ 29. *Avarice.*

And greedy Avarice by him did ride,
Upon a camel loaden all with gold;
Two iron coffers hung on either side,
With precious metall full as they might hold,
And in his lap a heap of coin he told;
For of his wicked pelf his god he made,
And unto hell himself for money sold:
Accursed usury was all his trade, [waide.
And right and wrong ylike in equall balance

At last he came into a gloomy glade, [light,
Cover'd with boughs and shrubs from heaven's
Whereas he sitting found, in secret shade,
An uncouth, salvage, and uncivill wight,
Of griesly hew, and foul ill-favour'd sight;
His face with smoake was tann'd, and eyes were blear'd;
His head and beard with soot were ill bedight;
His coale-black hands did seem to have been sear'd [claws appear'd.
In smithe's fire-speting forge, and nails like

His iron coat, all overgrown with rust,
Was underneath enveloped with gold, [dust,
Whose glist'ring gloss, darken'd with filthy
Well it appeared to have been of old
A work of rich entaile, and curious mould,
Woven with anticks, and wild imagery;
And in his lap a mass of coine he told,
And turn'd upside down, to feed his eye,
And covetous desire, with his huge treasury.

And round about him lay, on every side,
Great heaps of gold, that never could be spent;
Of which, some were ore not purifide
Of Mulciber's devouring element;
Some others were new driven, and distent
Into great ingots, and to wedges square;
Some in round plates withouten monument;
But most were stampt, and in their metall bare [and rare.
The antick shapes of kings and Cæsars strange

§ 30. *Bashfulness.*

The whiles the fairie knight did entertaine
Another damsel of that gentle crew
That was right faire, and modest of demaine,
But that too oft she chang'd her native hue.
Strange was her tire, and all her garments blue,
Close round about her tuckt, with many a plight:
Upon her fist, the bird that shunneth view,
And keeps in coverts close from living wight, [dight.
Did sit, as if asham'd how rude Dan did her

So long as Guyon with her commun'd,
Unto the ground she cast her modest eye,
And ever and anone, with rosie red,
The bashfull blood her snowy cheeks did die,
And her became as polish'd ivorie,

Which cunning craftsman's hand hath overlaid
With fair vermillion, or pure lastery.
Great wonder had the knight to see the maid
So strangely passioned, and to her gently said;

Fair damsell, seemeth by your troubled cheare
That either me too bold yee weene, this wise
You to molest, or other ill to feare,
That in the secret of your heart close lyes,
From whence it doth, as cloud from sea, arise.
If it be I, of pardon I you pray;
But if ought else that I mote not devise,
I will (if please you it discrue) assay
To ease you of that ill, so wisely as I may.

She answer'd nought, but more abasht for shame,
Held down her head, the whiles her lovely face [flame,
The flushing blood with blushing did in-
And the strong passion marr'd her modest grace,
That Guyon marvail'd at her uncouth case:
Till Alma him bespake, Why wonder yee,
Fair sir, at that which you so much imbrace?
She is the fountaine of your modestee:
You shame-fac'd are, but Shame-fac'dness itself is shee.

§ 31. *Beauty.*

NOUGHT is there under heav'n's wide hollowness
That moves more dear compassion of mind,
Than beauty brought t' unworthy wretchedness
By envy's snares or fortune's freaks unkind:
I, whether lately through her brightness blind,
Or through allegiance and fast fealty,
Which I do owe unto all womankind,
Feel my heart pierc'd with so great agony,
When such I see, that all for pity I could die.
Eftsoons there stepped forth
A goodly lady, clad in hunter's weed,
That seem'd to be a woman of great worth,
And by her stately portance borne of heavenly birth.

Her face so fair, as flesh it seemed not,
But heavenly portraict of bright angels hiew,
Clear as the sky withouten blame or blot,
Through goodly mixture of complexions dew,
And in her cheeks the vermill' red did shew
Like roses in a bed of lillies shed,
The which ambrosial odours from them threw,
And gazers sense with double pleasure fed,
Able to heal the sick, and to revive the dead.

In her fair eyes two living lamps did flame,
Kindled above, at th' heavenly Maker's light,
And darted fiery beams out of the same,
So passing pearceant, and so wondrous bright,
That quite bereav'd the rash beholders of their sight:
In them the blinded god his lustful fire
To kindle oft assay'd, but had no might;
For, with dread majesty, and awful ire,
She broke his wanton darts, and quenched base desire.

Nought under heaven so strongly doth allure
The sense of man, and all his mind possess,
As beauty's love-bait, that doth procure
Great warriors of their rigour to repress,
And mighty hands forget their manliness,
Drawn with the pow'r of an heart-robbing eye,
And wrapt in fetters of a golden tress,
That can with melting pleasance mollify
Their harden'd hearts, enur'd to blood and cruelty.

So whilome learn'd that mighty Jewish swain,
Each of whose locks did match a man of might,
To lay his spoils before his leman's train:
So also did the great Cretan knight,
For his love's sake, his lion's skin undight:
And so did warlike Antony neglect
The world's whole rule, for Cleopatra's sight.
Such wond'rous pow're has women's fair aspect,
To captive men, and make them all the world reject.

§ 32. *Bower of Bliss.*

THENCE passing forth, they shortly do arrive
Whereat the Bower of Bliss was situate;
A place pick'd out by choice of best alive,
That nature's work by art can imitate;
In which whatever in this worldly state
Is sweet and pleasing unto living sense,
Or that may daintiest fantasie aggrate,
Was poured forth with plentiful dispense,
And made there to abound with lavish affluence.

Goodly it was enclosed round about,
As well their enter'd guests to keep within,
As those unruly beasts to hold without;
Yet was the fence thereof but weak and thin:
Nought fear'd their force that fortilage to win,
But wisdom's powre and temperance's might,
By which the mightiest things efforced bin:
And eke the gate was wrought of substance light,
Rather for pleasure than for battery or fight.

It framed was of precious yvory,
That seem'd a work of admirable wit;
And therein all the famous historie
Of Jason and Medæa was ywrit;
Her mighty charmes, her furious loving fit,
His goodly conquest of the golden fleece,
His falsed faith, and love to lightly flit,
The wondred Argo, which invent'rous peece
First through the Euxian seas bore all the flow'r of Greece.

Ye might have seen the frothy billowes fry
Under the ship, as thorough them she went,
That seemed waves were into yvory,
Or yvory into the waves were sent:
And other where the snowy substance sprent,
With vermill-like the boyes bloud therein shed,
A piteous spectacle did represent;

With that the darts which his right hand did straine,
Full dreadfully he shook, that all did quake,
And clapt on high his coloured wings twaine,
That all his many it affraide did make:
Though binding him againe, his way he forth did take.

§ 36. *Danger.*

But in the porch did ever more abide
An hideous giant, dreadful to behold, [stride;
That stopt the entrance with his spacious
And with the terror of his countenance bold,
Full many did affray, that else faine enter would.
His name was Danger, dreaded over all,
Who day and night did watch and duly ward,
From fearful cowards entrance to forestall,
And faint-heart fooles, whom show of perill hard
Could terrifie from Fortune's faire award:
For, oftentimes, faint hearts at first espiall
Of his grim face, were from approaching scar'd;
Unworthy they of grace, whom one deniall
Excludes from faire hope, withouten further triall.

Yet many doughty heroes, often tride
In greater perils to be stout and bold,
Durst not the sterness of his look abide;
But soon as they his countenance behold,
Began to faint, and feel their courage cold.
Again, some other, that in hard assaies
Were cowards known, and little count did hold, [waies,
Either through gifts, or guile, or such like
Crept in by stooping lowe, or stealing of the kaies.

§ 37. *Day-break.*

By this, the northern waggoner had set
His sevenfold teme behind the stedfast star,
That was in ocean waves yet never wet.
But firme is fixt, and sendeth light from far
To all, that in the wide deep wandering are:
And chearful Chaunticlere with his note shrill
Had warned once, that Phœbus' fiery carre
In haste was climbing up the eastern hill;
Full envious that night so long his room did fill.

§ 38. *Death.*

And in his hand a bended bow was seene,
And many arrowes under his right side,
All deadly dangerous, all cruel keene,
Headed with flint, and feathers bloudie dide.
Such as the Indians in their quivers hide:
Those could he well direct, and straite as line,
And bid them strike the marke which he had eyde;
Ne was there salve, ne was there medicine,
That mote recure their wounds; so inly they did tine.

As pale and wan as ashes was his look,
His body lean and meagre as a rake,
And skin all wither'd as a dried rook,
Thereto as cold and drery as a snake,
That seem'd to tremble evermore, and quake;
All in a canvas thin he was bedight,
And girded with a belt of twisted brake,
Upon his head he wore an helmet light,
Made of a dead man's skull, that seem'd a gastly sight.

§ 39. *Defamation.*

Him in a narrow place he overtook,
And fierce assailing forc't him turn againe;
Sternly he turn'd again, when he him strooke
With his sharp steele, and ran at him amaine
With open mouth, that seemed to containe
A full good peck within the utmost brim,
All set with iron teeth with ranges twaine,
That terrified his foes, and armed him,
Appearing like the mouth of Orcus, grisly grim.

And therein were a thousand tongues em-
Of sundry kindes, and sundry quality; [pight,
Some were of dogs, that barked day and night,
And some of cats, that wralling still did cry;
And some of bears, that groynd continually;
And some of tigers that did seem to gren
And snar at all that ever passed by: [men,
But most of them were tongues of mortal
That spake reproachfully, not caring where nor when.

And then amongst were mingled here and there, [stings,
The tongues of serpents, with three forked
That spat out poison, and bore bloudy gere
At all that came within his ravenings,
And spake licentious words, and hateful things,
Of good and bad alike, of low and hie;
Ne Cæsars spared he a whit, nor kings,
But either blotted them with infamy,
Or bit them with his baneful teeth of injury.

§ 40. *Desire.*

And him beside marcht amorous Desire,
Who seem'd of riper years than th' other swaine;
Yet was that other swaine the elder syre,
And gave him being, common to them twaine:
His garment was disguised very vaine,
And his embroidered bonet sate awry;
'Twixt both his hands flew sparks he close did strain,
Which still he blew, and kindled busily,
That soon they life conceiv'd, and forth in flames did fly.

§ 41. *Detraction.*

The other nothing better was than she;
Agreeing in bad will and cancred kind,
But in bad manner they did disagree;
For, what-so Envie good or bad did find,
She did conceale and murder her own mind;
But this, whatever evil she conceaved,
Did spread abroad, and throw in the open wind.

Whose depth exceeded not three cubits height,
That through the waves one might the bottom [see
All pav'd beneath with jaspers shining bright,
That seem'd the fountaine in that sea did sayle [upright.
And all the margent round about was set
With shady lawrell-trees, thence to defend
The sunny beames, which on the billows bet,
And those which therein bathed, mote offend.

§ 33. *Bower of Proteus.*

His bowre is in the bottom of the maine,
Under a mighty rock, 'gainst which do rave
The roaring billows in their proud disdaine;
That with the angry working of the wave,
Therein is eaten out an hollow cave,
That seems rough mason's hand, with engine keen,
Had long while laboured it to engrave; [seen,
There was his wonne, ne living wight was
Save an old nymph, hight Panope, to keep it clean.

§ 34. *Charity.*

She was a woman in her freshest age,
Of wondrous beauty, and of bountie rare,
With goodly grace and comely personage,
That was on earth not easy to compare;
Full of great love, but Cupid's wanton snare
As hell she hated, chast in work and will;
Her neck and breasts were ever open bare,
That aye thereof her babes might suck their fill;
The rest was all in yellow robes arraied still.
A multitude of babes about her hang,
Plying their sports, that joy'd her to behold,
Whom still she fed, whilst they were weak and young,
But thrust them forth still, as they wexed old:
And on her head she wore a tire of gold, [fair,
Adorn'd with gemmes and owches wondrous
Whose passing price uneath was to be told;
And by her side there sate a gentle pair
Of turtle doves, she sitting in an ivory chaire.

§ 35. *Cupid.*

Like a Cupido on Idæan hill,
When having laid his cruel bowe away,
And mortal arrows, wherewith he doth fill
The world with wondrous spoils and bloodie prey:
With his faire mother he him dights to play,
And with his goodly sisters, graces three;
The goddesse pleased with his wanton play,
Suffers herself through sleep beguil'd to be,
The whiles the other ladies mind their merry glee. [he used
First, she him sought in court where most
Whylome to haunt, but there she found him not; [cused
But many there she found, which sore ac-
His falsehood, and with foule infamous blot,
His cruel deeds and wicked wiles did spot:

Ladies and lords she every-where mote hear
Complaining, how with his empoysned shot
Their woful hearts he wounded had whyleare, [and feare.
And so had left them languishing 'twixt hope

She then the cities sought from gate to gate,
And ev'ry one did ask, did he him see;
And every one her answer'd, and too late
He had him seen, and felt the crueltie
Of his sharp darts, and hot artillerie;
And every one threw forth reproaches rife
Of his mischievous deeds, and said, that hee
Was the disturber of all civil life,
The enemie of peace, and author of all strife.

Then in the country she abroad him sought,
And in the rural cottages enquired: [brought,
Where also many plaints to her were
How he their heedless hearts with love had fired, [spired;
And false venim thorough their veines in-
And eke the gentle shepheard swaines, which sate
Keeping their fleecy flocks, as they were hired,
She sweetly heard complaine, both how and what [thereat.
Her sonne had to them doen; yet she did smile

And at the upper end of the faire towne,
There was an altar built of precious stone,
Of passing value, and of great renowne,
On which there stood an image all alone,
Of massie gold, which with his own light shone;
And wings it had with sundry colours dight,
More sundry colours than the proud pavone
Bears in his boasted fan, or Iris bright,
When her discolour'd bow she spreads through heaven bright.

Blindfold he was, and in his cruel fist
A mortal bow and arrowes keen did hold,
With which he shot at random when he list: [gold
Some headed with sad lead, some with pure
(Ah, man! beware how thou those darts behold).
A wounded dragon under him did lie,
Whose hideous tayle his left foot did enfold,
And with a shaft was shot through eyther eye, [remedy.
That no man forth could draw, ne no man

Next after her, the winged god himself
Came riding on a lyon ravenous,
Taught to obey the menage of that elfe,
That man and beast with powre imperious
Subdueth to his kingdom tyrannous:
His blindfold eyes he had awhile unbind,
That his proud spoyle of that same dolorous
Fair dame he might behold in perfect kind;
Which seen he much rejoyceth in his cruel mind.

Of which full proud, himself up-rearing hye,
He looked round about with stern disdaine;
And did survey his goodly company;
And marshalling the evil ordered traine,

And otherwhiles with gold besprinkled, [wed.
It seem'd th' enchanted flame which did Creüsa
All this and more might in this goodly gate
Be read; that ever open stood to all [sate
Which thither came; but in the porch there
A comely personage of stature tall,
And semblance pleasing more than natural,
That travellers to him seem'd to entice;
His looser garments to the ground did fall,
And flew about his heels in wanton wise,
Not fit for speedy pace or manly exercise.

The foe of life, that good envies to all,
That secretly doth us procure to fall,
Through guileful semblaunce which he makes
He of this garden had the governall, [us see,
And pleasure's porter was devis'd to be,
Holding a staffe in hand for more formalitie.

Thus being entred, they behold around
A large and spatious plaine on every side
Strow'd with pleasaunce, whose faire grassie ground
Mantled with green, and goodly beatifide
With all the ornaments of Floraes pride,
Wherewith her mother Art, as half in scorne
Of niggard Nature, like a pompous bride,
Did deck her, and too lavishly adorne,
When forth from virgin bowre she comes in th' early morne.

Thereto the heavens always joviall,
Lookt on them lovely, still in stedfast state,
Ne suffer'd storme nor frost on them to fall,
Their tender buds or leaves to violate,
Nor scorching heat, nor cold intemperate,
T' afflict the creatures which therein did dwell;
But the mild air with season moderate
Gently attempred and disposed so well,
That still it breathed forth sweet spirit and wholesome smell.

More sweet and wholesome than the pleasant hill
Of Rhodopè, on which the nymph that bore
A giant-babe, herselfe for griefe did kill;
Or the Thessalian Tempè, where of yore
Faire Daphne Phœbus' heart with love did gore;
Or Ida, where the gods lov'd to repaire,
When-ever they their heavenly bowres forlore;
Or sweet Parnasse, the haunt of muses faire;
Or Eden, if that aught with Eden mote compare.

Much wonder'd Guyon at the fair aspect
Of that sweet place, yet suffered no delight
To sink into his sense, nor mind affect,
But passed forth, and look'd still forward right,
Bridling his will, and mastering his might:
Till that he came unto another gate,
No gate, but like one, beeing goodly dight
With boughes and branches, which did broad dilate, [intricate.
Their clasping armes, in wanton wreathings

So fashioned a porch with rare divise,
Archt over head with an embracing vine,
Whose bunches hanging downe, seem'd to entice
All passers by to taste their lushious wine,
And did themselves into their hands incline,
As freely offering to be gathered:
Some deep empurpled as the hyacint,
Some as the rubine laughing, sweetly red,
Some like fair emeraudes not yet ripened.

And them amongst, some were of burnisht
So made by art, to beautifie the rest, [gold,
Which did themselves amongst the leaves enfold,
As lurking from the view of covetous guest,
That the weak boughes, with so rich load opprest,
Did bow adown as over-burthened.

There the most dainty paradise on ground,
Itself doth offer to his sober eye,
In which all pleasures plentiously abound,
And none does others happiness envie:
The painted flowres, the trees upshooting hie,
The dales for shade, the hills for breathing place,
The trembling groves, the crystall running by;
And that which all fair works doth most aggrace, [place.
The art which wrought it all appeared in no

One would have thought (so cunningly the rude
And scorned parts were mingled with the fine)
That Nature had for wantonness ensude
Art, and that Art at Nature did repine;
So striveing each the other to undermine,
Each did the other's work more beautify;
So differing both in willes, agreed in fine:
So all agreed through sweet diversitie,
This garden to adorne with all varietie.

And in the midst of all, a fountaine stood,
Of richest substance that on earth might be,
So pure and shiny, that the silver flood
Through every channell running, one might see;
Most goodly it with pure imageree [boyes,
Was over-wrought, and shapes of naked
Of which some seem'd with lively jollitee
To fly about, playing their wanton toyes,
While others did themselves embay in liquid joyes.

And over all, of purest gold, was spred
A trayle of ivie in his native hew:
For the rich metall was so coloured,
That wight that did not well advised view,
Would surely deem it to be ivie true:
Low his lascivious armes adowne did creep,
That themselves dipping in the silver dew,
Their fleecie flowres they tenderly did steepe, [to weepe.
Which drops of crystall seem'd for wantonness

Infinite streames continually did well
Out of this fountaine, sweet and faire to see
The which into an ample laver fell,
And shortly grew to so great quantitie,
That like a little lake it seem'd to bee;

Yet this in all her words might be perceived,
That all she sought was men's good names to have bereaved.

For whatsoever good by any said, [vent
Or done, she heard, she would strait-waies in-
How to deprave, or slanderously upbraid,
Or to misconstrue of a man's intent,
And turne to ill the thing that well was ment.
Therefore she used often to resort
To common haunts, and company's frequent,
To hark what any one did good report,
To blot the same with blame, or wrest in wicked sort.

And if that any ill she heard of any,
She would it eke, and make it worse by telling,
And take great joy to publish it to many,
That every matter worse was for her melling:
Her name was hight Detraction, and her dwelling
Was near to Envy, even her neighbour next;
A wicked hag, and Envy's self excelling
In mischiefe: for, herself she only vext:
But this same, both herself and others eke perplext.

Her face was ugly, and her mouth distort,
Foaming with poyson round about her gills,
In which her cursed tongue (full sharp and short)
Appear'd like aspis sting, that closely kills,
Or cruelly does wound whom-so she wills;
A distaff in her other hand she had,
Upon the which she little spinnes, but spils,
And faines to weave false tales and leasings bad, [disprad.
To throw among the good, when others had

§ 42. *Discord's House.*

HARD by the gates of hell her dwelling is,
There whereas all plagues and harmes abound,
Which punish wicked men, that walk amiss;
It is a darksome delve farre under ground,
With thornes and barren brakes environd round.
That none the same way may out-win;
Yet many wayes to enter may be found,
But none to issue forth when one is in;
For discord harder is to end than to begin.

And all within the riven walles were hung
With ragged monuments of times fore-past,
Of which, the sad effects of discord sung;
There were rent robes, and broken scepters
Altars defil'd, and holy things defac't, [plac't,
Dishevered spears, and shields ytorne in twaine.
Great cittys ransack't, and strong castles ras't,
Nations captived, and huge armies slaine:
Of all which ruines there some reliques did remaine.

There was the signe of antique Babylon,
Of fatal Thebes, of Rome that raigned long,
Of sacred Salem, and sad Ilion,
For memory of which, on high there hong
The golden apple (cause of all their wrong)
For which the three faire goddesses did strive:
There also was the name of Nimrod strong,
Of Alexander, and his princes five,
Which shar'd to them the spoiles which he had got alive.

And there the reliques of the drunken fray,
The which amongst the Lapithees befell,
And of the bloody feast, which sent away
So many Centaures' drunken soules to hell,
That under great Alcides' furie fell:
And of the dreadful discord, which did drive
The noble Argonauts to outrage fell,
That each of life sought other to deprive,
All mindless of the golden-fleece which made them strive.

And eke of private persons many moe,
That were too long a worke to count them all;
Some of sworne friends, that did their faith forgoe;
Some of borne brethren, prov'd unnatural;
Some of deare lovers, foes perpetual;
Witness their broken bands there to be seen,
Their girlonds rent, their bowres dispoiled all;
The monuments whereof there byding been,
As plaine as at the first, when they were fresh and green.

Such was the house within; but all without
The barren ground was full of wicked weeds,
Which she herself had sowen all about,
Now growen great, at first of little seedes,
The seedes of evil words, and factious deedes;
Which when to ripeness due they growen are,
Bring forth an infinite increase, that breedes
Tumultuous trouble, and contentious jarre,
The which most often end in blood-shed and in warre.

And those same cursed seedes do also serve
To her for bread, and yield a living food:
For life it is to her, when others sterve
Thro' mischievous debate, and deadly feood,
That she may suck their life, and drink their blood, [been fed,
With which she from her childhood had
For she at first was born of hellish brood,
And by infernal furies nourished,
That by her monstrous shape might easily be read.

Her face most foule and filthy was to see,
With squinting eyes contrary ways entended,
And loathly mouth, unmeet a mouth to be;
That nought but gall and venim comprehended,
And wicked words that God and man offended:
Her lying tongue was in two parts divided,
And both the parts did speak, and both contended, [cided,
And as her tongue, so was her heart de-
That never thought one thing, but doubly still was guided.

Als as she double spake, so heard she double,
With matchless ears deformed and distort,

Fil'd with false rumors, and seditious trouble,
Bred in assemblies of the vulgar sort,
That still are led with every light report.
And as her eares, so eke her feet were odde,
And much unlike, th' one long, the other short,
And both misplac't; that when th' one forward gode,
The other back retired, and contrary trode.

Likewise unequal were her handes twaine;
That one did reach, the other pusht away;
The one did make, the other marr'd againe,
And sought to bring all things unto decay;
Whereby great riches, gather'd many a day,
She in short space did often bring to nought,
And their possessours often did dismay.
For all her study was, and all her thought,
How she might overthrowe the thing that concord wrought.

So much her malice did her might surpass,
That even th' Almighty selfe she did maligne
Because to man so merciful he was,
And unto all his creatures so benigne,
Sith she her self was of his grace indigne:
For all this world's faire workmanship she tride
Unto his last confusion to bring,
And that great golden chaine quite to divide,
With which it blessed concord hath together tide.

§ 43. *Envy.*

And next to him malicious Envie rode,
Upon a ravenous wolfe, and still did chaw
Between his cankred teeth a venomous toad,
That all the poyson ran about his jaw;
But inwardly he chawed his own maw
At neighbours wealth, that made him ever sad,
For death it was, when any good he saw,
And wept, that cause of weeping none he had:
But when he heard of harme, he wexed wondrous glad.

All in a kirtle of discolour'd say
He clothed was, ypainted full of eyes;
And in his bosom secretely there lay
An hateful snake, the which his tail up ties
In many folds, and mortal sting implies.
Still as he rode, he gnasht his teeth, to see
Those heaps of gold with griple covetise,
And grudged at the great felicity
Of proud Lucifera, and his own company.

He hated all good works and virtuous deeds,
And him no less, that any like did use;
And who with gracious bread the hungry feeds,
His alms for want of faith he doth accuse;
So every good to bad he doth abuse;
And eke the verse of famous poet's wit
He doth back-bite, and spiteful poison spues
From leprous mouth, on all that ever writ:
Such on vile Envy was, that first in rowe did sit.

§ 44. *Faith.*

Of which the eldest, that Fidelia hight,
Like sunny beames threw from her crystal face,
That could have daz'd the rash beholder's sight,
And round her head did shine like heaven's light.

She was arraid all in lily white,
And in her right hand bore a cup of gold,
With wine and water fill'd up to the height,
In which a serpent did himself enfold,
That horror made to all that did behold;
But she no whit did change her constant mood;
And in her other hand she fast did hold
A book that was both sign'd and seal'd with blood,
Wherein dark things were writ, hard to be understood.

§ 45. *Fancy.*

Emongst them all sate he which wonned there,
That hight Phantastes by his nature trew;
A man in yeares, yet fresh as mote appeare,
Of swarth complexion, and of crabbed hue,
That him full of melancholy did shew; [eyes
Bent hollow beetle browes, sharp stairing
That mad or foolish seem'd: one by his view
Mote deem him borne with ill-disposed skyes,
When oblique Saturne sate in the house of agonies.

§ 46. *Fear.*

Next him was Feare, all arm'd from top to toe,
Yet thought himself not safe enough thereby,
But fear'd each shadow moving to and fro;
And his own armes when glitt'ring he did spy,
Or clashing heard, he fast away did fly,
As ashes pale of hue, and wingy-heel'd;
And evermore on danger fixt his eye,
'Gainst whom he always bent a brazen shield,
Which his right hand unarmed fearfully did wield.

§ 47. *Ship.*

As a tall ship tossed in troublous seas,
Whome raging winds, threating to make the prey
Of the rough rocks, do diversly disease,
Meets two contrary billows by the way,
That her on either side do sore assay,
And boast to swallow her in greedy grave;
She, scorning both their spights, does make wide way,
And with her breast breaking the foamy wave,
Does ride on both their backs, and faire herself doth save.

§ 48. *Fire.*

Like as a fire, the which in hollow cave
Hath long been under kept and down suppresst,
With murmurous disdain doth inly rave,
And grudge in so streight prison to be prest,
At last breakes forth with furious unrest,
And strives to mount unto his native seat;
All that earst it hinder and molest,

It now devours with flames and scorching heat,
And carries into smoake with rage and horror great.

§ 49. *First Age.*

THE antique world, in his first flowing youth,
Found no defect in his Creator's grace;
But with glad thanks, and unreproved truth,
The gifts of soveraigne bouuty did embrace:
Like angel's life was then man's happy case;
But later ages' pride (like corn-fed steede)
Abus'd her plenty, and fat-swoln encrease,
To all licentious lust, and gan exceed
The measure of her meane, and natural first need.

Then gan a cursed hand the quiet wombe
Of his great grandmother with steele to wound,
And the hid treasures in her sacred tombe
With sacrilege to dig. Therein he found
Fountaines of gold and silver to abound,
Of which the matter of his huge desire
And pompous pride eftsoones he did compound,
Then avarice gan through his veines to inspire
His greedy flames, and kendle life-devouring fire.

§ 50. *Gluttony.*

AND by his side rode loathsome Gluttony,
Deformed creature, on a filthy swine,
His belly was up-blown with luxury,
And eke with fatness swollen were his eyne:
And like a crane his neck was long and fine,
With which he swallowed up excessive feast,
For want whereof poor people oft did pine;
And all the way, most like a brutish beast,
He spewed up his gorge, that all did him deteast.

In green vine leaves he was right fitly clad,
For other clothes he could not wear for heat,
And on his head an ivy girlond had,
From under which fast trickled down the sweat:
Still as he rode he somewhat did eat,
And in his hand did bear a bouzing cann,
On which he supt so oft, that on his seat
His drunken corse he scarce upholden can,
In shape and life more like a monster than a man.

Unfit he was for any worldly thing,
And eke unable once to stirre or go;
Not meet to be a councel to a king,
Whose minde in meat and drink was drowned so:
Full of disease was his carcasse blue,
And a dry dropsy through his flesh did flow,
Which by misdiet daily greater grew:
Such one was Gluttony, the second of that crew.

§ 51. *Grove.*

INTO that forest farre they thence him led,
Where was their dwelling in a pleasant glade
With mountains round about environed,
And mighty woods, which did the valley shade,
And like a stately theatre it made,
Spreading itself into a spatious plaine,
And in the midst a little river plaid
Emongst the pumystones, which seem'd to plaine
With gentle murmur that his course they did restraine.

§ 52. *Harmony.*

EFTSOONS they heard a most melodious sound,
Of all that mote delight a dainty eare,
Such as at once might not on living ground,
Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere:
Right hard was it for wight that did it heare,
To read what manner musick that mote be:
For all that pleasing is to living eare
Was there consorted in one harmonie,
Birds, voices, instruments, windes, waters,—all agree.

The joyous birds shrouded in chearful shade,
Their notes unto the voyce attempred sweet;
The angel call soft trembling voyces made
To the instruments divine respondence meet:
The silver sounding instruments did meet
With the base murmure of the waters fall:
The waters fall, with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call,
The gently warbling wind lowe answering to all.

§ 53. *Hermitage.*

A LITTLE lowly hermitage it was,
Down in a dale hard by a forest side,
Farre from resort of people that did pass
In travell to and fro: a little wide
There was an holy chapell edified,
Wherein the hermit duly went to say
His holy things each morn and evening tide:
Thereby a crystal streame did gently play,
Which from a sacred fountain welled forth away.

He thence led me into this hermitage,
Letting his steeds to graze upon the green;
Small was his house, and like a little cage,
For his own turne, yet inly neat and clean,
Deckt with green boughes, and flowers gay be seene;
Therein he them full faire did entertaine,
Not with such forged showes, as fitter beene
For courting fools that courtisies would faine,
But with entire affection, and appearance plaine.

§ 54. *Honor.*

WHOSO in pompe of proud estate (quoth she)
Does swim, and bathes himself in courtly bliss,
Does wast his daies in darke obscurity
And in oblivion ever buried is;
Where ease abounds, it 's easie to doe amiss;
But who his limbs with labours, and his mind
Behaves with cares, cannot so easie miss.

Abroad in arms, at home in studious kind,
Who seekes with painefull toile, shall honour soonest find.

In woods, in waves, in wars she wonts to dwell,
And will be found with perill and with paine;
Ne can the man that moulds in idle cell,
Unto her happy mansion attain:
Before her gate high God did sweat ordaine,
And wakeful watches ever to abide;
But easie is the way, and passage plaine
To pleasure's palace; it may soon be spide,
And day and night her doors to all stand open wide.

§ 55. *Hope.*

WITH him went Hope in rank, a handsome mayd,
Of chearful look, and lovely to behold;
In silken samile she was light arraid,
And her faire locks were woven up in gold;
She always smil'd, and in her hand did hold
An holy water sprinkle dipt in deawe,
In which she sprinkled favours manyfold,
On whom she list, and did great liking shewe;
Great liking unto many, but true love to fewe.

Another.

HER youngest sister, that Speranza hight,
Was clad in blue, that her beseemed well,
Not all so chearful seemed she of sight,
As was her sister; whether dread did dwell,
Or anguish in her heart, is hard to tell:
Upon her arme a silver anchor lay,
Whereon she leaned ever, as befell:
And ever up to Heaven as she did pray, [way.
Her stedfast eyes were bent, ne swarved other

§ 56. *Hypocrite.*

AT length they chanc't to meet upon the way
An aged sire, in long black weeds yclad,
His feet all bare, his beard all hoary graie,
And by his belt his book he hanging had;
Sober he seem'd, and very sagely sad,
And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,
Simple in shewe, and void of malice bad,
And all the way he prayed as he went,
And often knockt his breast, as one that did repent.

§ 57. *Idleness.*

OF which the first, that all the rest did guide,
Was sluggish Idleness, the nurse of sin;
Upon a slothful ass he chose to ride,
Arraid in habit black, and amis thin,
Like to an holy monk the servis to begin.

And in his hand a portesse still he bare,
That much was worne, but therein little red;
For of devotion he had little care. [dead,
Still drown'd in sleep, and most of his days
Scarce could he once uphold his heavy head
To looken whether it were night or day.
May seem the waine was very evil led,
When such an one had guiding of the way,
That knew not whether right he went, or else astray.

From worldly cares himself he did esloine,
And greatly shunned manly exercise;
For every work he challenged effoine,
For contemplation sake: yet otherwise,
His life he led in lawless riotise:
By which he grew to grievous maladie;
For in his lustless limbs through evil guise
A shaking feaver raign'd continually:
Such one was Idleness, first of this company.

§ 58. *Ignorance.*

AT last, with creeping crooked pace, forth came
An old man, with beard as white as snow,
That on a staffe his feeble steps did frame,
And guide his weary steps both to and fro;
For his eye-sight him fail'd long ago;
And on his arme a bunch of keys he bore,
The which, unus'd, rust did overgrowe:
Those were the keys of every inward dore;
But he could not them use, but kept them still in store.

But very uncouth sight was to behold
How he did fashion his untoward pace:
For as he forward mov'd his footing old,
So backward still was turn'd his wrinkled face;
Unlike to men, who ever as they trace,
Both feet and face one way are wont to lead;
This was the ancient keeper of that place,
And foster father of the giant dead,
His name Ignaro did his nature right aread.

§ 59. *Inconstancy.*

FOR those same islands, seeing now and then,
Are not firme land, or any certein wonne,
But straggling plots: which to and fro do ronne
In the wide waters: therefore are they hight
The Wandring Islands: therefore do them shonne; [wight
For they have oft drawn many a wandring
Into most deadly danger and distressed plight.

Yet well they seem to him, that farre doth view,
Both faire and fruitful, and the ground dispred
With grassie green of delectable hew,
And the tall trees with leaves unparalled,
Are deckt with blossoms dyed in white and red,
That mote the passengers there to allure:
But whosoever once hath fastened
His foot thereon, may never yet recure,
But wandreth evermore uncertain and unsure.

§ 60. *Incontinence.*

THE wanton lady with her lover rose, [pose.
Whoes sleepy head she in her lap did soft dis-

Upon a bed of roses she was laid,
As faint through heat, or dight to pleasant sin,
And was arraid, or rather disarraid,
All in a veil of silk and silver thin,
That hid no whit her alabaster skin,
But rather showed more white, if more might be:
More subtile web Arachne cannot spin,
Nor the fine nets which oft we woven see
Of scorched dew, do not in th' air more lightly flee.

§ 61. *Lechery.*

And next to him rode lustfull Lechery,
Upon a bearded goat, whoes rugged haire,
And whaley eyes (the signe of jealousie)
Was like the person self whom he did beare;
Who rough and black, and filthy did appeare,
Unseemly man to please fair lady's eye;
Yet he of ladys oft was loved dear,
When fairer faces were bid standen by:
O! who does know the bent of woman's fantasie?

In a green gowne he clothed was full faire,
Which underneath did hide his filthiness,
And in his hand a burning heart did bare,
Full of vaine follies, and new fangleness,
For he was false, and fraught with fickleness,
And learned had to love with secrett lookes,
And well could dance and sing with ruefulness,
And fortunes tell, and read in loveing books,
And thousand other waies, to bait his fleshly hooks.

Inconstant man, that loved all he saw,
And lusted after all that he did love,
Ne would his looser life be tied to law,
But joy'd weak women's hearts to tempt and prove,
If from their loyal loves he might them move;
Which lewdness fill'd him with reproachful paine
Of that foul evill which all men reprove,
That rots the marrow and consumes the braine:
Such one was Lechery, the third of all this traine.

§ 62. *Life.*

O why doe wretched men so much desire
To draw their days unto the utmost date,
And doe not rather wish them soon expire,
Knowing the misery of their estate,
And thousand perils which them still awaite,
Tossing themselves like a boat amid the maine
That every hour they knock at deathes gate?
And he that happy seemes, and least in paine,
Yet is as nigh his end, as he that most doth plaine.

The whiles some one did chaunt this lovely lay;
Ah see, who so faire thing dost faine to see,
In springing flowre the image of thy day;
All see thy virgin rose, how sweetly shee
Doth first peep forth with bashful modestie,
Thus fairer seems, the less you see her may
Lo, see soon after, how more bold and free
Her bared bosom she doth broad display;
Lo, see soon after, how she fades and falls away.

So passeth in the passing of a day,
Of mortal life the leafe, the bud, the flowre,
Ne more doth flourish after first decay,
That earst was sought to deck both bed and bowre
Of many a lady, and many a paramoure:
Gather the rose of love, whilst yet is time,
Whilst loving thou mayst loved be with equal crime.

§ 63. *Love.*

O sacred fire that burnest mightily
In living brests, ykindled first above,
Emongst th' eternal spheres and lamping sky,
And thence pour'd into men, which men call love;
Not that same which doth base affections move
In brutish mindes, and filthy lust inflame;
But that sweet fit, that does true beauty love,
And choseth vertue for his dearest dame,
Whence spring all noble deeds, and never-dying fame.

Well did antiquitie a god thee deeme,
That over mortal minds has so great might,
To order them as best to thee doth seeme,
And all their actions to direct aright;
The fatal purpose of divine foresight
Thou dost effect in destined descents,
Through deep impression of thy secret might;
And stirredst up the heroe's high intents,
Which the late world admires for wondrous monuments.

Wondrous it is to see in diverse mindes,
How diversely Love doth his pageants play,
And shews his power in variable kinds:
The baser wit, whose idle thoughts alway
Are wont to cleave unto the lowly clay,
It stirreth up to sensual desire,
And in lewd sloth to wast its careless day;
But in brave sprite it kindles goodly fire,
That to all high desert and honour doth aspire.

Ne suffereth uncomely idleness
In his free thought to build her sluggish nest;
Ne suffereth it thought of ungentleness,
Ever to creep into his noble brest;
But to the highest and the worthiest
Lifteth it up, that else would lowly fall:
It lets not fall, it lets it not to rest:
It lets not scarce this prince to breathe at all,
But to his first pursuit him forward still doth call.

§ 64. *Madness.*

With hundred iron chains he did him bind,
An hundred knotts that did him sore constraine:
Yet his great iron teeth he still did grinde,
And grimly gnash, threatning revenge in vaine:

His burning eyn, whom bloudy strakes did staine, [fire;
Stared full wide, and threw forth sparks of
And more for ranke despight, then for great paine, [wire,
Shak't his long locks, colour'd like copper
And bit his tawny beard to shew his raging ire.

§ 65. *Mercy.*

THEY, passing by, were guided by degree
Unto the pressance of that gratious queen:
Who sate on high, that she might all men
And might of all men royally be seene, [see,
Upon a throne of gold full bright and sheene;
Adorned all with gemmes of endless price,
As either might for wealth have gotten been,
Or could be fram'd by workman's rare device; [lice.
And all embost with lyons and with flowre-de-

And over all her cloth of state was spred,
Not of rich tissew, nor of cloth of gold,
Nor of aught else that may be richest red,
But like a cloud, as likest may be told, [fold;
That her broad spreading wings did wide un-
Whose skirts were bordered with bright sunny beames,
Glistring like gold, amongst the plights enrold,
And here and there shooting forth silver streames, [the glittering gleames.
Mongst which crept the little angels through

Seemed those little angels did uphold
The cloth of state, and on their purpled wings
Did bear the pendants, thro' their nimbless bold,
Besides a thousand more of such, as sings
Hymnes to high God, and carols heavenly things,
Encompassed the throne, on which she sate:
She angel-like, the heir of ancient kings
And mighty conquerors, in royal state,
Whilst kings and Cæsars at her feet did them prostráte.

Thus she did sit in sovereign majestie,
Holding a sceptre in her royal hand,
The sacred pledge of peace and clemencie,
With which high God had blest her happy land,
Maugre so many foes which did withstand.
But at her feet her sword was likewise layd,
Whose long rest rusted the bright steely brand,
Yet when as foes enforc't, or friends sought ayde,
She could it sternly draw, that all the world dismaide.

And round about before her feet there sate
A beautie of faire virgins clad in white,
That goodly seem'd t' adorne her royal state,
All lovely daughters of high Jove, that hight
Litæ, by him begot in love's delight,
Upon the righteous Themis: those they say
Upon Jove's judgment-seat waite day and night,
And when in wrath he threats the world's decay, [stay.
They do his anger calme, and cruel vengeance

They also doe, by his divine permission,
Upon the thrones of mortal princes tend,
And often treat for pardon and remission
To suppliants through frailtie which offend;
Those did upon Marcillæ's throne attend:
Just Dice, wise Eunomie, mild Eirene;
And them amongst, her glory to commend,
Sate goodly Temperance, in garments clene,
And sacred Reverance, yborne of heavenly strene.

Some clerks doe doubt in their deviceful art,
Whether this heavenly thing, whereof I treat,
To weeten, mercy, be of justice part,
Or drawne forth from her by divine extreate.
This well I wote; that sure she is as great,
And meriteth to have as high a place,
Sith in th' Almightie's everlasting seat [race;
She first was bred, and borne of heavenly
From thence pour'd down on men, by influence of grace.

For if that virtue be of that great might,
Which from just verdict will for nothing start,
But to preserve inviolated right,
Oft spoils the principal to save the part;
So much more then is that of powre and art,
That seekes to save the subject of her skill,
Yet never doth for doom of right depart:
As it is greater praise to save, than spill;
And better to reforme, than to cut off the ill.

§ 66. *Minerva.*

LIKE as Minerva, being late return'd
From slaughter of the giants conquered:
Where proud Encelade, whose wide nose-trils burn'd
With breathed flames, like to a furnace red,
Transfixed with his spear, down tumbled dead
From top of Hemus, by him heaped hie,
Hath loos'd her helmet from her lofty head,
And her Gorgonian shield gins to untie
From her left arme, to rest in glorious victorie.

§ 67. *Morning.*

AT last fair Hesperus, in his highest sky
Had spent his lamp, and brought forth dawning light,
Then up he rose, and clad him hastily;
The dwarfe him brought his steed: so both away did fly.

Another.

AT last the golden oriental gate
Of greatest heaven gan to open faire, [mate,
And Phœbus fresh, as bridegrome to his
Came dancing forth, shaking his deawy haire:
And hurles his glistering beams thro' gleomy aire.

Another.

SOON as the fiery streakes with purple beames
Disperse the shadows of the misty night,

And Titan playing on the easterne streames,
Gan cleare the deawy aire with springing light:
So soon as day, forth dawning from the east,
Night's humid curtaine from the heavens withdrew,
And early calling forth both man and beast,
Commanded them their daily workes renew.

§ 68. *Palace of Sleep.*

To Morpheus' house doth hastily repaire:
Amid the bowels of the earth full steep [peep,
And lowe, where dawning day doth never
His dwelling is; there Thetys his wet bed
Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steep
In silver dew his ever drouping head,
Whiles sad night over him her mantle black doth spread.

Whose double gates he findeth locked fast,
The one fair fram'd with burnish'd ivory,
The other all with silver overcast;
And wakefull dogges before them farre doe lye,
Watching to banish Care their enemy,
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle sleep.
By them the spright doth pass in quietly,
And unto Morpheus comes, whom drowned deep,
In drowsie fit he finds of nothing he takes keep.

And more to lull him in his slumbers soft,
A trickling stream from high rock tumbling down,
And ever drizling raine upon the loft,
Mixt with a murmuring wind, much like the sound
Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swoone:
No other noise, nor people's troublous cryes,
As still are wont t' annoy the walled town,
Might there be heard: but careless quiet lies,
Wrapt in eternal silence, farre from enemies.

§ 69. *Sun.*

As when two Suns appear in th' azure sky,
Mounted in Phœbus' chariot fierie bright:
Both darting forth faire beames to each man's eye,
And both adorn'd with lamps of flaming light,
All that behold such strange prodigious sight,
Not knowing nature's work, nor what to weene, [fright.
Are wrapt with wonder and with rare af-

§ 70. *Phaeton.*

Exceeding shone, like Phœbus' fairest childe,
That did presume his father's fierie waine,
And flaming mouthes of steeds unwonted wild,
Thro' highest heaven with weaker hand to raine,
Proud of such glory and advancement vaine,
While flashing beams doe daze his feeble eyen,
He leeves the wilkin way most beaten plaine,
And wrapt with whirling wheels enflame the skyen [shine.
With fire not made to burn, but fairly for to

§ 71. *Slander.*

So when that forest they had passed well,
A little cottage farre away they spide, [fell:
To which they drew, ere night upon them
And entering in, found none therein abide,
But an old woman sitting there beside,
Upon the ground, in ragged rude attire,
With filthy locks about her scatter'd wide,
Gnawing her nayles for felness and for ire,
And thereout sucking venom to her parts intire.

A foule and loathly creature sure in sight,
And in conditions to be loath'd no less:
For shee was stuft with rancour and despight
Up to the throat; that oft with bitterness
It forth would break, and gush with great excess,
Pouring out streams of poyson and of gall,
Gainst all that truth or virtue doe professe;
Whome she with lessings lewdly did miscall
And wickedly back-bite: her name men Slander call.

Her nature is, all goodness to abuse,
And causeless crimes continually to frame;
With which she guiltless persons may accuse, [name:
And steale away the crowne of their good
Ne ever knight so bold, ne ever dame [strive
So chast and loyall liv'd, but she would
With forged cause them falsely to defame:
Ne ever thing was done so well alive,
But she with blame would blot, and of due praise deprive.

Her words were not as common words are ment,
T' express the meaning of the inward minde;
But noisome breath, and poysonous spirit sent,
From inward parts, with cancar'd malice lin'd,
And breathed forth with blast of bitter winde;
Which passing thro' the eares, would pierce the heart,
And wound the soul itself with grief unkind:
For, like the stings of aspes, that kill with smart, [inner part.
Her spightful words did prick and wound the

§ 72. *Storm.*

Hee cryde, as rageing seas are wont to rore,
When wintry storme his wrathfull wreck does threat,
The rolling billows beat the rugged shore,
As they the earth would shoulder from her seat,
And greedy gulph does gape, as he would eat
His neighbour element in his revenge:
Then gin the blustring breathren boldly threat,
To move the world from off his steadfast henge, [avenge.
And boystrous battell make, each other to

§ 73. *Venus.*

RIGHT in the midst the goddesse self did
Upon an altar of some costly masse, [stand,
Whose substance was uneath to understand:
For neither precious stones, nor durefull brasse,
Nor shining gold, nor mouldring clay it was;
But yet more rare and precious to esteeme,
Pure in aspect, and like to chrystall glass;
Yet glass was not, if one did rightly deem;
But being faire and brittle, likest glass did seeme.

But it in shape and beauty did excell
All other idols which the heathen adore:
Farre passing that, which by surpassing skill
Phidias did make in Paphos isle of yore,
With which that wretched Greeke that life forlore
Did fall in love: yet this much fairer shined,
But covered with slender veil afore,
And both her feet and legs together twined
Were with a snake, whose head and taile were fast combined.

The cause why she was covered with a veile, [same
Was hard to know, for that her priests the
From people's knowledge labour'd to conceale;
But sooth it was not sure for womanish shame,
Nor any blemish which the work mote blame;
But for (they say) she hath both kinds in one,
Both male and female, both under one name:
She sire and mother is herself alone;
Begets, and eke conceives, she needeth other none.

And all about her neck and shoulders flew
A flock of little loves, and sports, and joyes,
With nimble wings of gold and purple hew;
Whoes shapes seem'd not like to terrestrial boyes,
But like to angels playing heavenly toyes;
The whilst their elder brother was away,
Cupid, their elder brother; he enjoys
The wide kingdome of love with lordly sway,
And to his law compels all creatures to obey.

And all about her altar scatter'd lay,
Great sorts of lovers piteously complaining,
Some of their loss, some of their love's delay,
Some of their pride, some paragons disdaining,
Some fearing fraude, some fraudulently fayning,
As ever one had cause of good or ill. [ing,

§ 74. *Wrath.*

AFTER that varlet's sight, it was not long
Ere on the plaine fast pricking Guion spide
One in bright arms embattailed full strong,
That as the sunny beams doe glance and glide
Upon the trembling wave, so shined bright,
And round about him threw forth sparkling fire,
That seemed him to enflame on every side:
His steed was bloody red, and foamed ire,
When with the maist'ring spur he did him roughly stire.

Approaching nigh he never staid to greet,
Ne chaffer words, proud courage to provoke,
But prickt so fierce, that underneath his feet [smoke
The smoldring dust did round about him
Both horse and man nigh able for to choke;
And fairly couching his steel-headed spear,
Him first saluted with a sturdy stroke.

And him beside rides fierce revenging
Upon a lyon, loth for to be led; [Wrath
And in his hand a burning brond he hath,
The which he brandisheth about his head;
His eyes did hurle forth sparkles fiery red,
And stared stern on all that him beheld,
As ashes pale of hue, and seeming dead;
And on his dagger still his hand he held,
Trembling thro' hasty rage, when choler in him swell'd.

His ruffian raiment all was stain'd in blood
Which he had spilt, and all to rage yrent,
Thro' unadvised rashness woxen wood,
For of his hands he had no government,
Ne car'd for bloud in his avengement;
But when the furious fit was overpast,
His cruel facts he often would repent,
Yet, wilful man, he never would forecast,
How many mischiefs should ensue his heedless hast!

Full many mischiefs follow cruel Wrath;
Abhorred bloudshed, and tumultuous strife,
Unmanly murther, and unthrifty scath,
Bitter despight, with rancour's rusty knife,
And fretting grief, the enemy of life:
And these and many evils more haunt ire,
The swelling splene, and phrenzy raging rife,
The shaking palsey, and St. Francis' fire:
Such one was Wrath, the last of this ungodly tire.

SPENSER'S FAIRY QUEEN.

§ 75. *Duessa weeping over her enemy, compared to a Crocodile; and a Description of Night.*

As when a weary traveller, that strays
By muddy shore of broad seven-mouthed Nile,
Unweeting of the perilous wandering ways,
Doth meet a cruel crafty crocodile,
Which in false grief hiding his harmless guile
Doth weep full sore, and sheddeth tender tears:
The foolish man, that pities all this while
His mournful plight, is swallow'd up unawares,
Forgetful of his own, that minds another's cares:

So wept Duessa until even tide, [light;
That shining lamps in Jove's high house were
Then forth she rose, ne longer would abide,
But comes unto the place where th' heathen knight
In slumb'ring swoon nigh void of vital spright,

Lay cover'd with enchanted cloud all day;
Whom when she found, as she him left in plight
To wail his woful case, she would not stay,
But to the eastern coast of heaven makes speedy way,

Where griesly Night, with visage deadly sad,
That Phœbus' cheerful face durst never view,
And in a foul black pitchy mantle clad,
She finds forth-coming from her darksome mew,
Where she all day did hide her hated hue:
Before the door her iron chariot stood,
Already harnessed for journey new;
And cole-black steeds yborn of hellish brood,
That on their rusty bits did champ as they were wood.

\- - - - - - - -

And all the while she stood upon the ground,
The wakeful dogs did never cease to bay,
As giving warning of th' unusual sound,
With which her iron wheels did them affray,
And her dark griesly look them much dismay.
The messenger of death, the ghastly owl,
With dreary shrieks did also her bewray;
And hungry wolves continually did howl
At her abhorred face, so filthy and so foul.

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———On every side them stood
The trembling ghosts with sad amazed mood
Chattering their iron teeth, and staring wide
With stony eyes; and all the hellish brood
Of fiends infernal flock'd on every side,
To gaze on earthly wight, that with the Night durst ride.

§ 76. *Description of Lucifer's Palace.*

STATELY palace built of squared brick,
Which cunningly was without mortar laid,
Whose walls were high, but nothing strong nor thick,
And golden foil all over them display'd;
That purest sky with brightness they dismay'd:
High lifted up were many lofty tow'rs,
And goodly galleries far over-laid,
Full of fair windows, and delightful bow'rs;
And on the top a dial told the timely hours.

It was a goodly heap for to behold,
And spake the praises of the workman's wit;
But full great pity, that so fair a mould
Did on so weak foundation ever sit;
For on a sandy hill, that still did flit
And fall away, it mounted was full high,
That every breath of heaven shaked it;
And all the hinder parts, that few could spy,
Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly.

§ 77. *Lucifera ascending her Coach.*

SUDDEN upriseth from her stately place
The royal dame, and for her coach doth call!
All hurlen forth, and she with princely pace,
As fair Aurora in her purple pall,
Out of the East the dawning day doth call,
So forth she comes: her brightness broad doth blaze,
The heaps of people thronging in the hall
Do ride each other, upon her to gaze:
Her glorious glittering light doth all men's eyes amaze.

So forth she comes, and to her coach does climb
Adorned all with gold, and garlands gay,
That seem'd as fresh as Flora in her prime;
And strove to match, in royal rich array,
Great Juno's golden chair, the which they say
The gods stand gazing on, when she does ride
To Jove's high house thro' heaven's brass-paved way,
Drawn of fair peacocks that excel in pride,
And full of Argus' eyes their tails dispredden wide.

§ 78. *Description of Diana with her Nymphs, returned from the Chase, and preparing to bathe.*

SHORTLY under the wasteful woods she came,
Whereat she found the goddess and her crew,
After late chace of their embrued game,
Sitting beside a fountain in a rew,
Some of them washing with the liquid dew
From off their dainty limbs the dusty sweat,
And soil, which did deform their lively hue;
Others lay shaded from the scorching heat;
The rest upon her person gave attendance great.

She having hong upon a bough on high
Her bow and painted quiver, had unlac'd
Her silver buskins from her nimble thigh;
And her lank loins ungirt, and breasts unbrac'd,
After her heat the breathing cold to taste;
Her golden locks, that late in tresses bright
Embreeded were for hindering of her haste,
Now loose about her shoulders hung undight,
And were with sweet ambrosia all besprinkled light.

Soon as she Venus saw behind her back,
She was asham'd to be so loose surpris'd;
And wox half wroth against her damsels slack,
That had not her thereof before advis'd,
But suffer'd her so carelessly disguis'd
Be overtaken. Soon her garments loosen
Upgathering in her bosom she compris'd,
Well as she might, and then the goddess rose:
Whilst all her nymphs did like a girlond her enclose.

§ 79. *Description of a Garden.*

EFTSOONS they heard a most delicious sound
Of all that mote delight a dainty ear;
Such as at once might not on living ground,
Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere:
Right hard it was for wight which did it hear,
To read what manner music that mote be,
For all that pleasing is to living ear

Was there consorted in one harmony; [agree.
Birds, voices, instruments, winds, waters, all

The joyous birds, shrouded in cheerful shade,
Their notes unto the voice attemper'd sweet;
Th' angelical, soft trembling voices made
To th' instruments divine respondence meet:
The silver-sounding instruments did meet
With the base murmur of the water's fall;
The water's fall, with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call;
The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.

The while, some one did chaunt this lovely lay;
"Ah see, whoso fair thing dost fain to see,
In springing flower the image of thy day;
Ah see the virgin rose, how sweetly she
Doth first peep forth with bashful modesty,
That fairer seems, the less ye see he may;
Lo, see soon after, how more bold and free
Her bared bosom she doth broad display;
Lo, see soon after, how she fades and falls away.

"So passeth, in the passing of a day,
Of mortal life the leaf, the bud, the flower,
Nor more doth flourish after first decay,
That erst was sought to deck both bed and bower
Of many a lady, and many a paramour:
Gather therefore the rose, while yet is prime,
For soon comes age, that will her pride deflower:
Gather the rose of love, while yet is time,
While loving thou mayst loved be with equal crime."

He ceas'd, and then gan all the quire of birds
Their divers notes t' attune unto his lay,
As in approvance of his pleasing words.
The constant pair heard all that he did say,
Yet swerved not, but kept their forward way,
Through many covert groves, and thickets close,
In which they creeping did at last display
That wanton lady, with her lover loose,
Whose sleepy head she in her lap did soft dispose.

§ 80. *Description of the Garden of Adonis.*

THERE is continual spring and harvest
Continual, both meeting at one time; [there,
For both the boughs do laughing blossoms bear,
And with fresh colours deck the wanton prime,
And eke at once the heavy trees they climb,
Which seem to labour under their fruits' load:
The whiles the joyous birds make their pastime
Emongst the shady leaves, their sweet abode,
And their true loves without suspicion tell abroad.

§ 81. *Description of Jupiter.*

So having said, he ceas'd, and with his brow,
His black eye-brow, whose doomful dreaded beck
Is wont to wield the world unto his vow,
And even the highest pow'rs of heaven to check,
Made sign to them in their degrees to speak.
- - - - - - - -
——With that he shook
His nectar-dewed locks, with which the skies,
And all the world beneath for terror quook,
And eft his burning leven-brond in hand he took.

§ 82. *Guyon conducted by Mammon through a Cave under Ground, to see his Treasure.*

AT length they came into a larger space
That stretch'd itself into an ample plain,
Through which a beaten broad highway did trace,
That straight did lead to Pluto's griesly reign:
By that way's side there sat infernal Pain,
And fast beside him sat tumultuous Strife;
The one in hand an iron whip did strain,
The other brandished a bloody knife,
And both did knash their teeth, and both did threaten life.

On the other side in one consort there sate
Cruel Revenge, and rancorous Despite,
Disloyal Treason, and heart-burning Hate;
But gnawing Jealousy, out of their sight
Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bite:
And trembling Fear still to and fro did fly,
And found no place where safe he shroud him might.
Lamenting Sorrow did in darkness lie, [eye.
And Shame his ugly face did hide from living

And over them sad Horror, with grim hue,
Did always soar, beating his iron wings;
And after him owls and night-ravens flew,
The hateful messengers of heavy things,
Of death and dolour telling sad tidings;
Whilst sad Celeno, sitting on a cliff,
A song of bale and bitter sorrows sings,
That heart of flint asunder would have rift;
Which having ended, after him she flieth swift.

§ 83. *Una and the Red Cross Knight.*

A GENTLE knight was pricking on the plain,
Yclad in mighty arms and silver shield,
Wherein old dints of deep wounds did remain,
The cruel marks of many a bloody field;
Yet arms till that time did he never wield:
His angry steed did chide his foaming bit,
As much disdaining to the curb to yield:
Full jolly knight he seem'd, and fair did sit,
As one for knightly jousts and fierce encounters fit.

But on his breast a bloody cross he bore,
The dear remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweet sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead (as living) ever him ador'd: [shield,
Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,
For sovereign hope, which in his help he had:
Right faithful true he was in deed and word;
But of his cheer did seem too solemn sad:
Yet nothing did he dread; but ever was ydrad.

Upon a great adventure he was bound,
That greatest Gloriana to him gave,
That greatest glorious queen of fairy lond,
To win him worship, and her grace to have,
Which of all earthly things he most did crave;
And ever as he rode, his heart did yearn
To prove his puissance in battle brave
Upon his foe, and his new force to learn;
Upon his foe, a dragon horrible and stern.

A lovely lady rode him fair beside,
Upon a lowly ass more white than snow;
Yet she much whiter, but the same did hide
Under a veil, that wimpled was full low,
And over all a black stole she did throw,
As one that inly mourn'd: so was she sad,
And heavy sat upon her palfrey slow;
Seemed in heart some hidden care she had,
And by her in a line a milk white lamb she led.

So pure an innocent, as that same lamb,
She was in life and every virtuous lore,
And by descent from royal lineage came
Of ancient kings and queens, that had of yore
Their sceptres stretcht from east to western shore,
And all the world in their subjection held;
Till that infernal fiend with foul uproar
Forewasted all their land and them expell'd:
Whom to avenge, she had this knight from far compell'd.

Behind her far away a dwarf did lag,
That lazy seem'd in being ever last,
Or wearied with bearing of her bag
Of needments at his back. Thus as they past
The day with clouds was sudden overcast,
And angry Jove an hideous storm of rain
Did pour into his leman's lap so fast,
That every wight to shroud it did constrain,
And this fair couple eke to shroud themselves were fain.

Enforc'd to seek some covert nigh at hand,
A shady grove not far away they spied,
That promis'd aid the tempest to withstand;
Whose lofty trees, yclad with summer's pride,
Did spread so broad, they heaven's light did hide,
Not pierceable with power of any star:
And all within were paths and alleys wide,
With footing worn, and leading inward far:
Fair harbour, that them seems; so in they entred are.

And forth they pass, with pleasure forward led,
Joying to hear the birds' sweet harmony,
Which, therein shrouded from the tempest's dread,
Seem'd in their song to scorn the cruel sky.
Much can they praise the trees so strait and high,
The sailing Pine, the Cedar proud and tall,
The vine-prop Elm, the Poplar never dry,
The builder Oak, sole king of forests all,
The Aspin good for staves, the Cypress funeral,
The Laurel, meed of mighty conquerors
And poets sage, the Fir that weepeth still,
The Willow, worn of forlorn paramours,
The Yew, obedient to the bender's will,
The Birch for shafts, the Sallow for the mill,
The Myrrh sweet bleeding in the bitter wound,
The warlike Beech, the Ash for nothing ill,
The fruitful Olive, and the Plantain round,
The carver Holme, the Maple seldom inward sound.

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,
Until the blustering storm is overblown,
When, weening to return, whence they did stray, [shown,
They cannot find that path which first was
But wander to and fro in ways unknown,
Furthest from end then, when they nearest ween, [own:
That makes them doubt their wits be not their
So many paths, so many turnings seen,
That which of them to take, in divers doubt they been.

§ 84. *Description of Prince Arthur.*

At last she chanced by good hap to meet
A goodly knight, fair marching by the way,
Together with his squire, arrayed meet:
His glittering armour shined far away,
Like glancing light of Phœbus' brightest ray;
From top to toe no place appeared bare,
That deadly dint of steel endanger may:
Athwart his breast a bauldric brave he ware,
That shin'd like twinkling stars, with stones most precious rare.

And in the midst thereof one precious stone
Of wondrous worth, and eke of wondrous mights,
Shap'd like a lady's head, exceeding shone,
Like Hesperus amongst the lesser lights,
And strove for to amaze the weaker sights;
Thereby his mortal blade full comely hung
In ivory sheath, ycarv'd with curious slights;
Whose hilts were burnish'd gold, and handle strong [tongue.
Of mother pearl, and buckled with a golden

His haughty helmet, horrid all with gold,
Both glorious brightness and great terror bred;
For all the crest a dragon did enfold
With greedy paws, and over all did spread
His golden wings; his dreadful hideous head,
Close couched on the beaver, seem'd to throw
From flaming mouth bright sparkles fiery red,
That sudden horror to faint hearts did show;
And scaly tail was stretch'd adown his back full low.

Upon the top of all his lofty crest
A bunch of hairs discolour'd diversely,
With sprinkled pearl, and gold full richly dress'd,
Did shake, and seem'd to dance for jollity,
Like to an almond tree ymounted high
On top of green Selinis all alone,
With blossoms brave bedecked daintily;

Whose tender locks do tremble every one
At every little breath that under heaven is blown.

§ 85. *Description of Belphebe.*

HER face so fair as flesh it seemed not,
But heavenly portrait of bright angels' hue,
Clear as the sky, withouten blame or blot,
Through goodly mixture of complexions due;
And in her cheeks the vermeil red did shew
Like roses in a bed of lilies shed,
The which ambrosial odours from them threw,
And gazers' sense with double pleasure fed,
Able to heal the sick, and to revive the dead.

In her fair eyes two living lamps did flame,
Kindled above at th' heavenly maker's light,
And darted fiery beams out of the same,
So passing piercing, and so wondrous bright,
That quite bereav'd the rash beholder's sight;
In them the blinded god his lustful fire
To kindle oft essay'd, but had no might;
For with dread majesty, and awful ire,
She broke his wanton darts, and quenched base desire.

Her ivory forehead, full of bounty brave,
Like a broad table did itself dispread,
For love his lofty triumphs to engrave,
And write the battles of his great godhead;
All good and honour might therein be read:
For there their dwelling was. And when she spake, [shed,
Sweet words, like dropping honey, she did
And twixt the pearls and rubies softly brake
A silver sound, that heavenly music seem'd to make.

Upon her eyelids many graces sate,
Under the shadow of her even brows,
Working belgards, and amorous retreat,
And every one her with a grace endows:
And every one with meekness to her bows.
So glorious mirror of celestial grace,
And sovereign monument of mortal vows,
How shall frail pen describe her heavenly face,
For fear, through want of skill, her beauty to disgrace!

So fair, and thousand thousand times more fair
She seem'd, when she presented was to sight.
And was yclad (for heat of scorching air)
All in a silken camus, lily white,
Purfled upon with many a folded plight,
Which all above besprinkled was throughout
With golden agulets, that glistered bright,
Like twinkling stars, and all the skirt about
Was hemmed with golden fringe.

Below her ham her weed did somewhat train,
And her strait legs most bravely were embail'd
In golden buskins of costly cordwain [tail'd
All barr'd with golden bands, which were en-
With curious anticks, and full fair aumail'd:
Before, they fastened were under her knee
In a rich jewel, and therein entrail'd
The end of all their knots, that none might see [wrapped be.
How they, within their foldings, close en-

And in her hand a sharp boar-spear she held,
And at her back a bow and quiver gay,
Stuffed with steel-headed darts, wherewith she quell'd
The savage beasts in her victorious play,
Knit in a golden bauldric, which forelay
Athwart her snowy breast, and did divide
Her dainty paps; which, like young fruit in May,
Now little gan to swell, and being tied,
Through her thin weed, their places only signified.

Her yellow locks crisped like golden wire,
About her shoulders weren loosely shed,
And when the wind amongst them did inspire,
They waved like a pennon wide disspread,
And low behind her back were scattered:
And whether art it were, or heedless hap,
As through the flowering forest rash she fled,
In her rude hairs sweet flowers themselves did lap, [enwrap.
And flowering fresh leaves and blossoms did

§ 86. *The Squire and the Dove.*

WELL said the wise man, now prov'd true by this,
Which to this gentle squire did happen late;
That the displeasure of the mighty is
Than death itself more dread and desperate:
For, nought the same may calm, nor mitigate,
Till time the tempest do thereof allay
With sufferance soft, which rigour can abate,
And have the stern remembrance wip'd away
Of bitter thoughts, which deep therein infixed lay.

Like as it fell to this unhappy boy,
Whose tender heart the fair Belphebe had
With one stern look so daunted, that no joy
In all his life, which afterwards he lad,
He ever tasted; but with penance sad,
And pensive sorrow, pin'd and wore away,
Nor ever laugh'd, nor once shew'd countenance glad;
But always wept and wailed night and day,
As blasted blossom, through heat, doth languish and decay;

Till on a day (as in his wonted wise
His dole he made) there chanc'd a turtle-dove
To come, where he his dolours did devise,
That likewise late had lost her dearest love;
Which loss her made like passion also prove.
Who seeing his sad plight, her tender heart
With dear compassion deeply did emmove,
That she gan moan his undeserved smart,
And with her doleful accent, bear with him a part.

She, sitting by him, as on ground he lay,
Her mournful notes full piteously did frame,
And thereof made a lamentable lay,
So sensibly compil'd, that in the same
Him seemed oft he heard his own right name.
With that, he forth would pour so plenteous tears,
And beat his breast, unworthy of such blame,

And knock his head, and rend his rugged hairs,
That could have pierc'd the hearts of tigers and of bears.

Thus long this gentle bird to him did use,
Withouten dread of peril, to repair
Unto his wonne; and with her mournful muse
Him to recomfort in his greatest care,
That much did ease his mourning and misfare:
And every day, for guerdon of her song,
He part of his small feast to her would share;
That, at the last, of all his woe and wrong,
Companion she became, and so continued long.

Upon a day, as she him sate beside,
By chance he certain moniments forth drew,
Which yet with him as relicks did abide
Of all the bounty, which Belphebe threw
On him, while goodly grace she did him shew:
Amongst the rest, a jewel rich he found,
That was a ruby of right perfect hue,
Shap'd like a heart, yet bleeding of the wound,
And with a little golden chain about it bound.

The same he took, and with a ribbon new
(In which his lady's colours were) did bind
About the turtle's neck, that with the view
Did greatly solace his engrieved mind.
All unawares the bird, when she did find
Herself so deck'd, her nimble wings display'd,
And flew away, as lightly as the wind:
Which sudden accident him much dismay'd,
And looking after long did mark which way she stray'd.

But, when as long he looked had in vain,
Yet saw her forward still to make her flight,
His weary eye return'd to him again,
Full of discomfort and disquiet plight,
That both his jewel he had lost so light,
And eke his dear companion of his care.
But that sweet bird, departing, flew forth right
Through the wide region of the wasteful air,
Until she came where wonned his Belphebe fair.

There found she her (as then it did betide)
Sitting in covert shade of arbors sweet,
After late weary toil, which she had tried
In savage chace, to rest as seem'd her meet.
There she, alighting, fell before her feet,
And gan to her, her mournful plaint to make,
As was her wont: thinking to let her weet
The great tormenting grief, that for her sake
Her gentle squire through her displeasure did partake.

She, her beholding with attentive eye,
At length did mark about her purple breast
That precious jewel, which she formerly
Had known right well, with colour'd ribbon drest;
Therewith she rose in haste, and her addrest
With ready hand it to have reft away.
But the swift bird obey'd not her behest,
But swerv'd aside, and there again did stay;
She follow'd her, and thought again it to assay.

And ever, when she nigh approach'd, the dove
Would flit a little forward, and then stay
Till she drew near, and then again remove;
So tempting her still to pursue the prey,
And still from her escaping soft away:
Till that, at length, into that forest wide
She drew her far, and led with slow delay.
In th' end, she her unto that place did guide,
Whereas that woful man in languor did abide.

He, her beholding, at her feet down fell,
And kiss'd the ground on which her sole did tread,
And wash'd the same with water, which did well
From his moist eyes, and like two streams proceed;
Yet spake no word, whereby she might aread
What mister wight he was, or what he meant;
But as one daunted with her presence dread,
Only few rueful looks unto her sent,
As messengers of his true meaning and intent.

Yet nathemore his meaning she ared,
But wondered much at his so uncouth case;
And by his person's secret seemlihed
Well ween'd, that he had been some man of place,
Before misfortune did his hue deface:
That being mov'd with ruth she thus bespake:
Ah! woful man, what Heaven's hard disgrace,
Or wrath of cruel wight on thee ywrake,
Or self-disliked life, doth thee thus wretched make?

If Heaven, then none may it redress or blame,
Since to his power we all are subject born:
If wrathful wight, then foul rebuke and shame
Be theirs, that have so cruel thee forlorn:
But if through inward grief, or wilful scorn
Of life it be, then better do avise.
For, he whose days in wilful woe are worn,
The grace of his Creator doth despise,
That will not use his gifts for thankless niggardise.

When so he heard her say, eftsoons he brake
His sudden silence which he long had pent,
And sighing inly deep, her thus bespake:
Then have they all themselves against me bent:
For heaven (first author of my languishment)
Envying my too great felicity,
Did closely with a cruel one consent,
To cloud my days in doleful misery, [to die.
And make me loath this life, still longing for

Nor any but yourself, O dearest dread,
Hath done this wrong; to wreak on worthless wight
Your high displeasure, through misdeeming bred:
That when your pleasure is to deem aright,
Ye may redress, and me restore to light.
Which sorry words her mighty heart did mate
With mild regard, to see his rueful plight,
That her in-burning wrath she gan abate,
And him receiv'd again to former favour's state.

FAIRFAX'S TASSO.

§ 87. *Image of Armida and Attendants, enraged at Rinaldo's hewing down the Myrtle to dissolve the Charm.*

He* lift his brand; nor car'd, though oft she pray'd,
And she her form to other shape did change;
Such monsters huge, when men in dreams are laid,
Oft in their idle fancies roam and range:
Her body swell'd, her face obscure was made;
Vanish'd her garments rich, and vestures strange;
A giantess before him high she stands,
Arm'd, like Briareus, with an hundred hands:

With fifty swords, and fifty targets bright,
She threaten'd death, she roar'd, she cried, and fought:
Each other nymph, in armour likewise dight,
A Cyclops great became; he fear'd them nought,
But on the myrtle smote with all his might,
Which groan'd, like living souls to death nigh brought; [hell,
The sky seem'd Pluto's court, the air seem'd
Therein such monsters roar, such spirits yell.

Lighten'd the heaven above, the earth below
Roared aloud: that thunder'd, and this shook!
Bluster'd the tempests strong: the whirl-winds blow:
The bitter storm drove hail-stones in his look:
But yet his arm grew neither weak nor slow,
Till low to earth the wounded tree down bended:
Nor of that fury heed or care he took,
Then fled the spirits all, the charms all ended.

§ 88. *Description of Armida's wonderful Parrot.*

With party-color'd plumes, and purple bill,
A wondrous bird among the rest there flew,
That in plain speech sung love-lays loud and shrill;
Here Leden was like human language true:
So much she talk'd, and with such wit and skill,
That strange it seemed how much good she knew:
Her feather'd fellows all stood hush to hear;
Dumb was the wind, the waters silent were.

The gentle-budding rose, quoth she, behold,
That first scant peeping forth with virgin beams,
Half ope, half shut, her beauties doth unfold
In its fair leaves, and, less seen, fairer seems,
And after spreads them forth more broad and bold,
Then languisheth, and dies in last extremes;
Nor seems the same that decked bed and bow'r
Of many a lady late and paramour.

So, in the passing of a day, doth pass
The bud and blossom of the life of man,
Nor e'er doth flourish more; but, like the grass
Cut down, becometh wither'd, pale, and wan.
Oh, gather then the rose, while time thou hast!
Short is the day, done when it scant began;
Gather the rose of Love, while yet thou mayst,
Loving be lov'd, embracing be embrac'd.

She ceas'd; and, as approving all she spoke,
The choir of birds their heavenly tune renew;
The turtles sigh'd, and sighs with kisses broke;
The fowls to shades unseen by pairs withdrew:
It seem'd, the laurel chaste, and stubborn oak,
And all the gentle trees on earth that grew,
It seem'd the land, the sea, and heaven above,
All breath'd out fancy sweet, and sigh'd out love.——

§ 89. *The Story of Isulia.* Daniel.

——There was sometime a nymph,
Isulia named, and an Arcadian born,
Whose mother dying left her very young
Unto her father's charge, who carefully
Did breed her up until she came to years
Of womanhood, and then provides a match
Both rich and young, and fit enough for her.
But she, who to another shepherd had,
Call'd Sirthis, vow'd her love, as unto one
Her heart esteem'd more worthy of her love,
Could not by all her father's means be wrought
To leave her choice, and to forget her vow.
This nymph one day, surcharg'd with love and grief,
Which commonly (the more the pity) dwell
As inmates both together, walking forth
With other maids to fish upon the shore,
Estrays apart, and leaves her company,
To entertain herself with her own thoughts;
And wanders on so far, and out of sight,
As she at length was suddenly surpris'd
By pirates, who lay lurking underneath
Those hollow rocks, expecting there some prize.
And, notwithstanding all her piteous cries,
Entreaties, tears, and prayers, those fierce men
Rent hair and veil, and carried her by force
Into their ship, which in a little creek
Hard by at anchor lay;
And presently they hoisted sail, and so away.
When she was thus inshipp'd, and woefully
Had cast her eyes about to view that hell
Of horror, whereinto she was so suddenly emplung'd,
She spies a woman sitting with a child
Sucking her breast, which was the captain's wife.
To her she creeps, down at her feet she lies;
"O woman, if that name of woman may
Move you to pity, pity a poor maid;
The most distressed soul that ever breath'd;
And save me from the hands of those fierce men.
Let me not be defil'd and made unclean,

* Rinaldo.

Dear woman, now, and I will be to you
The faithfull'st slave that ever mistress serv'd;
Never poor soul shall be more dutiful,
To do whatever you command, than I.
No toil will I refuse, so that I may
Keep this poor body clean and undeflower'd,
Which is all I will ever seek. For know,
It is not fear of death lays me thus low,
But of that stain will make my death to blush."
All this would nothing move the woman's heart, [sought;
Whom yet she would not leave, but still be-
"O woman, by that infant at your breast,
And by the pains it cost you at the birth,
Save me, as ever you desire to have
Your babe to joy and prosper in the world:
Which will the better prosper sure, if you
Shall mercy shew, which is with mercy paid!"
Then kisses she her feet, then kisses too
The infant's feet; and "Oh, sweet babe," (said she) [me,
"Could'st thou but to thy mother speak for
And crave her to have pity on my case,
Thou might'st perhaps prevail with her so much, [speak."
Although I cannot; child, ah, could'st thou
The infant, whether by her touching it,
Or by instinct of nature, seeing her weep,
Looks earnestly upon her, and then looks
Upon the mother, then on her again,
And then it cries, and then on either looks:
Which she perceiving; "blessed child," (said she) [cry
"Although thou can'st not speak, yet dost thou
Unto thy mother for me. Hear thy child,
Dear mother, it's for me it cries,
It's all the speech it hath. Accept those cries,
Save me at his request from being defil'd:
Let pity move thee, that thus moves thy child."
The woman, tho' by birth and custom rude,
Yet, having veins of nature, could not be
But pierceable, did feel at length the point
Of pity enter so, as out gush'd tears,
(Not usual to stern eyes) and she besought
Her husband to bestow on her that prize,
With safeguard of her body at her will.
The captain, seeing his wife, the child, the nymph,
All crying to him in this piteous sort,
Felt his rough nature shaken too, and grants
His wife's request, and seals his grant with tears;
And so they wept all four for company:
And some beholders stood not with dry eyes;
Such passion wrought the passion of their prize.
Never was there pardon, that did take
Condemned from the block, more joyful than
This grant to her. For all her misery
Seem'd nothing to the comfort she receiv'd,
By being thus saved from impurity;
And from the woman's feet she would not part,
Nor trust her hand to be without some hold
Of her, or of the child, so long as she remain'd
Within the ship, which in few days arrives
At Alexandria, whence these pirates were;
And there this woeful maid for two years' space
Did serve, and truly serve, this captain's wife,
(Who would not lose the benefit of her
Attendance, for her profit otherwise)
But daring not in such a place as that
To trust herself in woman's habit, crav'd
That she might be apparel'd like a boy;
And so she was, and as a boy she serv'd.
At two years' end her mistress sends her forth
Unto the port for some commodities, [down,
Which, whilst she sought for, going up and
She heard some merchantmen of Corinth talk,
Who spake that language the Arcadians did,
And were next neighbors of one continent.
To them, all rapt with passion, down she kneels,
Tells them she was a poor distressed boy,
Born in Arcadia, and by pirates took,
And made a slave in Egypt: and besought
Them, as they fathers were of children, or
Did hold their native country dear, they would
Take pity on her, and relieve her youth
From that sad servitude wherein she liv'd:
For which she hoped that she had friends alive
Would thank them one day, and reward them too;
If not, yet that she knew the heav'ns would do.
The merchants, mov'd with pity of her case,
Being ready to depart, took her with them,
And landed her upon her country coast:
Where, when she found herself, she prostrate falls,
Kisses the ground, thanks gives unto the gods,
Thanks them who had been her deliverers,
And on she trudges through the desart woods,
Climbs over craggy rocks, and mountains steep,
Wades thorough rivers, struggles thorough [bogs,
Sustained only by the force of love,
Until she came unto her native plains,
Unto the fields where first she drew her breath.
There she lifts up her eyes, salutes the air,
Salutes the trees, the bushes, flow'rs and all:
And, "Oh, dear Sirthis, here I am," said she,
"Here, notwithstanding all my miseries,
I am, the same I ever was to thee; a pure,
A chaste, and spotless maid."

§ 90. *The Praise of Poetry.* COWLEY.

'Tis not a pyramid of marble stone,
Though high as our ambition;
'Tis not a tomb cut out in brass, which can
Give life to th' ashes of a man,
But verses only; they shall fresh appear
Whilst there are men to read or hear,
When time shall make the lasting brass decay,
And eat the pyramid away,
Turning that monument wherein men trust
Their names to what it keeps, poor dust;
Then shall the epitaph remain, and be
New graven in eternity.
Poets by death are conquer'd, but the wit
Of poets triumphs over it. [took
What cannot verse? When Thracian Orpheus
His lyre, and gently on it strook,

The learned stones came dancing all along,
And kept time to the charming song.
With artificial pace the warlike pine,
The elm and his wife the ivy twine,
With all the better trees, which erst had stood
Unmov'd, forsook their native wood.
The laurel to the poet's hand did bow,
Craving the honour of his brow;
And ev'ry loving arm embrac'd, and made
With their officious leaves a shade.
The beasts, too, strove his auditors to be,
Forgetting their old tyranny:
The fearful hart next to the lion came,
And the wolf was shepherd to the lamb.
Nightingales, harmless syrens of the air,
And muses of the place, were there; [found
Who, when their little windpipes they had
Unequal to so strange a sound,
O'ercome by art and grief, they did expire,
And fell upon the conqu'ring lyre.
Happy, O happy they! whose tomb might be,
Mausolus! envied by thee!

§ 91. *The Country Mouse.* COWLEY.

AT the large foot of a fair hollow tree,
Close to plough'd ground, seated commodiously,
His ancient and hereditary house,
There dwelt a good substantial Country Mouse,
Frugal, and grave, and careful of the main.
A City Mouse, well coated, sleek, and gay,
A mouse of high degree, which lost his way,
Wantonly walking forth to take the air,
Had arriv'd early, and belighted there
For a day's lodging. The good hearty host
(The ancient plenty of his hall to boast)
Did all the stores produce that might excite,
With various tastes, the courtier's appetite:
Fitches and beans, peason, and oats, and wheat,
And a large chestnut, the delicious meat
Which Jove himself, were he a mouse, would eat.
And for a hautgout, there was mix'd with these
The sword of bacon, and the coat of cheese,
The precious relics which at harvest he
Had gather'd from the reaper's luxury.
Freely (said he) fall on, and never spare,
The bounteous gods will for to-morrow care.
And thus at ease on beds of straw they lay,
And to their genius sacrific'd the day:
Yet the nice guest's Epicurean mind [kind)
(Though breeding made him civil seem and
Despis'd this country feast, and still his thought
Upon the cakes and pies of London wrought.
Your bounty and civility (said he)
Which I'm surpris'd in these rude parts to see,
Shews that the gods have given you a mind
Too noble for the fate which here you find.
Why should a soul so virtuous and so great
Lose itself thus in an obscure retreat?
Let savage beasts lodge in a country den,
You should see towns, and manners know, and men;
And taste the gen'rous lux'ry of the court,
Where all the mice of quality resort;
Where thousand beauteous shes about you move,
And by high fare are pliant made to love.
We all ere long must render up our breath;
No cave or hole can shelter us from death.
Since life is so uncertain and so short,
Let's spend it all in feasting and in sport.
Come, worthy sir! come with me, and partake
All the great things that mortals happy make.
Alas! what virtue hath sufficient arms
T' oppose bright honour and soft pleasure's charms?
What wisdom can their magic force repel?
It draws this rev'rend hermit from his cell.
It was the time, when witty poets tell,
"That Phœbus into Thetis' bosom fell:
She blush'd at first, and then put out the light,
And drew the modest curtains of the night."
Plainly, the truth to tell, the sun was set,
When to the town our weary'd trav'llers get.
To a lord's house, as lordly as can be,
Made for the use of pride and luxury,
They come; the gentle courtier at the door
Stops, and will hardly enter in before;
But 'tis, sir, your command, and being so,
I'm sworn t' obedience; and so in they go.
Behind a hanging in a spacious room,
(The richest work of Mortlake's noble loom)
They wait awhile, their weary'd limbs to rest
Till silence should invite them to their feast,
"About the hour that Cynthia's silver light
Had touch'd the pale meridies of the night."
At last, the various supper being done,
It happen'd that the company was gone
Into a room remote, servants and all,
To please their noble fancies with a ball.
Our host leads forth his stranger, and does find
All fitted to the bounties of his mind.
Still on the table half-fill'd dishes stood,
And with delicious bits the floor was strew'd.
The courteous mouse presents him with the best,
And both with fat varieties are bless'd:
Th' industrious peasant ev'ry where does range,
And thanks the gods for his life's happy change.
Lo! in the midst of a well-freighted pie
They both at last, glutted and wanton, lie:
When,—see the sad reverse of prosp'rous fate,
And what fierce storms on mortal glories wait—
With hideous noise, down the rude servants come,
Six dogs before run barking into the room;
The wretched gluttons fly with wild affright,
And hate the fulness which retards their flight.
Our trembling peasant wishes now, in vain,
That rocks and mountains cover'd him again.
Oh how the change of his poor life he curs'd!
This of all lives, said he, is sure the worst.
Give me again, ye gods! my cave and wood;
With peace, let tares and acorns be my food.

§ 92. *Drinking.* COWLEY.

THE thirsty earth soaks up the rain,
And drinks, and gapes for drink again.

The plants suck-in the earth, and are
With constant drinking fresh and fair.
The sea itself, which, one would think,
Should have but little need of drink,
Drinks twice ten thousand rivers up,
So fill'd that they o'erflow the cup.
The busy sun, (and one would guess
By 's drunken fiery face no less)
Drinks up the sea, and when he 'as done,
The moon and stars drink up the sun.
They drink and dance by their own light,
They drink and revel all the night.
Nothing in nature 's sober found,
But an eternal health goes round.
Fill up the bowl, then, fill it high,
Fill all the glasses there; for why
Should ev'ry creature drink but I;
Why, man of morals, tell me why?

§ 93. *The Grasshopper.* COWLEY.

HAPPY insect! what can be
In happiness compar'd to thee?
Fed with nourishment divine,
The dewy morning's gentle wine!
Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy verdant cup does fill;
'Tis fill'd wherever thou dost tread,
Nature's self 's thy Ganymede.
Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing,
Happier than the happiest king!
All the fields which thou dost see,
All the plants, belong to thee;
All that summer-hours produce,
Fertile made with early juice:
Man for thee does sow and plough;
Farmer he, and landlord thou!
Thou dost innocently joy,
Nor does thy luxury destroy.
The shepherd gladly heareth thee,
More harmonious than he.
Thee country hinds with gladness hear,
Prophet of the ripen'd year!
Thee Phœbus loves, and does inspire;
Phœbus is himself thy sire.
To thee of all things upon earth,
Life is no longer than thy mirth.
Happy insect! happy! thou
Dost neither age nor winter know:
But, when thou 'st drunk, and danc'd, and sung
Thy fill, the flow'ry leaves among,
(Voluptuous, and wise withal,
Epicurean animal!)
Sated with thy summer feast,
Thou retir'st to endless rest.

§ 94. *The Swallow.* COWLEY.

FOOLISH prater! what dost thou
So early at my window do,
With thy tuneless serenade?
Well 't had been had Tereus made
Thee as dumb as Philomel;
There his knife had done but well.
In thy undiscover'd nest
Thou dost all the winter rest,
And dreamest o'er thy summer joys,
Free from the stormy season's noise;
Free from th' ill thou 'st done to me;
Who disturbs or seeks out thee?
Hadst thou all the charming notes
Of the wood's poetic throats,
All thy art could never pay
What thou 'st ta'en from me away.
Cruel bird! thou 'st ta'en away
A dream out of my arms to-day;
A dream that ne'er must equall'd be
By all that waking eyes may see:
Thou this damage to repair,
Nothing half so sweet or fair,
Nothing half so good, can'st bring,
Tho' men say thou bring'st the Spring.

GLOVER'S LEONIDAS.

§ 95. *Leonidas's Address to his Countrymen.*

————HE alone
Remains unshaken. Rising he displays
His godlike presence. Dignity and grace
Adorn his frame, and manly beauty, join'd
With strength Herculean. On his aspect shines
Sublimest virtue, and desire of fame,
Where justice gives the laurel; in his eye
The inextinguishable spark, which fires
The souls of patriots; while his brow supports
Undaunted valor, and contempt of death.
Serene he rose, and thus address'd the throng:

Why this astonishment on every face,
Ye men of Sparta? Does the name of death
Create this fear and wonder? O my friends!
Why do we labor through the arduous paths
Which lead to virtue? Fruitless were the toil,
Above the reach of human feet were plac'd
The distant summit, if the fear of death
Could intercept our passage. But in vain
His blackest frowns and terrors he assumes
To shake the firmness of the mind, which knows
That, wanting virtue, life is pain and woe;
That, wanting liberty, e'en virtue mourns,
And looks around for happiness in vain.
Then speak, O Sparta, and demand my life;
My heart, exulting, answers to thy call, [fame
And smiles on glorious fate. To live with
The gods allow to many! but to die
With equal lustre, is a blessing Heaven
Selects from all the choicest boons of fate,
And with a sparing hand on few bestows.

§ 96. *Leonidas's Answer to the Persian Ambassador.*

RETURN to Xerxes; tell him, on this rock
The Grecians, faithful to their post, await
His chosen myriads; tell him, thou hast seen
How far the lust of empire is below
A free-born mind: and tell him, to behold
A tyrant humbled, and by virtuous death
To seal my country's freedom, is a good
Surpassing all his boasted pow'r can give.

§ 97. *Pathetic Farewell of Leonidas to his Wife and Family.*

I SEE, I feel thy anguish, nor my soul
Has ever known the prevalence of love,
E'er prov'd a father's fondness, as this hour;
Nor, when most ardent to assert my fame,
Was once my heart insensible to thee.
How had it stain'd the honors of my name
To hesitate a moment, and suspend
My country's fate, till shameful life preferr'd,
By my inglorious colleague left no choice,
But what in me were infamy to shun,
Not virtue to accept! Then deem no more
That, of my love regardless, or thy tears,
I haste uncall'd to death. The voice of fate,
The gods, my fame, my country, bid me bleed.
O thou dear mourner! wherefore streams afresh [renew'd
That flood of woe? Why heaves with sighs
That tender breast? Leonidas must fall.
Alas! far heavier misery impends
O'er thee and these, if, soften'd by thy tears,
I shamefully refuse to yield that breath,
Which justice, glory, liberty, and Heaven
Claim for my country, for my sons, and thee.
Think on my long unalter'd love. Reflect
On my paternal fondness. Has my heart
E'er known a pause of love, or pious care?
Now shall that care, that tenderness, be prov'd
Most warm and faithful. When thy husband dies
For Lacedæmon's safety, thou wilt share,
Thou and thy children, the diffusive good.
Should I, thus singled from the rest of men;
Alone intrusted by th' immortal gods
With pow'r to save a people; should my soul
Desert that sacred cause, thee too I yield
To sorrow and to shame: for thou must weep
With Lacedæmon, must with her sustain
Thy painful portion of oppression's weight.
Thy sons behold, now worthy of their names,
And Spartan birth. Their growing bloom must pine [hearts
In shame and bondage, and their youthful
Beat at the sound of liberty no more.
On their own virtue and their father's fame,
When he the Spartan freedom hath confirm'd,
Before the world illustrious shall they rise,
Their country's bulwark, and their mother's joy.
Here paus'd the patriot. With religious awe
Grief heard the voice of virtue. No complaint
The solemn silence broke. Tears ceas'd to flow;
Ceas'd for a moment, soon again to stream.
For now, in arms before the palace rang'd,
His brave companions of the war demand
Their leader's presence; then her griefs renew'd,
Too great for utt'rance, intercept her sighs,
And freeze each accent on her falt'ring tongue.
In speechless anguish, on the hero's breast
She sinks. On ev'ry side his children press,
Hang on his knees, and kiss his honor'd hand.
His soul no longer struggles to confine
Its strong compunction. Down the hero's cheek, [woe,
Down flows the manly sorrow. Great in
Amid his children, who enclose him round,
He stands indulging tenderness and love
In graceful tears, when thus, with lifted eyes,
Address'd to Heaven: Thou ever-living Pow'r,
Look down propitious, Sire of gods and men!
And to this faithful woman, whose desert
May claim thy favor, grant the hours of peace.
And thou, my great forefather, son of Jove,
O Hercules, neglect not these thy race!
But, since that spirit I from thee derive
Now bears me from them to resistless fate,
Do thou support their virtue! Be they taught,
Like thee, with glorious labor life to grace,
And from their father let them learn to die!

§ 98. *Characters of Teribazus and Ariana.*

AMID the van of Persia was a youth
Nam'd Teribazus, not for golden stores,
Not for wide pastures travers'd o'er with herds,
With bleating thousands, or with bounding steeds;
Nor yet for pow'r, nor splendid honors, fam'd.
Rich was his mind in ev'ry art divine,
And through the paths of science had he
The votary of wisdom. In the years [walk'd
When tender down invests the ruddy cheek,
He with the Magi turn'd the hallow'd page
Of Zoroaster; then his tow'ring soul
High on the plumes of contemplation soar'd,
And from the lofty Babylonian fane [sphere,
With learn'd Chaldeans trac'd the mystic
There number'd o'er the vivid fires that gleam
Upon the dusky bosom of the night.
Nor on the sands of Ganges were unheard
The Indian sages from sequester'd bow'rs,
While, as attention wonder'd, they disclos'd
The pow'rs of nature; whether in the woods,
The fruitful glebe or flow'r, or healing plant,
The limpid waters, or the ambient air,
Or in the purer element of fire.
The fertile plains where great Sesostris reign'd,
Mysterious Egypt, next the youth survey'd,
From Elephantis, where impetuous Nile
Precipitates his waters to the sea,
Which far below receives the sevenfold stream.
Thence o'er th' Ionic coast he stray'd: nor pass'd
Miletus by, which once enraptur'd heard
The tongue of Thales; nor Priene's walls,
Where wisdom dwelt with Bias; nor the seat
Of Pittacus, along the Lesbian shore.
Here too melodious numbers charm'd his ears,
Which flow'd from Orpheus, and Musæus old,
And thee, O father of immortal verse,
Mæonides, whose strains through every age
Time with his own eternal lips shall sing.
Back to his native Susa then he turn'd
His wand'ring steps. His merit soon was dear
To Hyperanthes, generous and good:
And Ariana, from Darius sprung
With Hyperanthes, of th' imperial race
Which rul'd th' extent of Asia, in disdain

Of all her greatness, oft an humble ear
To him would bend, and listen to his voice.
Her charms, her mind, her virtue he explor'd,
Admiring. Soon was admiration chang'd
To love; nor lov'd he sooner than despair'd.
But unreveal'd and silent was his pain;
Nor yet in solitary shades he roam'd,
Nor shunn'd resort; but o'er his sorrows cast
A sickly dawn of gladness, and in smiles
Conceal'd his anguish; while the secret flame
Rag'd in his bosom, and his peace consum'd.

SONNETS, BY SMITH.

§ 99. *To the Moon.*

QUEEN of the silver bow! by thy pale beam,
Alone and pensive, I delight to stray,
And watch the shadow trembling in the stream, [way.
Or mark the floating clouds that cross thy
And, while I gaze, thy mild and placid light
Sheds a soft calm upon my troubled breast;
And oft I think, fair planet of the night!
That in thy orb the wretched may have rest;
The sufferers of the earth perhaps may go,
Releas'd by death, to thy benignant sphere;
And the sad children of despair and wo
Forget, in thee, their cup of sorrow here.
O! that I soon may reach thy world serene,
Poor wearied pilgrim in this toiling scene!

§ 100. *On the Departure of the Nightingale.*

SWEET poet of the woods! a long adieu!
Farewell, soft minstrel of the early year!
Ah! 'twill be long ere thou shalt sing anew,
And pour thy music on the 'night's dull ear.'
Whether on spring thy wandering flights await,
Or whether silent in our groves you dwell,
The pensive muse shall own thee for her mate,
And still protect the song she loves so well.
With cautious step the love-lorn youth shall glide [nest,
Thro' the lone brake that shades thy mossy
And shepherd girls from eyes profane shall hide
The gentle bird, who sings of pity best:
For still thy voice shall soft affections move,
And still be dear to sorrow and to love!

§ 101. *Written at the Close of Spring.*

THE garlands fade that spring so lately wove,
Each simple flow'r which she had nurs'd in dew,
Anemonies, that spangled every grove,
The primrose wan, and hare-bell mildly blue.
No more shall violets linger in the dell,
Or purple orchis variegate the plain,
Till spring again shall call forth every bell,
And dress with humid hands her wreaths again.
Ah! poor humanity! so frail, so fair
Are the fond visions of thy early day,
Till tyrant passion and corrosive care
Bid all thy fairy colours fade away! [bring;
Another May new buds and flow'rs shall
Ah! why has happiness no second spring?

§ 102. *Should the lone Wanderer.*

SHOULD the lone wanderer, fainting on his way,
Rest for a moment of the sultry hours, [lay,
And, tho' his path thro' thorns and roughness
Pluck the wild rose, or woodbine's gadding flow'rs, [tree,
Weaving gay wreaths, beneath some sheltering
The sense of sorrow he a while may lose.
So have I sought thy flow'rs, fair Poesy!
So charm'd my way with Friendship and the Muse.
But darker grows life's unhappy day,
Dark with new clouds of evil yet to come:
Her pencil sickening Fancy throws away,
And weary Hope reclines upon the tomb;
And points my wishes to that tranquil shore,
Where the pale spectre, Care, pursues no more.

§ 103. *To Night.*

I LOVE thee, mournful, sober-suited Night,
When the faint moon, yet lingering in her wane,
And veil'd in clouds, with pale, uncertain light
Hangs o'er the waters of the restless main.
In deep depression sunk, th' enfeebled mind
Will to the deaf, cold elements complain,
And tell th' imbosom'd grief, however vain,
To sullen surges and the viewless wind:
Tho' no repose on thy dark breast I find,
I still enjoy thee, cheerless as thou art;
For in thy quiet gloom th' exhausted heart
Is calm, tho' wretched; hopeless, yet resign'd:
While to the winds and waves its sorrows given,
May reach—though lost on earth—the ear of Heaven!

§ 104. *To Tranquillity.*

IN this tumultuous sphere, for thee unfit,
How seldom art thou found, Tranquillity!
Unless 'tis when, with mild and downcast eye,
By the low cradles thou delight'st to sit
Of sleeping infants, watching the soft breath,
And bidding the sweet slumberers easy lie,
Or sometimes hanging o'er the bed of death,
Where the poor languid sufferer hopes to die.
O beauteous sister of the halcyon peace!
I sure shall find thee in that heavenly scene,
Where care and anguish shall their power cease:
Where hope alike and vain regret shall resign;
And memory, lost in happiness serene,
Repeat no more—that misery has been mine!

§ 105. *Written in the Churchyard at Middleton in Sussex.*

PRESS'D by the Moon, mute arbitress of tides,
While the loud equinox its power combines,
The sea no more its swelling surge confines,
But o'er the shrinking land sublimely rides.
The wild blast, rising from the western cave,
Drives the huge billows from their heaving bed; [dead,
Tears from their grassy tombs the village
And breaks the silent sabbath of the grave!

With shells and sea-weed mingled, on the shore,
Lo! their bones whiten in the frequent wave;
But vain to them the winds and waters rave:
They hear the warring elements no more:
While I am doom'd, by life's long storm oppress'd,
To gaze with envy on their gloomy rest.

§ 106. *Written at Penthurst, in Autumn, 1788.*

Ye tow'rs sublime, deserted now and drear,
Ye woods, deep sighing to the hollow blast,
The musing wanderer loves to linger near,
While history points to all your glories past:
And startling from their haunts the timid deer,
To trace the walks obscured by matted fern,
Which Waller's soothing lyre were wont to hear,
But where now clamors the discordant hern!
The spoiling hand of time may overturn
These lofty battlements, and quite deface
The fading canvass whence we love to learn
Sidney's keen look, and Sacharissa's grace:
But fame and beauty still defy decay,
Sav'd by th' historic page, the poet's tender lay!

§ 107. *Extract from a Poem on his own approaching Death, by* MICHAEL BRUCE.

Now spring returns; but not to me returns
The vernal joy my better years have known:
Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,
And all the joys of life with health are flown.

Starting and shiv'ring in th' inconstant wind,
Meager and pale, the ghost of what I was,
Beneath some blasted tree I lie reclin'd,
And count the silent moments as they pass:

The winged moments, whose unstaying speed
No art can stop, or in their course arrest;
Whose flight shall shortly count me with the dead,
And lay me down in peace with them that rest.

Oft morning dreams presage approaching fate;
And morning dreams, as poets tell, are true:
Led by pale ghosts, I enter death's dark gate,
And bid the realms of light and life adieu!

I hear the helpless wail, the shriek of wo;
I see the muddy wave, the dreary shore,
The sluggish streams that slowly creep below,
Which mortals visit, and return no more.

Farewell, ye blooming fields! ye cheerful plains!
Enough for me the churchyard's lonely mound,
Where Melancholy with still Silence reigns,
And the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless ground.

There let me wander at the close of eve,
When sleep sits dewy on the laborer's eyes,
The world and all its busy follies leave,
And talk with wisdom where my Daphnis lies.

There let me sleep, forgotten, in the clay,
When death shall shut these weary, aching eyes,
Rest in the hopes of an eternal day,
Till the long night is gone, and the last morn arise.

§ 108. *Sonnet to Twilight.*
MISS WILLIAMS.

Meek Twilight! haste to shroud the solar ray,
And bring the hour my pensive spirit loves;
When o'er the hill is shed a paler day,
That gives to stillness, and to night, the groves.
Ah! let the gay, the roseate morning hail,
When, in the various blooms of light array'd,
She bids fresh beauty live along the vale,
And rapture tremble in the vocal shade:
Sweet is the lucid morning's op'ning flow'r,
Her choral melodies benignly rise;
Yet dearer to my soul the shadowy hour,
At which her blossoms close, her music dies:
For then mild nature, while she droops her head,
Wakes the soft tear 'tis luxury to shed.

§ 109. *Sonnet to Expression.*
MISS WILLIAMS.

Expression, child of soul! I love to trace
Thy strong enchantments, when the poet's lyre,
The painter's pencil, catch the vivid fire,
And beauty wakes for thee each touching grace!
But from my frighted gaze thy form avert,
When horror chills thy tear, thy ardent sigh,
When phrensy rolls in thy impassion'd eye,
Or guilt lives fearful at thy troubled heart;
Nor ever let my shudd'ring fancy hear
The wasting groan, or view the pallid look
Of him the Muses lov'd,* when hope forsook
His spirit, vainly to the Muses dear—
For, charm'd with heavenly song, this bleeding breast
Mourns it could sharpen ill, and give despair no rest!

§ 110. *Sonnet to Hope.* MISS WILLIAMS.

O, ever skill'd to wear the form we love!
To bid the shapes of fear and grief depart,
Come, gentle Hope, with one gay smile remove
The lasting sadness of an aching heart;
Thy voice, benign enchantress! let me hear;
Say that for me some pleasures yet shall bloom;
That fancy's radiance, friendship's precious tear,
Shall soften, or shall chase, misfortune's gloom.
But come not glowing in the dazzling ray
Which once with dear illusions charm'd my eye!
O strew no more, sweet flatterer! on my way
The flow'rs I fondly thought too bright to die.
Visions less fair will soothe my pensive breast,
That asks not happiness, but longs for rest!

§ 111. *Sonnet to the Moon.*
MISS WILLIAMS.

The glittering colors of the day are fled:
Come, melancholy orb! that dwell'st with night;

* Chatterton.

Come! and o'er earth thy wand'ring lustre shed,
Thy deepest shadow and thy softest light.
To me congenial is the gloomy grove, [shine;
When with faint rays the sloping uplands
That gloom, those pensive rays, alike, I love,
Whose sadness seems in sympathy with mine!
But most for this, pale orb! thy light is dear,
For this, benignant orb! I hail thee most,
That, while I pour the unavailing tear,
And mourn that hope to me, in youth, is lost!
Thy light can visionary thoughts impart,
And lead the Muse to soothe a suff'ring heart.

§ 112. *On the Recovery of a Lady of Quality from the Small-Pox.* SAVAGE.

LONG a lov'd fair had bless'd her consort's sight
With amorous pride and undisturb'd delight;
Till Death, grown envious, with repugnant aim [claim.
Frown'd at their joys, and urg'd a tyrant's
He summons each disease!—the noxious crew,
Writhing in dire distortions, strike his view!
From various plagues, which various natures know,
Forth rushes beauty's fear'd and fervent foe.
Fierce to the fair the missile mischief flies,
The sanguine streams in raging ferments rise!
It drives, ignipotent, through every vein,
Hangs on the heart, and burns around the brain!
Now a chill damp the charmer's lustre dims:
Sad o'er her eyes the livid languor swims!
Her eyes, that, with a glance, could joy inspire,
Like setting stars, scarce shoot a glimmering fire. [press'd,
Here stands her consort, sore with anguish
Grief in his eye, and terror in his breast.
The Paphian Graces, smit with anxious care,
In silent sorrow weep the waning fair.
Eight suns, successive, roll their fire away,
And eight slow nights see their deep shades decay. [appears,
While these revolve, though mute each Muse
Each speaking eye drops eloquence in tears.
On the ninth noon great Phœbus listening bends,
On the ninth noon each voice in prayer ascends—
Great God of light, of song, and physic's art,
Restore the languid fair, new soul impart!
Her beauty, wit, and virtue, claim thy care,
And thine own bounty's almost rivall'd there.
Each paus'd: the god assents. Would death advance?
Phœbus unseen arrests that threatening lance!
Down from his orb a vivid influence streams,
And quickening earth imbibes salubrious beams;
Each balmy plant increase of virtue knows,
And art inspir'd with all her patron glows.
The charmer's opening eye kind hope reveals,
Kind hope her consort's breast enlivening feels;
Each grace revives, each Muse resumes the lyre,
Each beauty brightens with relumin'd fire;
As health's auspicious pow'rs gay life display,
Death, sullen at the sight, stalks slow away.

§ 113. *Ode to Pity.* COLLINS.

O THOU, the friend of man assign'd,
With balmy hands his wounds to bind,
And charm his frantic wo;
When first Distress, with dagger keen,
Broke forth to waste his destin'd scene,
His wild, unsated foe!

By Pella's bard, a magic name,
By all the griefs his thought could frame,
Receive my humble rite:
Long, Pity, let the nations view
Thy sky-worn robes of tenderest blue,
And eyes of dewy light!

But wherefore need I wander wide
To old Ilissus' distant side,
Deserted stream, and mute?
Wild Arun,* too, has heard thy strains,
And Echo, 'midst my native plains,
Been sooth'd by Pity's lute.

There first the wren thy myrtles shed
On gentlest Otway's infant head:
To him thy cell was shown:
And while he sung the female heart,
With youth's soft notes, unspoil'd by art,
The turtles mix'd their own.

Come, Pity, come: by fancy's aid,
E'en now my thoughts, relenting maid,
Thy temple's pride design:
Its southern site, its truth complete,
Shall raise a wild enthusiast heat,
In all who view the shrine.

There Picture's toil shall well relate
How chance or hard involving fate,
O'er mortal bliss prevail:
The buskin'd Muse shall near her stand,
And, sighing, prompt her tender hand,
With each disastrous tale.

There let me oft, retir'd by day,
In dreams of passion melt away,
Allow'd with thee to dwell:
There waste the mournful lamp of night,
Till, virgin, thou again delight
To hear a British shell!

§ 114. *Ode. Written in the year* 1746. COLLINS.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall a while repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

* A river in Sussex.

§ 115. *Ode to Mercy.* COLLINS.

STROPHE.

O THOU, who sitt'st a smiling bride
By Valor's arm'd and awful side,
Gentlest of sky-born forms, and best ador'd:
Who oft with songs, divine to hear,
Winn'st from his fatal grasp the spear,
And hid'st in wreaths of flowers his bloodless sword!
Thou who, amidst the deathful field,
By godlike chiefs alone beheld,
Oft with thy bosom bare art found, [ground:
Pleading for him the youth who sinks to
See, Mercy, see, with pure and loaded hands,
Before thy shrine my country's genius stands,
And decks thy altar still, though pierc'd with many a wound!

ANTISTROPHE.

When he, whom e'en our joys provoke,
The fiend of nature, join'd his yoke,
And rush'd in wrath to make our isle his prey;
Thy form, from out thy sweet abode,
O'ertook him on his blasted road, [away.
And stopp'd his wheels, and look'd his rage
I see recoil'd his sable steeds,
That bore him swift to savage deeds;
Thy tender, melting eyes they own,
O maid, for all thy love to Britain shown,
Where Justice bars her iron tow'r,
To thee we build a roseate bow'r,
Thou, thou shalt rule our queen, and share our monarch's throne.

§ 116. *Ode to Peace.* COLLINS.

O THOU, who bad'st thy turtles bear
Swift from his grasp thy golden hair,
And sought'st thy native skies,
When War, by vultures drawn from far,
To Britain bent his iron car,
And bade his storms arise!

Tir'd of his rude, tyrannic sway,
Our youth shall fix some festive day,
His sullen shrines to burn:
But thou, who hear'st the turning spheres,
What sounds may charm thy partial ears,
And gain thy blest return!

O Peace, thy injur'd robes upbind!
O rise, and leave not one behind
Of all thy beamy train!
The British lion, goddess sweet,
Lies stretch'd on earth to kiss thy feet,
And own thy holier reign.

Let others court thy transient smile,
But come to grace thy western isle,
By warlike Honor led;
And, while around her ports rejoice,
While all her sons adore thy choice,
With him for ever wed!

§ 117. *The Passions. An Ode for Music.* COLLINS.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Throng'd around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possess'd beyond the Muse's painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd:
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fir'd,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatch'd her instruments of sound:
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each,—for Madness rul'd the hour,—
Would prove his own expressive pow'r.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rush'd: his eyes, on fire,
In lightnings own'd his secret stings:
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woful measures wan Despair,
Low, sullen sounds his grief beguil'd;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air,
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong,
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo still through all the song;
And where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close, [golden hair.
And Hope enchanted smil'd, and wav'd her

And longer had she sung—but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose: [down,
He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of wo;
And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat:
And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity at his side [
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild, unalter'd mien;
While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd,
Sad proof of thy distressful state! [mix'd;
Of differing themes the veering song was
And now it courted Love, now, raving, call'd on Hate.

With eyes uprais'd, as one inspir'd,
Pale Melancholy sat retir'd,
And from her wild, sequester'd seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet, [soul:
Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive

And dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels join'd the sound;
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,
Or o'er some haunted stream with fond delay,
Round an holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.

But, O, how alter'd was its sprightlier tone,
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known!
The oak-crown'd sisters, and their chaste-eyed queen,
Satyrs and sylvan boys, were seen
Peeping from forth their alleys green;
Brown Exercise rejoic'd to hear,
And Sport leap'd up, and seiz'd his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial:
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand address'd;
But soon he saw the brisk-awakening viol,
Whose sweet, entrancing voice he lov'd the best:
They would have thought, who heard the strain,
They saw in Tempé's vale her native maids,
Amidst the festal sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
Love fram'd with Mirth a gay, fantastic round.
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound;
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O Music, sphere-descended maid,
Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid!
Why, goddess, why, to us denied,
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?
As, in that lov'd Athenian bow'r,
You learn'd an all-commanding pow'r,
Thy mimic soul, O nymph endear'd!
Can well recall what then it heard.
Where is thy native, simple heart,
Devote to virtue, fancy, art?
Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energic, chaste, sublime!
Thy wonders in that godlike age
Fill thy recording sister's page.
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age;
E'en all at once together found
Cecilia's mingled world of sound.
O, bid our vain endeavours cease,
Revive the just designs of Greece,
Return in all thy simple state,
Confirm the tales her sons relate!

§ 118. *The Pauper's Funeral.* CRABBE.

Now once again the gloomy scene explore,
Less gloomy now, the bitter hour is o'er;
The man of many sorrows sighs no more.
Up yonder hill behold how sadly slow
The bier moves winding from the vale below!
There lies the happy dead, from trouble free,
And the glad parish pays the frugal fee.
No more, O death! thy victim starts to hear
Church-wardens stern, or kingly overseer:
No more the farmer claims his humble bow;
Thou art his lord, the best of tyrants thou!
Now to the church behold the mourners come,
Sedately torpid, and devoutly dumb:
The village children now their games suspend,
To see the bier that bears their ancient friend,
For he was one in all their idle sport,
And like a monarch rul'd their little court;
The pliant bow he form'd; the flying ball,
The bat, the wicket, were his labours all;
Him now they follow to his grave, and stand
Silent and sad, and gazing, hand in hand;
While, bending low, their eager eyes explore
The mingled relics of the parish poor:
The bell tolls late, the moping owl flies round;
Fear marks the flight and magnifies the sound;
The busy priest, detain'd by weightier care,
Defers his duty till the day of prayer,
And, waiting long, the crowd retire distress'd,
To think a poor man's bones should lie unbless'd.*

§ 119. *The Village Foundling.* CRABBE.

To name an infant met our village sires,
Assembled all, as such event requires;
Frequent and full the rural sages sate,
And speakers many urg'd the long debate.
Some hardened knaves, who rov'd the country round,
Had left a babe within the parish-bound.
First of the fact they question'd—Was it true
The child was brought?—What then remain'd to do?
Was 't dead, or living?—This was fairly prov'd;
'Twas pinched—it roared, and every doubt removed.
Then by what name th' unwelcome guest to call
Was long a question, and it pass'd them all;
For he who lent a name to babe unknown,
Censorious men might take it for his own.
They look'd about, they ask'd the name of all,
And not one *Richard* answer'd to the call;
Next they inquir'd the day when, passing by,
Th' *unlucky* peasant heard the stranger's cry.
This known, how food and raiment they might give
Was next debated; for the rogue would live.

* Some apology is due for the insertion of a circumstance by no means common: that it has been a subject for complaint in any place is a sufficient reason for its being reckoned among the evils which may happen to the poor, and which must happen to them exclusively: nevertheless, it is just to remark, that such neglect is very rare in any part of the kingdom, and in many parts totally unknown.

At last, with all their words and work content,
Back to their homes the prudent vestry went,
And *Richard Monday* to the work-house sent.
There he was pinch'd, and pitied, thump'd, and fed,
And duly took his beatings and his bread;
Patient in all control, in all abuse,
He found contempt and kicking have their use.
Sad, silent, supple; bending to the blow,
A slave of slaves, the lowest of the low;
His pliant soul gave way to all things base,
He knew no shame, he dreaded no disgrace:
It seem'd, so well his passions he suppress'd,
No feeling stirr'd his ever torpid breast:
Him might the meanest pauper bruise and cheat;
He was a foot-stool for the beggar's feet;
His were the legs that run at all commands;
They used on all occasions *Richard's* hands:
His very soul was not his own; he stole
As others order'd, and without a dole:
In all disputes, on either part he lied,
And freely pledg'd his oath on either side:
In all rebellions, *Richard* join'd the rest;
In all detections, *Richard* first confess'd:
Yet, though disgrac'd, he watch'd his time so well,
He rose in favor, when in fame he fell: [Base was his usage, vile his whole employ,
And all despis'd and fed the pliant boy.
At length 'tis time he should abroad be sent,
Was whisper'd near him—and abroad he went;
One morn they called him—*Richard* answered not;
They doom'd him hanging—and in time forgot;
Yet miss'd him long, as each throughout the clan
Found he had "better spared a better man."
Now *Richard's* talents for the world were fit;
He'd no small cunning, and had some small wit;
Had that calm look which seem'd to all assent,
And that complacent speech which nothing meant.
He'd but one care, and that he strove to hide,
How best for *Richard Monday* to provide.
Steel through opposing plate the magnet draws,
And steely atoms culls from dust and straws;
And thus our hero, to his int'rest true,
Gold through all bars and from each trifle drew.
But, still more surely round the world to go,
This fortune's child had neither friend nor foe.
Long lost to us, at last our man we trace,
Sir *Richard Monday* died at *Monday Place*;
His lady's worth, his daughter's we peruse,
And find his grandsons all as rich as Jews:
He gave reforming charities a sum, [dumb;
And bought the blessings of the blind and
Bequeath'd to missions money from the stocks,
And Bibles issued from his private box:
But, to his native place severely just,
He left a pittance bound in rigid trust;
Two paltry pounds, on every quarter's day
At church produc'd, for forty loaves should pay;
A stinted gift, that to the parish shows,
He kept in mind their bounty and their blows.

§ 120. *The Village Infidel.* CRABBE.

His a lone house by dead man's dyke way stood,
And his a nightly haunt in lonely wood:
Each village inn has heard the ruffian boast,
That he believ'd in neither God nor ghost;
That, when the sod upon the sinner press'd,
He, like the saint, had everlasting rest;
That never priest believ'd his doctrines true,
But would, for profit, own himself a Jew, [do;
Or worship wood and stone, as honest heathen
That fools alone on future worlds rely,
And all who die for faith, deserve to die.
These maxims, part, th' attorney's clerk profess'd;
His own transcendent genius found the rest.
Our pious matrons heard, and, much amaz'd,
Gaz'd on the man, and trembled as they gaz'd;
And now his face explor'd, and now his feet,
Man's dreaded foe in this bad man to meet:
But him our drunkards as their champion rais'd,
Their bishop call'd, and as their hero prais'd;
Though most, when sober, and the rest, when sick,
Had little question whence his bishopric.
But he, triumphant spirit, all things dar'd;
He poach'd the wood, and on the warren snar'd;
'Twas his at cards each novice to trepan,
And call the wants of rogues the rights of man;
Wild as the winds he let his offspring rove,
And deem'd the marriage bond the bane of love.
What age and sickness for a man so bold
Had done, we know not; none beheld him old:
By night, as business urg'd, he sought the wood,
The ditch was deep, the rain had caus'd a flood,
The foot-bridge fail'd, he plung'd beneath the deep,
And slept, if truth were his, th' eternal sleep.

§ 121. *Funeral of an ancient Maiden.* CRABBE.

Down by the church-way walk, and where the brook
Winds round the chancel like a shepherd's crook,
In that small house, with those great pales before,
Where jasmine trails on either side the door,
Where those dark shrubs, that now grow wild at will,
Were clipp'd in form, and tantaliz'd with skill;
Where cockles blanch'd, and pebbles neatly spread,
Form'd shining borders for the larkspur bed;
There liv'd a *lady*, wise, austere, and nice,
Who show'd her virtue by her scorn of vice:
In the dear fashions of her youth she dress'd,
A pea-green joseph was her fav'rite vest,
Erect she stood, she walk'd with stately mien,
Tight was her length of stays, and she was tall and lean.

There long she liv'd in maiden state im-
mur'd [cur'd;
From looks of love, and treacherous man se-
Though evil fame (but that was long before)
Had blown her dubious blast at Catharine's
door.
A Captain Huther, rich, from India came,
And, though a cousin call'd, it touch'd her fame;
Her annual stipend rose from his behest,
And all the long-priz'd treasures she possess'd:
If aught like joy a while appear'd to stay
In that stern face, and chase those frowns
away,
'Twas when her treasures she dispos'd for view,
And heard the praises to their splendor due;
Silks beyond price, so rich they'd stand alone,
And diamonds blazing on the buckled zone;
Rows of rare pearls by curious workmen set,
And bracelets fair, in box of glossy jet:
Bright polish'd amber, precious from its size
Or forms, the fairest fancy could devise;
Her drawers of cedar, shut with secret springs,
Conceal'd the watch of gold and rubied rings;
Letters, long proofs of love, and verses fine,
Round the pink'd rims of Crispin valentine.
Her China closet, cause of daily care,
For woman's wonder held her pencil'd ware;
That pictur'd wealth of *China* and *Japan*,
Like its cold mistress, shunn'd the eye of man.
Her neat, small room, adorn'd with maiden
taste,
A clipp'd French puppy, first of fav'rites, grac'd;
A parrot next, but dead and stuff'd with art;
(For Poll, when living, lost his lady's heart,
And then his life! for he was heard to speak
Such frightful words as ting'd his lady's
cheek;)
Unhappy bird! who had no power to prove,
Save by such speech, his gratitude and love;
A gray old cat his whiskers lick'd beside,
A type of sadness in the house of pride;
The polish'd surface of an India chest,
A glassy globe in frame of ivory press'd,
Where swam two finny creatures, one of gold,
Of silver one, both beauteous to behold:
All these were form'd the guiding taste to suit,
The beasts well-manner'd, and the fishes mute.
A widow'd aunt was there, compell'd by need
The nymph to flatter, and her tribe to feed;
Who, veiling well her scorn, endur'd the clog
Mute as the fish, and fawning as the dog.
As years increas'd, these treasures, her de-
Arose in value in their owner's sight: [light,
A miser knows, that, view it as he will,
A guinea kept, is but a guinea still;
And so he puts it to its proper use, [duce:
That something more this guinea may pro-
But silks and rings in the possessor's eyes
The oftener seen, the more in value rise,
And thus are wisely hoarded to bestow
On pride that governs, pleasure that will grow:
But what avail'd their worth, if worth had
In the sad summer of her slow decay? [they,
Then we beheld her turn an anxious look
From trunks and chests, and fix it on her book,
A rich bound book of prayer the captain gave,
(Some princess had it, or was said to have,)
And then once more on all her stores look
round,
And draw a sigh so piteous and profound,
That told, "Alas! how hard from thee to part,
And for new hopes and habits form the heart!
What shall I do (she cried) my peace of mind
To gain in dying, and to die resign'd?"
Here we return'd—"These baubles cast aside,
Nor give thy God a rival in thy pride;
Thy closet shut, and ope thy kitchen door,
There own thy failings—*here* invite the poor;
A friend of mammon let thy bounty make,
For widows' prayers thy vanities forsake,
And let the hungry of thy pride partake;
Then shall thy inward eye with joy survey
The angel *Mercy* tempering *Death's* delay."
Alas! 'twas hard; the treasures still had
charms,
Hope still its flattery, sickness its alarms;
Still was the same unsettled, cloudy view,
And the same plaintive cry, "What shall I
do?" [was run,
Nor change appear'd: for, when her race
Doubtful we all exclaim'd, "What has been
done?"
Apart she liv'd, and still she lies alone;
Yon earthly heap awaits the flatt'ring stone,
On which invention shall be long employ'd
To show the various worth of *Catharine Lloyd*.

§ 122. *Funeral of Isaac Ashford, a virtuous Peasant.* CRABBE.

NOBLE he was, condemning all things mean,
His truth unquestion'd, and his soul serene;
Of no man's presence Isaac felt afraid;
At no man's question Isaac look'd dismay'd:
Shame knew him not; he dreaded no disgrace;
Truth, simple truth, was written in his face;
Yet, while the serious thought his soul ap-
prov'd,
Cheerful he seem'd, and gentleness he lov'd:
To bliss domestic he his heart resign'd,
And with the firmest had the fondest mind.
Were others joyful, he look'd smiling on,
And gave allowance when he needed none;
Good he refus'd with future ill to buy,
Nor knew a joy that caus'd reflection's sigh;
A friend to virtue, his unclouded breast
No envy stung, no jealousy distress'd; [mind
Bane of the poor! it wounds their weaker
To miss one favor which their neighbors find.
Yet far was he from stoic pride remov'd;
He felt humanely, and he warmly lov'd.
I mark'd his action when his infant died,
And his old neighbor for offence was tried;
The still tears stealing down that furrow'd
cheek
Spoke pity plainer than the tongue can speak.
If pride were his, 'twas not their vulgar pride
Who, in their base contempt, the great deride;
Nor pride in learning, though my clerk agreed,
If fate should call him, Ashford might suc-
ceed;

Nor pride in rustic skill, although he knew
None his superior, and his equals few:
But, if that spirit in his soul had place,
It was the jealous pride that shuns disgrace;
A pride in honest fame, by virtue gain'd,
In sturdy boys to virtuous labors train'd;
Pride in the power that guards his country's coast,
And all that Englishmen enjoy and boast;
Pride in a life that slander's tongue defy'd;
In fact, a noble passion, misnam'd *pride*.
He had no party's rage, no sect'ry's whim,
Christian and country was *all* with him;
True to his church he came; no Sunday shower
Kept him at home in that important hour;
Nor his firm feet could one persuading sect,
By the strong glare of their new-light, direct;
On hope in mine own sober light I gaze,
But should be blind and lose it in your blaze.
In times severe, when many a sturdy swain
Felt it his pride, his comfort, to complain;
Isaac their wants would soothe, his own would hide,
And feel in *that* his comfort and his pride.
At length he found, when seventy years were run,
His strength departed, and his labor done;
When, save his honest fame, he kept no more,
But lost his wife, and saw his children poor:
'Twas then a spark of—(say not discontent,)
Struck on his mind, and thus he gave it vent:
"Kind are your laws, 'tis not to be deny'd,
That in yon house for ruin'd age provide; [all,
And they are just; when young we give you
And then for comforts in our weakness call;
Why then this proud reluctance to be fed,
To join your poor, and eat the parish bread?
But yet I linger, loath with him to feed,
Who gains his plenty by the sons of need;
He who by contract all your paupers took
And gauges stomachs with an anxious look:
On some old master I could well depend;
See him with joy, and thank him as a friend;
But ill on him who doles the day's supply,
And counts our chances who at night may die.
Yet help me, Heaven! and let me not complain
Of what befalls me, but the fate sustain."
Such were his thoughts, and so resign'd he grew,
Daily he plac'd the work-house in his view;
But came not there, for sudden was his fate,
He dropp'd, expiring, at his cottage gate.
I feel his absence in the hours of prayer,
And view his seat, and sigh for *Isaac* there:
I see no more those white locks thinly spread
Round the bald polish of that honor'd head;
No more that awful glance on playful wight
Compell'd to kneel, and tremble at the sight,
To fold his fingers all in dread the while,
Till Mister *Ashford* soften'd to a smile;
No more that meek and suppliant look in prayer,
Nor the pure faith, to give it force, are there:
But he is bless'd, and I lament no more
A wise, good man, contented to be poor.

§ 123. *Ode on the Death of Mr. Thomson.* COLLINS.

The Scene of the following Stanzas is supposed to lie on the Thames, near Richmond.

In yonder grave a Druid lies,
Where slowly winds the stealing wave;
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise
To deck its Poet's sylvan grave.

In yon deep bed of whispering reeds
His airy harp* shall now be laid,
That he, whose heart in sorrow bleeds,
May love through life the soothing shade.

Then maids and youths shall linger here,
And, while its sounds at distance swell,
Shall sadly seem in Pity's ear
To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore
When Thames in summer wreaths is dress'd,
And oft suspend the dashing oar
To bid his gentle spirit rest.

And, oft as Ease and Health retire
To breezy lawn, or forest deep,
The friend shall view yon whitening spire,†
And 'mid the varied landscape weep:

But thou, who own'st that earthly bed,
Ah! what will every dirge avail!
Or tears, which Love and Pity shed,
That mourn beneath the gliding sail!

Yet lives there one, whose heedless eye
Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimmering near?
With him, sweet bard, may Fancy die,
And Joy desert the blooming year!

But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen tide
No sedge-crown'd sisters now attend,
Now waft me from the green hill's side,
Whose cold turf hides the buried friend!

And, see, the fairy valleys fade;
Dun night has veil'd the solemn view;
Yet once again, dear parted shade,
Meek Nature's child, again adieu!

The genial meads, assign'd to bless
Thy life,‡ shall mourn thy early doom!
Their hinds and shepherd girls shall dress,
With simple hands, thy rural tomb.

Long, long, thy stone and pointed clay
Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes:
"O vales and wild woods!" shall he say,
"In yonder grave your Druid lies!"

§ 124. *The Cotters' Saturday Night.* BURNS.

NOVEMBER chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh:
The short'ning winter-day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh;
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose;

* The Harp of Æolus, of which see a description in the Castle of Indolence.

† Mr. Thomson was buried in Richmond church.

‡ Mr. Thomson resided in the neighborhood of Richmond some time before his death.

The toil-worn cotter frae his labor goes,
This night his weekly moil is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does
homeward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
Th' expectant wee-things, todlin, stacher
through [glee.
To meet their dad, wi' flichterin noise an'
His wee bit ingle, blinkin bonily, [smile,
His clean hearth stane, his thriftie wifie's
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labor and his
toil.

Belyve the elder bairns come drappin in,
At service out, amang the farmers roun';
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie
A cannie errand to a neebor town: [rin
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a braw new
Or deposite her sair-won penny-fee, [gown,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

Wi' joy unfeign'd brothers and sisters meet,
An' each for other's weelfare kindly spiers;
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet;
Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears;
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the view.
The mother, wi' her needle an' her sheers,
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel 's the
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due. [new;

Their master's an' their mistress's command,
The younkers a' are warned to obey;
"An' mind their labors wi' an eydent hand,
An' ne'er, though out o' sight, to jauk or
play:
An' O! be sure to fear the Lord alway!
An' mind your duty, duly, morn an' night!
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
Implore his counsel and assisting might:
They never sought in vain, that sought the
Lord aright!"

But, hark! a rap comes gently to the door;
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor,
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek;
With heart-struck, anxious care, inquires his
name,
While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak;
Weel pleas'd the mother hears, it's nae wild
worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben;
A strappan youth; he takes the mother's
eye;
Blithe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en;
The father craks of horses, pleughs, and kye.

The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel be-
have;
The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
What makes the youth sae bashfu' an' sae
grave; [the lave.
Weel pleas'd to think her bairn's respected like

O happy love! where love like this is found!
O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
I've paced much this weary, mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare:
"If heaven a draught of heav'nly pleasure
One cordial in this melancholy vale, [spare,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the
ev'ning gale."

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart—
A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth!
That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
Curse on his perjur'd arts! dissembling smooth!
Are honor, virtue, conscience, all exil'd?
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth, [child?
Points to the parents fondling o'er their
Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their dis-
traction wild!

But now the supper crowns their simple board!
The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food:
The soupe their only hawkie does afford,
That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cud:
The dame brings forth in complimental mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck
fell,
An' aft he's press'd, an' aft he ca's it good;
The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell,
How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i'
the bell.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big Ha'-Bible, ance his father's pride:
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearin thin an' bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care;
And "Let us worship God!" he says, with
solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest
aim:
Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive Martyr's, worthy of the name:
Or noble Elgin beats the heav'nward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
Compar'd with these Italian trills are tame;
The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the friend of God on high;
Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;

Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How he, who bore in heav'n the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay his head:
How his first followers and servants sped;
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land:
How he, who, lone in Patmos banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounc'd by Heaven's command.

Then, kneeling down to heaven's eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"
That thus they all shall meet in future days:
There, ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method, and of art,
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart!
The Pow'r, incens'd, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the soul;
And in his book of life the inmates poor enrol.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest:
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request
That he, who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide;
But chiefly in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad:
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
"An honest man's the noblest work of God:"
And, certes, in fair virtue's heav'nly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind:
What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human-kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refin'd!

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil! [sent!
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil,
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content! [vent
And, O! may Heaven their simple lives pre-
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd isle.

O thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide [heart,
That stream'd thro' Wallace's undaunted
Who dar'd to, nobly, stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
(The patriot's God, peculiarly, thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
O never, never, Scotia's realm desert:
But still the patriot and the patriot bard,
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

§ 125. *Hymn to the Deity.* LIVINGSTON.

FATHER of light! exhaustless source of
Supreme, eternal, self-existent God! [good!
Before the beamy sun dispens'd a ray,
Flam'd in the azure vault, and gave the day;
Before the glimm'ring moon, with borrow'd light,
Shone queen amid the silver host of night;
High in the heav'ns, thou reign'st superior Lord,
By suppliant angels worshipp'd and ador'd;
With the celestial choir then let me join
In cheerful praises to the Pow'r divine.
To sing thy praise, do thou, O God! inspire
A mortal breast with more than mortal fire:
In dreadful majesty thou sitt'st enthron'd,
With light encircled, and with glory crown'd;
Thro' all infinitude extends thy reign,
For thee, nor heav'n, nor heav'n of heav'ns contain;
But tho' thy throne is fix'd above the sky,
Thy omnipresence fills immensity.
Saints, rob'd in white, to thee their anthems bring,
And radiant martyrs hallelujahs sing:
Heaven's universal host their voices raise,
In one eternal chorus, to thy praise;
And, round thy awful throne, with one accord,
Sing, Holy, holy, holy is the Lord.
At thy creative voice, from ancient night,
Sprang smiling beauty, and yon worlds of light:
Thou spak'st—the planetary chorus roll'd,
And all th' expanse was starr'd with beamy gold; [shone,
Let there be light, said God—light instant
And from the orient burst the golden sun;
Heav'n's gazing hierarchs, with glad surprise,
Saw the first morn invest the recent skies,
And straight th' exulting troops thy throne surround [sound;
With thousand thousand harps of heavenly
Thrones, powers, dominions, (ever shining trains!)
Shouted thy praises in triumphant strains:
Great are thy works, they sing; and, all around, [sound.
Great are thy works, the echoing heav'ns re-
The effulgent sun, insufferably bright,
Is but a beam of thy o'erflowing light;

The tempest is thy breath : the thunder hurl'd,
Tremendous roars thy vengeance o'er the world; [tains nod,
Thou bow'st the heav'ns, the smoking moun-
Rocks fall to dust, and nature owns her God;
Pale tyrants shrink, the atheist stands aghast,
And impious kings in horror breathe their last.
To this great God alternately I'd pay
The evening anthem, and the morning lay.

§ 126. *To a Mouse, on turning her up in her Nest with the Plough, November*, 1785. BURNS.

WEE, sleekit, cow'rin, tim'rous beastie,
O, what a panic 's in thy breastie !
Thou need na start away sae hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle !
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
Wi' murd'ring *pattle !*

I 'm truly sorry man's dominion,
Has broken nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion,
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
An' *fellow-mortal.*

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve :
What then ? poor beastie, thou maun live !
A *daimen-icker* in a *thrave*
's a sma' request ;
I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,
An' never miss 't !

Thy wee bit *housie*, too, in ruin !
Its silly wa's the win's are strewin :
An' naething, now, to big a new ane
O' foggage green !
An' bleak December's win's ensuin,
Baith snell and keen !

Thou saw the field's laid bare and waste,
An' weary winter comin fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till, crash ! the cruel *coulter* past
Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,
Has cost thee monie a weary nibble !
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
Baith house or hald,
To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
An' cranreuch cauld !

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving *foresight* may be vain :
The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft a-gley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain
For promis'd joy !

Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' *me !*
The present only toucheth thee :
But, och ! I backward cast my e'e
On prospects drear !
An' forward, though I canna *see*,
I *guess* an' *fear*.

§ 127. *To Mr. Spence, prefixed to the Essay on Pope's Odyssey.* PITT.

'TIS done—restor'd by thy immortal pen,
The critic's noble name revives again :
Once more that great, that injur'd name we see
Shine forth alike in Addison and thee.
Like curs, our critics haunt the poet's feast,
And feed on scraps refus'd by every guest ;
From the old Thracian* dog they learn'd the way
To snarl in want, and grumble o'er their prey :
As though they grudg'd themselves the joys they feel, [will.
Vex'd to be charm'd, and pleas'd against their
Such their inverted taste, that we expect
For faults their thanks, for beauties their neglect.
So the fell snake rejects the fragrant flow'rs,
And every poison of the field devours.
Like bold Longinus, of immortal fame,
You read your poet with a poet's flame ;
With his, your gen'rous raptures still aspire ;
The critic kindles when the bard 's on fire.
But when some lame, some limping line demands
The friendly succor of your healing hands,
The feather of your pen drops balm around,
And plays and tickles, while it cures the wound.
While Pope's immortal labor we survey,
We stand all dazzled with excess of day ;
Blind with the glorious blaze—to vulgar sight
'Twas one bright mass of undistinguish'd light ;
But, like the tow'ring eagle, you alone
Discern'd the spots and splendors of the sun.
To point out faults, yet never to offend ;
To play the critic, yet preserve the friend ;
A life well spent, that never lost a day ;
An easy spirit, innocently gay ;
A strict integrity, devoid of art ;
The sweetest manners, and sincerest heart ;
A soul, where depth of sense and fancy meet ;
A judgment brighten'd by the beams of wit—
Were ever yours : be what you were before,
Be still yourself ; the world can ask no more.

§ 128. *The Three Warnings. A Tale.* MRS. THRALE.

THE tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground :
'Twas therefore said, by ancient sages,
That love of life increas'd with years
So much, that, in our latter stages,
When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
The greatest love of life appears.
This great affection to believe,
Which all confess, but few perceive,
If old assertions can't prevail,
Be pleas'd to hear a modern tale :—
When sports went round, and all were gay,
On neighbor Dobson's wedding-day,
Death call'd aside the jocund groom
With him into another room ;

* Zoilus, so called by the ancients.

And, looking grave, "You must," says he,
"Quit your sweet bride, and come with me."
"With you? and quit my Susan's side?
With you?" the hapless husband cried:
"Young as I am? 'tis monstrous hard!
Besides, in truth, I 'm not prepar'd:
My thoughts on other matters go;
This is my wedding night, you know."
What more he urg'd I have not heard,
His reason could not well be stronger;
So Death the poor delinquent spar'd,
And left to live a little longer.
Yet, calling up a serious look,—
His hour-glass trembled while he spoke,—
"Neighbor," he said, "farewell: no more
Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour:
And farther, to avoid all blame
Of cruelty upon my name,
To give you time for preparation,
And fit you for your future station,
Three several warnings you shall have,
Before you 're summon'd to the grave:
Willing, for once, I 'll quit my prey,
And grant a kind reprieve;
In hopes you 'll have no more to say,
But, when I call again this way,
Well pleas'd the world will leave."
To these conditions both consented,
And parted perfectly contented.
What next the hero of our tale befell,
How long he liv'd, how wise, how well,
How roundly he pursu'd his course,
And smok'd his pipe, and strok'd his horse,
The willing muse shall tell:
He chaffer'd, then, he bought, he sold,
Nor once perceiv'd his growing old,
Nor thought of Death as near;
His friends not false, his wife no shrew,
Many his gains, his children few,
He pass'd his hours in peace:
But, while he view'd his wealth increase,
While thus along life's dusty road
The beaten track content he trode,
Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,
Uncall'd, unheeded, unawares,
Brought on his eightieth year.
And now, one night, in musing mood,
As all alone he sate,
Th' unwelcome messenger of Fate
Once more before him stood.
Half kill'd with anger and surprise,
"So soon return'd!" old Dobson cries.
"So soon, d'ye call it?" Death replies;
"Surely, my friend, you 're but in jest;
Since I was here before
'Tis six-and-thirty years at least,
And you are now fourscore."
"So much the worse," the clown rejoin'd;
"To spare the aged would be kind:
However, see your search be legal;
And your authority—is 't regal?
Else you are come on a fool's errand,
With but a secretary's warrant.
Besides, you promis'd me three warnings,
Which I have look'd for nights and mornings;
But for that loss of time and ease,
I can recover damages."
"I know," cries Death, "that, at the best,
I seldom am a welcome guest;
But don't be captious, friend, at least:
I little thought you'd still be able
To stump about your farm and stable;
Your years have run to a great length;
I wish you joy, though, of your strength!"
"Hold!" says the farmer, "not so fast!
I have been lame these four years past."
"And no great wonder," Death replies;
"However, you still keep your eyes;
And sure to see one's loves and friends,
For legs and arms would make amends."
"Perhaps," says Dobson, "so it might,
But latterly I 've lost my sight."
"This is a shocking story, faith;
Yet there 's some comfort still," says Death:
Each strives your sadness to amuse;
I warrant you hear all the news."
"There 's none," cries he; "and, if there were,
I 'm grown so deaf, I could not hear."
"Nay, then," the spectre stern rejoin'd,
"These are unjustifiable yearnings;
If you are lame, and deaf, and blind,
You've had your three sufficient warnings.
So come along; no more we 'll part:"
He said, and touch'd him with his dart;
And now old Dobson, turning pale,
Yields to his fate—so ends my tale.

§ 129. *The Cit's Country Box.* LLOYD.

THE wealthy cit, grown old in trade,
Now wishes for the rural shade,
And buckles to his one-horse chair
Old Dobbin, or the founder'd mare;
While, wedg'd in closely by his side,
Sits Madam, his unwieldy bride,
With Jacky on a stool before 'em,
And out they jog in due decorum.
Scarce past the turnpike half a mile,
"How all the country seems to smile!"
And, as they slowly jog together,
The cit commends the road and weather:
While Madam doats upon the trees,
And longs for ev'ry house she sees;
Admires its views, its situation,
And thus she opens her oration:
"What signifies the loads of wealth,
Without that richest jewel, health?
Excuse the fondness of a wife,
Who doats upon your precious life!
Such ceaseless toil, such constant care,
Is more than human strength can bear:
One may observe it in your face—
Indeed, my dear, you break apace;
And nothing can your health repair,
But exercise and country air.
Sir Traffic has a house, you know,
About a mile from Cheney-row:
He 's a good man, indeed, 'tis true;
But not so warm, my dear, as you:
And folks are always apt to sneer—
One would not be outdone, my dear!"

Sir Traffic's name, so well applied,
Awak'd his brother-merchant's pride;
And Thrifty, who had all his life
Paid utmost def'rence to his wife,
Confess'd her arguments had reason;
And by th' approaching summer season
Draws a few hundreds from the stocks,
And purchases his country box.

Some three or four miles out of town
(An hour's ride will bring you down)
He fixes on his choice abode,
Not half a furlong from the road;
And so convenient does it lay,
The stages pass it every day;
And then so snug, so mighty pretty,
To have a house so near the city!
Take but your places at the Boar,
You're set down at the very door.

Well, then, suppose them fix'd at last,
White-washing, painting, scrubbing, past,
Hugging themselves in ease and clover,
With all the fuss of moving over;
Lo, a new heap of whims are bred,
And wanton in my lady's head.

"Well! to be sure, it must be own'd,
It is a charming spot of ground:
So sweet a distance for a ride,
And all about so countrified;
'Twould come but to a trifling price,
To make it quite a paradise!
I cannot bear those nasty rails,
Those ugly, broken, mouldy pales:
Suppose, my dear, instead of these,
We build a railing all Chinese;
Although one hates to be expos'd,
'Tis dismal to be thus enclos'd;
One hardly any object sees—
I wish you'd fell these odious trees;
Objects continually passing by
Were something to amuse the eye;
But to be pent within the walls,
One might as well be at St. Paul's.
Our house beholders would adore,
Was there a level lawn before,
Nothing its views to incommode,
But quite laid open to the road;
While every traveller in amaze
Should on our little mansion gaze;
And, pointing to the choice retreat,
Cry, 'That's Sir Thrifty's country-seat!'"

No doubt her arguments prevail,
For Madam's TASTE can never fail.

Blest age! when all men may procure
The title of a connoisseur;
When noble and ignoble herd
Are govern'd by a single word;
Though, like the royal German dames,
It bears a hundred Christian names,
As Genius, Fancy, Judgment, Gout,
Whim, Caprice, Je ne sçais quoi, Virtù;
Which appellations all describe
TASTE, and the modern tasteful tribe.

Now bricklayers, carpenters, and joiners,
With Chinese artists and designers,
Produce their schemes of alteration,
To work this wondrous reformation.
The useful dome, which secret stood,
Embosom'd in the yew-tree's wood,
The traveller with amazement sees
A temple Gothic or Chinese,
With many a bell and tawdry rag on,
And crested with a sprawling dragon;
A wooden arch is bent astride
A ditch of water, four feet wide,
With angles, curves, and zigzag lines,
From Halfpenny's exact designs;
In front a level lawn is seen,
Without a shrub upon the green;
Where taste would want its first great law,
But for the skulking sly ha-ha;
By whose miraculous assistance
You gain a prospect two fields' distance.
And now from Hyde-park Corner come
The gods of Athens and of Rome.
Here squabby Cupids take their places,
With Venus, and the clumsy Graces;
Apollo there, with aim so clever,
Stretches his leaden bow for ever;
And there, without the power to fly,
Stands fix'd a tip-toe Mercury.

The villa thus completely grac'd,
All own that Thrifty has a taste;
And Madam's female friends and cousins,
With common-council men by dozens,
Flock every Sunday to the seat,
To stare about them, and to eat.

§ 130. *Report of an adjudged Case, not to be found in any of the Books.* COWPER.

BETWEEN Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose;
The spectacles set them unhappily wrong;
The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
To which the said spectacles ought to belong.

So the Tongue was the lawyer, and argu'd the cause
With a great deal of skill, and a wig full of learning;
While chief baron Ear sat to balance the laws,
So fam'd for his talent in nicely discerning.

In behalf of the Nose, it will quickly appear,
And your lordship, he said, will undoubtedly find,
That the Nose has had spectacles always in wear,
Which amounts to possession time out of mind.

Then, holding the spectacles up to the court—
Your lordship observes they are made with a straddle
As wide as the ridge of the Nose is; in short,
Design'd to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

Again, would your lordship a moment suppose
('Tis a case that has happen'd, and may be again)

That the visage or countenance had not a
Nose, [cles then?
Pray who would or who could wear specta-
On the whole it appears, and my argument
shows, [demn,
With a reasoning the court will never con-
That the spectacles plainly were made for the
Nose, [them.
And the Nose was as plainly intended for
Then shifting his side, as the lawyer knows
how,
He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes;
But what were the arguments few people
know, [ly wise.
For the world did not think they were equal-
So his lordship decreed, with a grave, solemn
tone,
Decisive and clear, without one *if* or *but*—
That whenever the Nose put his spectacles on,
By day-light or candle-light—Eyes should
be shut.

§ 131. *On the Birth-Day of Shakspeare. A Cento: taken from his Works.*

BERENGER.

———PEACE to this meeting!
Joy and fair time, health and good wishes:
Now, worthy friends, the cause why we are
Is in celebration of the day that gave [met
Immortal Shakspeare to this favor'd isle;
The most replenished, sweet work of Nature,
Which from the prime creation e'er she fram'd.
O thou divinest Nature! how thyself thou
blazon'st
In this thy son! form'd in thy prodigality,
To hold thy mirror up, and give the time
Its very form and pressure! When he speaks
Each aged ear plays truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished,
So voluble is his discourse—gentle
As Zephyr blowing beneath the violet,
Not wagging its sweet head—yet as rough
(His noble blood enchaf'd) as the rude wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to th' vale—'Tis wonder-
ful
That an invisible instinct should frame him
To loyalty, unlearn'd; honor, untaught;
Civility, not seen in others; knowledge
That wildly grows in him, but yields a crop
As if it had been sown. What a piece of work!
How noble in faculty! infinite in reason!
A combination and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal!
Heaven has him now—yet let our idolatrous
Still sanctify his relics; and this day [fancy
Stand aye distinguish'd in the calendar
To the last syllable of recorded time:
For, if we take him but for all in all,
We ne'er shall look upon his like again.

§ 132. *The Extent of Cookery.* SHENSTONE.

———Aliusque et idem.

WHEN Tom to Cambridge first was sent,
A plain brown *bob* he wore,
Read much, and look'd as though he meant
To be a fop no more.

See him to Lincoln's Inn repair,
His resolution flag;
He cherishes a length of hair,
And tucks it in a bag.

Nor Coke nor Salkeld he regards,
But gets into the house;
And soon a judge's rank rewards
His pliant votes and bows.

Adieu, ye *bobs!* ye *bags*, give place!
Full-bottoms, come instead!
Good lord! to see the various ways,
Of dressing—a *calf's head.*

§ 133. *The Brewer's Coachman.* TAYLOR.

HONEST William, an easy and good-natur'd
fellow,
Would a little too oft get a little too mellow.
Body coachman was he to an eminent brewer—
No better e'er sat on a box to be sure. [nurses
His coach was kept clean, and no mothers or
Took that care of their babes that he took of
his horses. [more,
He had these—ay, and fifty good qualities
But the business of *tippling* could ne'er be got
o'er.
So his master effectually mended the matter,
By hiring a man who drank nothing but water.
"Now, William," says he, "you see the plain
case; [place."
Had you drank as he does, you had kept a good
"Drink water!" quoth William—"had all men
done so,
You'd never have wanted a coachman, I trow.
They're soakers, like me, whom you load with
reproaches, [coaches."
That enable you brewers to ride in your

§ 134. *To-morrow.* COTTON.

Pereunt et imputantur.

TO-MORROW, didst thou say?
Methought I heard Horatio say, To-morrow.
Go to—I will not hear of it—To-morrow!
'Tis a sharper, who stakes his penury
Against thy plenty—who takes thy ready cash,
And pays thee nought but wishes, hopes, and
promises,
The currency of idiots—injurious bankrupt,
That gulls the easy creditor!—To-morrow!
It is a period no where to be found
In all the hoary registers of Time,
Unless, perchance, in the fool's calendar.
Wisdom disclaims the word, nor holds society
With those who own it. No, my Horatio,
'Tis Fancy's child, and Folly is its father;
Wrought of such stuff as dreams are, and as
baseless
As the fantastic visions of the evening. [ment;
But soft, my friend—arrest the present mo-
For be assur'd they all are arrant tell-tales;
And though their flight be silent, and their
path

Trackless, as the wing'd couriers of the air,
They post to heaven, and there record thy folly,
Because, though station'd on th' important watch,
Thou, like a sleeping, faithless sentinel,
Didst let them pass unnotic'd, unimprov'd.
And know, for that thou slumb'rest on the guard,
Thou shalt be made to answer at the bar
For every fugitive; and when thou thus
Shalt stand impleaded at the high tribunal
Of hood-wink'd Justice, who shall tell thy audit?
Then stay the present instant, dear Horatio;
Imprint the marks of wisdom on its wings.
'Tis of more worth than kingdoms! far more precious
Than all the crimson treasures of life's fountain.
O! let it not elude thy grasp; but, like
The good old patriarch upon record,
Hold the fleet angel fast until he bless thee.

§ 135. *On Lord Cobham's Gardens.* COTTON.

IT puzzles much the sages' brains,
Where Eden stood of yore:
Some place it in Arabia's plains;
Some say it is no more.
But Cobham can these tales confute,
As all the curious know;
For he has prov'd beyond dispute
That Paradise is Stowe.

§ 136. *To a Child five Years old.* COTTON.

FAIREST flow'r, all flow'rs excelling
Which in Eden's garden grew,
Flow'rs of Eve's embowered dwelling
Are, my fair one, types of you.
Mark, my Polly, how the roses
Emulate thy damask cheek;
How the bud its sweets discloses;
Buds thy opening bloom bespeak.
Lilies are, by plain direction,
Emblems of a double kind;
Emblems of thy fair complexion,
Emblems of thy fairer mind.
But, dear girl, both flow'rs and beauty,
Blossom, fade, and die away:
Then pursue good sense and duty,
Evergreens that ne'er decay.

§ 137. *To Miss Lucy Fortescue.* LYTTELTON.

ONCE, by the Muse alone inspir'd,
I sung my am'rous strains;
No serious love my bosom fir'd;
Yet every tender maid, deceiv'd,
The idly mournful tale believ'd,
And wept my fancied pains.

But Venus, now, to punish me
For having feign'd so well,
Has made my heart so fond of thee,
That not the whole Aonian quire
Can accents soft enough inspire
Its real name to tell.

§ 138. *To Miss Wilkes, on her Birth-Day, Aug. 16th, 1767. Written in France.* WILKES.

AGAIN I tune the vocal lay
On dear Maria's natal day.
This happy day I 'll not deplore
My exile from my native shore.
No tear of mine to-day shall flow
For injur'd England's cruel woe,
For impious wounds to Freedom given,
The first, most sacred gift of Heaven.
The Muse with joy shall prune her wing;
Maria's ripen'd graces sing;
And, at seventeen, with truth shall own
The bud of beauty 's fairly blown.
Softness and sweetest Innocence
Here shed their gentle influence;
Fair Modesty comes in their train,
To grace her sister Virtue's reign.
Then, to give spirit, taste, and ease,
The sov'reign art, the art to please;
Good-humor'd wit, and fancy gay,
To-morrow cheerful as to-day,
The sun-shine of a mind serene,
Where all is peace within, are seen.
What can the grateful Muse ask more?
The gods have lavish'd all their store.
Maria shines their darling care;
Still keep her, Heaven, from every snare:
May still unspotted be her fame,
May she remain through life the same,
Unchang'd in all—except in name!

§ 139. *To Miss Wilkes on her Birth-Day, Aug. 16th, 1768. Written in Prison.* WILKES.

How shall the Muse in prison sing?
How prune her drooping, ruffled wing?
Maria is the potent spell,
E'en in these walls, all grief to quell;
To cheer the heart, rapture inspire,
And wake to notes of joy the lyre,
The tribute verse again to pay
On this auspicious festive day.
When doom'd to quit the patriot band,
And exil'd from my native land,
Maria was my sure relief;
Her presence banish'd every grief.
Pleasure came smiling in her train,
And chas'd the family of Pain.
Let lovers every charm admire,
The easy shape, the heav'nly fire
That from those modest beaming eyes
The captive heart at once surprise.
A father's is another part;
I praise the virtues of the heart,
And wit so elegant and free,
Attemper'd sweet with modesty.
And may kind Heaven a lover send
Of sense, of honor, and a friend,
Those virtues always to protect,
Those beauties—never to neglect!

§ 140. *An Ode in Imitation of Alcæus.*
SIR WILLIAM JONES.

WHAT constitutes a state ?
Not high-rais'd battlements or labor'd mound,
Thick wall or moated gate ; [crown'd ;
Not cities proud, with spires and turrets
Not bays and broad-arm'd ports, [ride ;
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies
Not starr'd and spangled courts, [Pride.
Where low-brow'd Baseness wafts perfume to
No—MEN, high-minded MEN,
With powers as far above dull brutes endu'd
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude :
Men, who their duties know, [maintain ;
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare
Prevent the long-aim'd blow, [chain :
And crush the tyrant while they rend the
These constitute a state ;
And Sovereign Law, that state's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill :
Smit by her sacred frown,
The fiend Discretion* like a vapor sinks,
And e'en the all-dazzling Crown
Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.
Such was this heaven-lov'd isle,
Than Lesbos fairer and the Cretan shore !
No more shall Freedom smile ?
Shall Britons languish, and be men no more ?
Since all must life resign,
Those sweet rewards which decorate the brave
'Tis folly to decline,
And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

§ 141. *Presented, together with a Knife, by the Rev.* SAMUEL BISHOP, *Head Master of Merchant Tailors' School, to his Wife on her Wedding-Day, which happened to be her Birth-Day and New-Year's Day.*

A KNIFE, dear girl, cuts love, they say—
Mere modish love perhaps it may ;
For any tool of any kind
Can sep'rate what was never join'd.
The knife that cuts our love in two
Will have much tougher work to do :
Must cut your softness, worth and spirit
Down to the vulgar size of merit ;
To level yours with modern taste,
Must cut a world of sense to waste ;
And from your single beauty's store
Clip what would dizen out a score.
The self-same blade from me must sever
Sensation, judgment, sight, for ever !
All mem'ry of endearments past,
All hope of comforts long to last,
All that makes fourteen years with you
A summer—and a short one too :
All that affection feels and fears,
When hours, without you, seem like years.—
Till that be done (and I 'd as soon
Believe this knife will clip the moon)
Accept my present undeterr'd,
And leave their proverbs to the herd.
If in a kiss—delicious treat !—
Your lips acknowledge the receipt ;
Love, fond of such substantial fare,
And proud to play the glutton there,
All thoughts of cutting will disdain,
Save only—"cut and come again."

* *Discretionary*, or arbitrary power.

§ 142. *By the Same, with a Ring.*

"THEE, Mary, with this ring I wed,"—
So sixteen years ago I said—
Behold another ring ! "For what ?"
To wed thee o'er again—why not ?
With the first ring I married youth,
Grace, beauty, innocence, and truth :
Taste long admir'd, sense long rever'd :
And all my Molly then appear'd.
If she, by merit since disclos'd,
Prov'd twice the woman I suppos'd,
I plead that double merit now,
To justify a double vow.
Here, then, to-day, (with faith as sure,
With ardor as intense and pure,
As when amidst the rites divine
I took thy troth, and plighted mine,)
To thee, sweet girl, my second ring,
A token and a pledge I bring ;
With this I wed, till death us part,
Thy riper virtues to my heart ;
These virtues, which, before untried,
The wife has added to the bride ;
Those virtues, whose progressive claim,
Endearing wedlock's very name,
My soul enjoys, my song approves,
For conscience' sake, as well as love's.
For why ?—They show me, hour by hour,
Honor's high thought, affection's pow'r,
Discretion's deed, sound judgment's sentence
And teach me all things—but repentance.

§ 143. *To a Young Lady, with a Copy of Moore's Fables.* BISHOP.

BOOKS, my dear girl, when well design'd,
Are moral maps of human kind ;
Where, sketch'd before judicious eyes,
The road to worth and wisdom lies.
Serene Philosophy portrays
The steep, the rough, the thorny ways :
Cross woods and wilds, the learned tribe
A dark and doubtful path describe :
But Poesy her votaries leads
O'er level lawns, and verdant meads ;
And if, perchance, in sportful vein,
Through Fable's scenes she guides her train,
All is at once enchanted ground,
All Fancy's garden glitters round.
I, Sally ! (who shall long to see,
In you, how good your sex can be,)
Before you range, with curious speed,
Where'er that garden's beauties lead
And mark how Moore could once display
A scene so varied, and so gay,
Beg you, for introduction's sake,
A short excursive trip to take,

O'er one poor plat, unlike the rest,
Which my more humble care hath dress'd;
Where if a little flow'ret blows,
From pure affection's root it grows.

A virgin rose, in all the pride
Of spring's luxuriant blushes dy'd,
Above the vulgar flow'rs was rais'd,
And with excess of lustre blaz'd.
In full career of heedless play,
Chance brought a Butterfly that way;
She stopp'd at once her giddy flight,
Proud on so sweet a spot to light,
Spread wide her plumage to the sun,
And thus in fancy-strain begun:
"Why, but to soften my repose,
Could Nature rear so bright a rose?
Why, but on roses to recline,
Make forms so delicate as mine?
Fate destin'd, by the same decree,
Me for the rose—the rose for me!"

A tiny Bug, who, close between
Th' unfolding bloom, had lurk'd unseen,
Heard, and in angry tone address'd
This rude invader of his rest:
"For thee, consummate fool, the rose!
No—to a nobler end it blows:
The velvet, o'er its foliage spread,
Secures to me a downy bed:
So thick its crowding leaves ascend
To hide, to warm me, and defend.
For me those odors they exhale,
Which scent at second-hand the gale;
And give such *things* as thee to share
What my superior claim can spare!"

While thus the quarrel they pursu'd,
A Bee the petty triflers view'd;
For once reluctant rais'd her head
A moment from her toil, and said,
"Cease, abject an'mals, to contest!
They claim things most who use them best.
Would Nature finish works like these,
That butterflies might bask at ease?
Or bugs intrench'd in splendor lie,
Born but to crawl, and dose, and die?
The rose you vainly ramble o'er,
Breathes balmy dews from ev'ry pore;
Which yield their treasur'd sweets alone
To skill and labor like my own:
With sense as keen as yours, I trace
The expanding blossom's glossy grace;
Its shape, its fragrance, and its hue,
But while I trace, improve them too:
Still taste; but still from hour to hour
Bear home new honey from the flow'r."

Conceit may read for mere pretence,
For mere amusement, indolence;
True spirit deems no study right,
Till profit dignify delight.

§ 144. *An Elegy on the Death of a mad Dog.*
GOLDSMITH.

GOOD people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song,
And, if you find it wondrous short,
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran,—
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad,—
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
But, when a pique began,
The dog, to gain his private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighboring streets
The wondering neighbors ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad
To ev'ry Christian eye;
And, while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That show'd the rogues they lied;
The man recover'd of the bite,
The dog it was that died.

§ 145. *L'Allegro; or* FUN; *a Parody.*
HUDDERSFIELD.

OFF, blubbering Melancholy!
Of the blue devils and book-learning born,
In dusty schools forlorn;
Amongst black-gowns, square caps, and books unjolly,
Hunt out some college cell,
Where muzzing quizzes mutter monkish schemes,
And the old proctor dreams;
There, in thy smutty, walls o'errun with dock,
As ragged as thy smock,
With rusty, fusty fellows ever dwell.
But come, thou baggage, fat and free,
By gentles call'd Festivity,
And by us, rolling kiddies, FUN,
Whom mother Shipton, one by one,
With two Wapping wenches more,
To skipping Harlequino bore:
Or whether, as some deeper say,
Jack Pudding on a holiday
Along with Jenny Diver romping,
As he met her once a pumping,
There on heaps of dirt and mortar,
And cinders wash'd in cabbage-water,
Fill'd her with thee, a strapping lassie,
So spunky, brazen, bold, and saucy.
Hip! here jade, and bring with thee
Jokes and sniggering jollity,
Christmas gambols, waggish tricks,
Winks, wry faces licks and kicks,

Such as fall from Moggy's knuckles,
And love to live about her buckles;
Spunk, that hobbling watchmen boxes,
And Horse-laugh hugging both his doxies;
Come, and kick it as you go,
On the stumping hornpipe-toe;
And in thy right-hand haul with thee,
The *Mountain* brim French Liberty.
And, if I give thee puffing due,
Fun, admit me of thy crew,
To pig with her, and pig with thee,
In everlasting frolics free;
To hear the sweep begin his beat,
And, squalling, startle the dull street,
From his watch-box in the alley
Till the watch at six doth sally;
Then to go, in spite of sleep,
And at the window cry, "Sweep! sweep!"
Through the street-door, or the area,
Or, in the country, through the dairy;
While the dustman, with his din,
Bawls and rings to be let in,
And at the fore, or the back-door,
Slowly plods his jades before.
Oft hearing the sow-gelder's horn
Harshly rouse the snoring morn,
From the side of a large square,
Through the long street grunting far.
Sometimes walking I'll be seen
By Tower-hill, or Moorfields'-green,
Right against Old Bedlam-gate,
Where the mock king begins his state,
Crown'd with straw and rob'd with rags,
Cover'd o'er with jags and tags,
While the keeper near at hand
Bullies those who leave their stand;
And milk maids' screams go through your ears,
And grinders sharpen rusty shears,
And every crier squalls his cry
Under each window he goes by.
Straight mine eye hath caught new gambols,
While round and round this town it rambles;
Sloppy streets and foggy day,
Where the blundering folks do stray;
Pavements, on whose slippery flags
Swearing coachmen drive their nags;
Barbers jostled 'gainst your side,
Narrow streets, and gutters wide.
Grub-street garrets now it sees,
To the Muse open and the breeze,
Where, perhaps, some scribbler hungers,
The hack of neighboring newsmongers.
Hard by, a tinker's furnace smokes,
From betwixt two pastry-cooks,
Where Dingy Dick and Peggy, met,
Are at their scurvy dinner set,
Of cow-heel, and such cellar messes,
Which the splay-foot Rachael dresses!
And then in haste the shop she leaves,
And with the boy the bellows heaves;
Or, if 'tis late, and shop is shut,
Scrubs at the pump her face from smut.
Sometimes, all for sights agog,
To t' other end of the town I jog,
When St. James's bells ring round,
And the royal fiddles sound;
When every lord and lady's bum
Jigs it in the drawing-room;
And young and old dance down the tune
In honour of the fourth of June,
Till candles fail, and eyes are sore;
Then home we hie to talk it o'er,
With stories told of many a treat,
How Lady Swab the sweetmeats eat;
She was pinch'd, and something worse,
And she was fobb'd, and lost her purse:
Tell how the drudging Weltjee sweat,
To bake his custards duly set,
When in one night, ere clock went seven,
His 'prentice lad had robb'd the oven
Of more than twenty handfuls put in;
Then lies him down, a little glutton,
Stretch'd lumb'ring 'fore the fire, they tell ye,
And bakes the custards in his belly;
Then, crop-sick, down the stairs he flings,
Before his master's bell yet rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By hoofs and wheels soon lull'd to sleep.
But the city takes me then,
And the *hums* of busy men,
Where throngs of train-band captains bold
In time of peace fierce meetings hold,
With stores of stock-jobbers, whose lies
Work change of stocks and bankruptcies;
Where bulls and bears alike contend
To get the cash they dare not spend.
Then let aldermen appear,
In scarlet robes, with chandelier,
And city feasts and gluttony,
With balls upon the lord-mayor's day;
Sights that young 'prentices remember,
Sleeping or waking, all November.
Then to the play-houses anon,
If Quick, or Bannister be one;
Or drollest Parsons, child of Drury,
Bawls out his damns with comic fury.
And ever, against hum-drum cares,
Sing me some of Dibdin's airs,
Married to his own queer wit,
Such as my shaking sides may split,
In notes with many a jolly bout,
Near Beaufort Buildings oft roar'd out,
With wagging curls and smirk so cunning,
His rig on many a booby running,
Exposing all the ways and phizzes
Of "wags, and oddities, and quizzes;"
That Shuter's self might heave his head
From drunken snoozes, on a bed
Of pot-house benches sprawl'd, and hear
Such laughing songs as won the ear
Of all the town, his slip to cover,
Whene'er he met 'em half-seas over.
Freaks like these if thou canst give,
Fun, with thee I wish to live.

§ 146. *The Picture.* CUNNINGHAM.

A PORTRAIT, at my lord's command
Completed by a curious hand,

For dabblers in the nice *virtù*
His lordship set the piece to view,
Bidding their connoisseurships tell
Whether this work was finish'd well.
Why, says the loudest, on my word,
'Tis not a *likeness*, good my lord;
Nor, to be plain, for speak I must,
Can I pronounce one feature just.
Another effort straight was made,
Another portraiture essay'd;
The judges were again besought
Each to deliver what he thought.
Worse than the first, the critics bawl;
Oh what a mouth! how monstrous small!
Look at the cheeks; how lank and thin!
See, what a most preposterous chin!
After remonstrance made in vain,
I'll, says the painter, once again
(If my good lord vouchsafes to sit)
Try for a more successful hit:
If you'll to-morrow deign to call,
We'll have a piece to please you all.
To-morrow comes; a picture's plac'd
Before those spurious sons of taste:
In their opinions all agree,
This is the vilest of all three.
"Know—to confute your envious pride,"
(His lordship from the canvass cried,)
"Know—that it is my real face,
Where you could no resemblance trace:
I've tried you by a lucky trick,
And prov'd your *genius* to the quick;
Void of all judgment, goodness, sense,
Out, ye pretending varlets,—hence!"
The connoisseurs depart in haste,
Despis'd, neglected, and disgrac'd.

§ 147. *The Modern Fine Gentleman. Written in the Year* 1746. SOAME JENYNS.

JUST broke from school, pert, impudent, and raw,
Expert in Latin, more expert in taw,
His honor posts o'er Italy and France,
Measures St. Peter's dome, and learns to dance;
Thence, having quick through various countries flown,
Glean'd all their follies, and expos'd his own,
He back returns, a thing so strange all o'er,
As never ages past produc'd before;
A monster of such complicated worth,
As no one single clime could e'er bring forth;
Half atheist, papist, gamester, bubble, rook,
Half fiddler, coachman, dancer, groom, and cook.
Next, because business is now all the vogue,
And who'd be quite polite must be a rogue,
In parliament he purchases a seat,
To make th' accomplish'd gentleman complete.
There, safe in self-sufficient impudence,
Without experience, honesty, or sense,
Unknowing in her interest, trade, or laws,
He vainly undertakes his country's cause:
Forth from his lips, prepar'd at all to rail,
Torrents of nonsense burst like bottled ale,
*Though shallow, muddy; brisk, though mighty dull; [not full.
Fierce, without strength; o'erflowing, though
Now, quite a Frenchman in his garb and air,
His neck yok'd down with bag and *solitaire*,
The liberties of Britain he supports,
And storms at placemen, ministers, and courts;
Now in cropp'd greasy hair, and leather breeches,
He loudly bellows out his patriot speeches;
Kings, lords, and commons ventures to abuse,
Yet dares to show those ears he ought to lose.
From hence to White's our virtuous Cato flies,
There sits with countenance erect and wise,
And talks of games of whist, and pig-tail pies;
Plays all the night, nor doubts each law to break
Himself unknowingly has help'd to make;
Trembling and anxious, stakes his utmost groat,
Peeps o'er his cards, and looks as if he thought;
Next morn disowns the losses of the night,
Because the fool would fain be thought a bite.
Devoted thus to politics and cards,
Nor mirth, nor wine, nor women he regards;
So far is ev'ry virtue from his heart,
That not a gen'rous vice can claim a part;
Nay, lest one human passion e'er should move
His soul to friendship, tenderness, or love,
To Figg and Broughton† he commits his breast,
To steel it to the fashionable test.
Thus, poor in wealth, he labors to no end,
Wretched alone, in crowds without a friend;
Insensible to all that's good or kind,
Deaf to all merit, to all beauty blind;
For love too busy, and for wit too grave,
A harden'd, sober, proud, luxuriant knave;
By little actions striving to be great,
And proud to be, and to be thought, a cheat.
And yet in this, so bad is his success,
That, as his fame improves, his rents grow less,
On parchment wings his acres take their flight,
And his unpeopled groves admit the light;
With his estate, his interest too is done,
His honest borough seeks a warmer sun;
For him now cash and liquor flows no more,
His independent voters cease to roar;
And Britons soon must want the great defence
Of all his honesty and eloquence,
But that the gen'rous youth, more anxious grown
For public liberty than for his own,
Marries some jointur'd, antiquated crone,
And boldly, when his country is at stake,
Braves the deep yawning gulf, like Curtius, for its sake.
Quickly again distress'd for want of coin,
He digs no longer in th' exhausted mine,
But seeks preferment as the last resort,
Cringes each morn at levees, bows at court,
And from the hand he hates implores support.
The minister, well pleas'd at small expense
To silence so much rude impertinence,

* Parody on these lines of Sir John Denham:

Though deep yet clear, though gentle yet not dull,
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

† One, a celebrated prize-fighter; the other, a no less famous boxer.

With squeeze and whisper yields to his demands,
And on the venal list enroll'd he stands:
A riband and a pension buy the slave;
This bribes the fool about him, that the knave.
And now, arriv'd at his meridian glory,
He sinks apace, despis'd by Whig and Tory;
Of independence now he talks no more,
Nor shakes the senate with his patriot roar:
But silent votes, and, with court trappings hung,
Eyes his own glitt'ring star, and holds his tongue.
In craft political a bankrupt made,
He sticks to gaming, as a surer trade;
Turns downright sharper, lives by sucking blood,
And grows, in short, the very thing he would:
Hunts out young heirs who have their fortunes spent,
And lends them ready cash at cent. per cent.;
Lays wagers on his own and others' lives,
Fights uncles, fathers, grandmothers, and wives,
Till Death at length, indignant to be made
The daily subject of his sport and trade,
Veils with his sable hand the wretch's eyes,
And, groaning for the bets he loses by't, he dies.

§ 148. *Horace. Book II. Ode* 10. COWPER.

RECEIVE, dear friend, the truths I teach,
So shalt thou live beyond the reach
Of adverse fortune's pow'r:
Not always tempt the distant deep,
Nor always timorously creep
Along the treach'rous shore.

He that holds fast the golden mean,
And lives contentedly between
The little and the great,
Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,
Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door,
Imbitt'ring all his state.

The tallest pines feel most the pow'r
Of wintry blast; the loftiest tow'r
Comes heaviest to the ground;
The bolts that spare the mountain's side
His cloud-capt eminence divide,
And spread the ruin round.

The well-inform'd philosopher
Rejoices with a wholesome fear,
And hopes in spite of pain:
If winter bellow from the north,
Soon the sweet spring comes dancing forth,
And nature laughs again.

What if thine heaven be overcast?
The dark appearance will not last;
Expect a brighter sky:
The God that strings the silver bow
Awakes sometimes the muses too,
And lays his arrows by.

If hind'rances obstruct thy way,
Thy magnanimity display,
And let thy strength be seen:
But, oh! if fortune fill thy sail
With more than a propitious gale,
Take half thy canvass in.

§ 149. *A Reflection on the foregoing Ode.* COWPER.

AND is this all? Can reason do no more
Than bid me shun the deep and dread the shore?
Sweet moralist! afloat on life's rough sea,
The Christian has an art unknown to thee;
He holds no parley with unmanly fears,
Where duty bids he confidently steers;
Faces a thousand dangers at her call,
And, trusting in his God, surmounts them all.

§ 150. *Mutual Forbearance necessary to the Happiness of the Married State.* COWPER.

THE lady thus address'd her spouse—
"What a mere dungeon is this house!
By no means large enough; and, was it,
Yet this dull room, and that dark closet,
Those hangings, with their worn-out Graces,
Long beards, long noses, and pale faces,
Are such an antiquated scene,
They overwhelm me with the spleen."
Sir Humphrey, shooting in the dark,
Makes answer quite beside the mark—
"No doubt, my dear; I bade him come,
Engag'd myself to be at home,
And shall expect him at the door
Precisely when the clock strikes four."
"You are so deaf," the lady cried,
(And rais'd her voice, and frown'd beside,)
"You are so sadly deaf, my dear,
What shall I do to make you hear?"
"Dismiss poor Harry!" he replies;
"Some people are more nice than wise:
For one slight trespass all this stir!
What if he did ride whip and spur?
'Twas but a mile; your fav'rite horse
Will never look one hair the worse."
"Well, I protest, tis past all bearing!"
"Child! I am rather hard of hearing!"
"Yes, truly, one must scream and bawl:
I tell you, you can't hear at all."
Then, with a voice exceeding low,
"No matter if you hear or no."
Alas! and is domestic strife,
That sorest ill of human life,
A plague so little to be fear'd,
As to be wantonly incurr'd,
To gratify a fretful passion,
On every trivial provocation?
The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear,
And something, ev'ry day they live,
To pity, and perhaps forgive.
But, if infirmities that fall
In common to the lot of all,
A blemish, or a sense impair'd,
Are crimes so little to be spar'd,
Then farewell all that must create
The comfort of the wedded state:
Instead of harmony, 'tis jar,
And tumult, and intestine war.
The love that cheers life's latest stage,
Proof against sickness and old age,
Preserv'd by virtue from declension,
Becomes not weary of attention;

But lives when that exterior grace,
Which first inspir'd the flame, decays.
'Tis gentle, delicate, and kind,
To faults compassionate or blind,
And will with sympathy endure
Those evils it would gladly cure:
But angry, coarse, and harsh expression,
Shows Love to be a mere profession,
Proves that the heart is none of his,
Or soon expels him if it is.

§ 151. *The Winter Nosegay.* COWPER.

WHAT nature, alas! has denied
To the delicate growth of our isle,
Art has in a measure supplied,
And winter is deck'd with a smile.

See, Mary, what beauties I bring
From the shelter of that sunny shed,
Where the flow'rs have the charms of the spring,
Though abroad they are frozen and dead.

'Tis a bow'r of Arcadian sweets,
Where Flora is still in her prime,
A fortress to which she retreats
From the cruel assaults of the clime.

While earth wears a mantle of snow,
The pinks are as fresh and as gay
As the fairest and sweetest that blow
On the beautiful bosom of May.

See how they have safely surviv'd
The frowns of a sky so severe;
Such Mary's true love, that has liv'd
Through many a turbulent year.

The charms of the late-blowing rose
Seem grac'd with a livelier hue,
And the winter of sorrow best shows
The truth of a friend such as you.

§ 152. *Art above Nature.* PETER PINDAR.

NATURE's a coarse, vile, daubing jade—
I've said it often, and repeat it—
She doth not understand her trade—
Artists, ne'er mind her work; I hope you'll beat it.
Look now, for Heav'n's sake, at her skies!
What are they?—Smoke, for certainty, I know;
From chimney-tops, behold! they rise,
Made by some sweating cooks below.
Look at her dirt in lanes, from whence it comes—
From hogs, and ducks, and geese, and horses' bums—
Then tell me, Decency, I must request,
Who'd copy such a dev'lish nasty beast?
Paint by the yard—your canvass spread,
Broad as the mainsail of a man of war—
Your whale shall eat up ev'ry other head,
E'en as the sun licks up each sneaking star!
I do assure you, bulk is no bad trick—
By bulky things both men and maids are taken
Mind, too, to lay the paints like mortar thick,
And make your pictures look as red as bacon.
All folks love size, believe my rhyme;
Burke says 'tis part of the sublime.
A Dutchman, I forget his name,—Van Grout,
Van Slabberchops, Van Stink, Van Swab,—
No matter, though I cannot make it out—
At calling names I never was a dab—
This Dutchman, then, a man of taste,
Holding a cheese that weigh'd a hundred pound,
Thus, like a burgomaster, spoke with judgment vast:
"No poet like my broder step de ground;
He be de bestest poet, look!
Dat all de vorld must please;
Vor he heb vrite von book
So big as all dis cheese!"
If at a distance you would paint a pig,
Let not the caxon a distinctness lack;
Else all the lady critics will so stare,
And angry vow, "Tis not a bit like hair!"
Be smooth as glass—like Denner, finish high;
Then every tongue commends—
For people judge not only by the eye,
But feel your merit by their finger ends!
Make out each single bristle on his back;
Or, if your meaner subject be a wig,
Nay, closely nosing, o'er the picture dwell,
As if to try the goodness by the smell.
Claude's distances are too confus'd—
One floating scene—nothing made out—
For which he ought to be abus'd,
Whose works have been so cried about.
Give me the pencil, whose amazing style
Makes a bird's beak appear at twenty mile,
And to my view eyes, legs, and claws will bring,
With every feather of his tail and wing.
Make all your trees alike, for Nature's wild—
Fond of variety—a wayward child—
To blame your taste some blockheads may presume;
But mind that ev'ry one be like a broom.
Of steel and purest silver form your waters,
And make your clouds like rocks and alligators.
Whene'er you paint the moon, if you are willing
To gain applause—why, paint her like a shilling;
Or Sol's bright orb—be sure to make him glow
Precisely like a guinea or a jo.*
In short, to get your pictures prais'd and sold,
Convert, like Midas, ev'ry thing to gold.
I see, at excellence you'll come at last—
Your clouds are made of very brilliant stuff;
The blues on china mugs are now surpass'd,
Your sunsets yield not to brick walls nor buff.
In stumps of trees your art so finely thrives,
They really look like golden-hafted knives!
Go on, my lads, leave Nature's dismal hue,
And she ere long will come and copy you.

* A Portuguese Johannes.

§ 153. *Written in a Lady's Ivory Table Book*, 1699. SWIFT.

PERUSE my leaves through every part,
And think thou seest my owner's heart,
Scrawl'd o'er with trifles thus, and quite
As hard, as senseless, and as light;
Expos'd to every coxcomb's eyes,
But hid with caution from the wise.
Here you may read, "Dear, charming saint!"
Beneath, "A new receipt for paint:"
Here, in beau-spelling, "Tru tel deth;"
There, in her own, "For an el breth:"
Here, "Lovely nymph, pronounce my doom!"
There, "A safe way to use perfume:"
Here, a page fill'd with billet-doux,
On t' other side, "Laid out for shoes."
"Madam, I die without your grace."
"Item, for half a yard of lace."
Who that had wit would place it here,
For every peeping fop to jeer?
In pow'r of spittle and a clout,
Whene'er he please to blot it out:
And then, to heighten the disgrace,
Clap his own nonsense in the place.
Whoe'er expects to hold his part
In such a book, and such a heart,
If he be wealthy, and a fool,
Is in all points the fittest tool;
Of whom it may be justly said,
He's a gold pencil tipp'd with lead.

§ 154. *On the little House by the Church-yard of Castlenock*. 1710. SWIFT.

WHOEVER pleaseth to inquire
Why yonder steeple wants a spire,
The gray old fellow Poet Joe*
The philosophic cause will show.
Once on a time a western blast,
At least twelve inches overcast,
Reckoning roof, weathercock, and all,
Which came with a prodigious fall!
And, tumbling topsy-turvy round,
Lit with its bottom on the ground;
For, by the laws of gravitation,
It fell into its proper station.
This is a little strutting pile
You see just by the church-yard stile;
The walls in tumbling gave a knock,
And thus the steeple got a shock;
From whence the neighboring farmer calls
The steeple, Knock; the vicar, Walls.†
The vicar once a week creeps in,
Sits with his knee up to his chin;
Here cons his notes, and takes a whet,
Till the small ragged flock is met.
A traveller, who by did pass,
Observ'd the roof behind the grass;
On tip-toe stood, and rear'd his snout,
And saw the parson creeping out;
Was much surpris'd to see a crow
Venture to build his nest so low.
A school-boy ran unto 't, and thought
The crib was down, the blackbird caught.
A third, who lost his way by night,
Was forc'd for safety to alight;
And, stepping o'er the fabric-roof,
His horse had like to spoil his hoof.
Warburton‡ took it in his noddle,
This building was design'd a model
Or of a pigeon-house or oven,
To bake one loaf, and keep one dove in.
Then Mrs. Johnson‖ gave her verdict,
And every one was pleas'd that heard it:
"All that you make this stir about,
Is but a still which wants a spout."
The Reverend Dr. Raymond§ guess'd
More probably than all the rest;
He said, but that it wanted room,
It might have been a pigmy's tomb.
The doctor's family came by,
And little miss began to cry,
"Give me that house in my own hand!"
Then madam bade the chariot stand;
Call'd to the clerk in manner mild,
"Pray, reach that thing here to the child:
That thing, I mean, among the kale:
And here's to buy a pot of ale."
The clerk said to her, in a heat,
"What! sell my master's country-seat,
Where he comes every week from town!
He would not sell it for a crown."
"Poh! fellow, keep not such a pother;
In half an hour thou'lt make another."
Says Nancy,¶ "I can make for miss
A finer house ten times than this;
The Dean will give me willow-sticks,
And Joe, my apron-full of bricks."

* Mr. Beaumont, of Trim.
† Archdeacon Wall, a correspondent of Swift's.

§ 155. *A true and faithful Inventory of the Goods belonging to Dr. Swift, Vicar of Laracor, upon lending his House to the Bishop of Meath till his Palace was rebuilt.* SWIFT.

AN oaken, broken elbow-chair;
A caudle-cup, without an ear;
A batter'd, shatter'd ash bedstead;
A box of deal, without a lid;
A pair of tongs, but out of joint;
A back-sword poker, without point;
A pot that's crack'd across, around
With an old knotted garter bound;
An iron lock, without a key;
A wig, with hanging quite grown gray;
A curtain, worn to half a stripe;
A pair of bellows, without pipe;
A dish, which might good meat afford once;
An Ovid, and an old Concordance;
A bottle bottom, wooden platter,
One is for meal and one for water;
There likewise is a copper skillet,
Which runs as fast out as you fill it;
A candlestick, snuff-dish, and save-all:
And thus his household goods you have all.
These to your Lordship, as a friend,
Till you have built, I freely lend:

‡ Dr Swift's curate at Laracor.
‖ Stella.
§ Minister of Trim.
¶ The waiting-woman.

They'll serve your Lordship for a shift;
Why not, as well as Doctor Swift?

§ 156. *An Elegy on the Death of Demar the Usurer, who died the 6th of July*, 1720. SWIFT.

KNOW all men by these presents, Death the tamer
By mortgage hath secur'd the corpse of Demar;
Nor can four hundred thousand sterling pound
Redeem him from his prison under ground.
His heirs might well, of all his wealth possess'd,
Bestow to bury him one iron chest.
Plutus, the god of wealth, will joy to know
His faithful steward 's in the shades below.
He walk'd the streets, and wore a threadbare cloak,
He din'd and supp'd at charge of other folk;
And by his looks, had he held out his palms,
He might be thought an object fit for alms.
So, to the poor if he refus'd his pelf,
He us'd them full as kindly as himself.
Where'er he went he never saw his betters;
Lords, knights, and squires, were all his humble debtors;
And under hand and seal the Irish nation
Were forc'd to own to him their obligation.
He that could once have half a kingdom bought,
In half a minute is not worth a groat.
His coffers from the coffin could not save,
Nor all his interest keep him from the grave.
A golden monument could not be right,
Because we wish the earth upon him light.
O London tavern!* thou hast lost a friend,
Though in thy walls he ne'er did farthing spend:
He touch'd the pence, when others touch'd the pot; [shot.
The hand that sign'd the mortgage paid the
Old as he was, no vulgar known disease
On him could ever boast a pow'r to seize;
"† But, as he weigh'd his gold, grim Death in spite [light;
Cast in his dart, which made three moidores
And as he saw his darling money fail,
Blew his last breath to sink the lighter scale."
He who so long was current, 'twould be strange
If he should now be cried down since his change.
The sexton shall green sods on thee bestow;
Alas! the sexton is thy banker now!
A dismal banker must that banker be,
Who gives no bills but of mortality.

§ 157. *Epitaph on a Miser.* SWIFT.

BENEATH this verdant hillock lies
Demar, the wealthy and the wise.
His heirs, that he might safely rest,
Have put his carcass in a chest;
The very chest in which, they say,
His other self, his money, lay.

* A tavern in Dublin where Demar kept his office.
† These four lines were written by Stella.

And if his heirs continue kind
To that dear self he left behind,
I dare believe that four in five
Will think his better half alive.

§ 158. *To Mrs. Houghton, of Bormount, upon praising her Husband to Dr. Swift.* SWIFT.

YOU always are making a god of your spouse,
But this neither reason nor conscience allows:
Perhaps you will say, 'tis in gratitude due,
And you adore him because he adores you:
Your argument's weak, and so you will find;
For you, by this rule, must adore all mankind.

RIDDLES,

BY DR. SWIFT AND HIS FRIENDS: WRITTEN IN, OR ABOUT THE YEAR 1724.

§ 159. *On a Pen.*

IN youth exalted high in air,
Or bathing in the waters fair,
Nature to form me took delight,
And clad my body all in white,
My person tall, and slender waist,
On either side with fringes grac'd;
Till me that tyrant man espied,
And dragg'd me from my mother's side.
No wonder now I look so thin;
The tyrant stripp'd me to the skin;
My skin he flay'd, my hair he cropp'd;
At head and foot my body lopp'd:
And then, with heart more hard than stone,
He pick'd my marrow from the bone.
To vex me more, he took a freak
To slit my tongue, and make me speak:
But that which wonderful appears,
I speak to eyes, and not to ears.
He oft employs me in disguise,
And makes me tell a thousand lies:
To me he chiefly gives in trust
To please his malice or his lust:
From me no secret he can hide:
I see his vanity and pride:
And my delight is to expose
His follies to his greatest foes.
All languages I can command,
Yet not a word I understand.
Without my aid, the best divine
In learning would not know a line;
The lawyer must forget his pleading;
The scholar could not show his reading.
Nay, man, my master, is my slave;
I give command to kill or save;
Can grant ten thousand pounds a year,
And make a beggar's brat a peer.
But while I thus my life relate,
I only hasten on my fate.
My tongue is black, my mouth is furr'd,
I hardly now can force a word.
I die unpitied and forgot,
And on some dunghill left to rot.

§ 160. *On Gold.*

ALL-RULING tyrant of the earth,
To vilest slaves I owe my birth.

How is the greatest monarch bless'd,
When in my gaudy liv'ry dress'd!
No haughty nymph has pow'r to run
From me, or my embraces shun.
Stabb'd to the heart, condemn'd to flame,
My constancy is still the same.
The favourite messenger of Jove,
The Lemnian god, consulting, strove
To make me glorious to the sight
Of mortals, and the gods' delight.
Soon would their altars' flame expire
If I refus'd to lend them fire.

§ 161. *On a Circle.*

I'm up and down, and round about,
Yet all the world can't find me out.
Though hundreds have employ'd their leisure,
They never yet could find my measure.
I'm found almost in ev'ry garden,
Nay, in the compass of a farthing.
There's neither chariot, coach, nor mill,
Can move an inch, except I will.

§ 162. *On the Five Senses.*

All of us in one you'll find,
Brethren of a wondrous kind;
Yet, among us all, no brother
Knows one tittle of the other.
We in frequent councils are,
And our marks of things declare;
Where, to us unknown, a clerk
Sits, and takes them in the dark.
He's the register of all
In our ken, both great and small;
By us forms his laws and rules;
He's our master, we his tools;
Yet we can, with greatest ease,
Turn and wind him where we please.
One of us alone can sleep,
Yet no watch the rest will keep;
But, the moment that he closes,
Ev'ry brother else reposes.
If wine 's bought, or victuals dress'd,
One enjoys them for the rest.
Pierce us all with wounding steel,
One for all of us will feel.
Though ten thousand cannons roar,
Add to them ten thousand more,
Yet but one of us is found
Who regards the dreadful sound.
Do what is not fit to tell,
There 's but one of us can smell.

§ 163. *On an Echo.*

Never sleeping, still awake,
Pleasing most when most I speak:
The delight of old and young,
Though I speak without a tongue:
Nought but one thing can confound me,
Many voices joining round me;
Then I fret, and rave, and gabble,
Like the laborers of Babel.
Now I am a dog or cow,
I can bark, or I can low;
I can bleat, or I can sing
Like the warblers of the spring.
Let the love-sick bard complain,
And I mourn the cruel pain;
Let the happy swain rejoice,
And I join my helping voice;
Both are welcome, grief or joy,
I with either sport and toy.
Though a lady, I am stout,
Drums and trumpets bring me out;
Then I clash, and roar, and rattle,
Join in all the din of battle.
Jove, with all his loudest thunder,
When I'm vex'd, can't keep me under;
Yet so tender is my ear,
That the lowest voice I fear.
Much I dread the courtier's fate,
When his merit 's out of date;
For I hate a silent breath,
And a whisper is my death.

§ 164. *On a Shadow in a Glass.*

By something form'd, I nothing am,
Yet every thing that you can name;
In no place have I ever been,
Yet ev'ry where I may be seen;
In all things false, yet always true,
I'm still the same, but ever new.
Lifeless, life's perfect form I wear,
Can show a nose, eye, tongue, or ear,
Yet neither smell, see, taste, or hear.
All shapes and features I can boast,
No flesh, no bones, no blood—no ghost:
All colours, without paint, put on,
And change like the chameleon.
Swiftly I come and enter there
Where not a chink lets in the air;
Like thought, I'm in a moment gone,
Nor can I ever be alone;
All things on earth I imitate
Faster than Nature can create;
Sometimes imperial robes I wear,
Anon in beggar's rags appear;
A giant now, and straight an elf,
I'm ev'ry one, but ne'er myself;
Ne'er sad, I mourn; ne'er glad, rejoice;
I move my lips, but want a voice;
I ne'er was born, nor e'er can die:
Then pr'ythee tell me, what am I?

§ 165. *On Time.*

Ever eating, never cloying,
All devouring, all destroying;
Never finding full repast,
Till I eat the world at last.

§ 166. *On the Vowels.*

We are little airy creatures,
All of diff'rent voice and features:
One of us in glass is set,
One of us you'll find in jet;
T' other you may see in tin,
And the fourth a box within;
If the fifth you should pursue,
It can never fly from you.

§ 167. *On Snow.*

FROM heaven I fall, though from earth I begin;
No lady alive can shew such a skin.
I'm bright as an angel, and light as a feather,
But heavy and dark when you squeeze me together.
Though candor and truth in my aspect I bear,
Yet many poor creatures I help to ensnare.
Though so much of heaven appears in my make,
The foulest impressions I easily take.
My parent and I produce one another;
The mother the daughter, the daughter the mother.

§ 168. *On a Cannon.*

BEGOTTEN, and born, and dying, with noise,
The terror of women, and pleasure of boys;
Like the fiction of poets concerning the wind,
I'm chiefly unruly when strongest confin'd.
For silver and gold I don't trouble my head,
But all I delight in is pieces of lead;
Except when I trade with a ship or a town,
Why then I make pieces of iron go down.
One property more I would have you remark,
No lady was ever more fond of a spark;
The moment I get one, my soul's all afire,
And I roar out my joy, and in transport expire.

§ 169. *Tam o' Shanter. A Tale.* BURNS.

Of Brownyis and of Bogilis full is this Buke.
GAWIN DOUGLAS.

WHEN chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neebors neebors meet,
As market-days are wearing late,
An' folk begin to tak the gate;
While we sit bousing at the nappy,
An' getting fou and unco happy,
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles,
That lie between us and our hame;
Whare sits our sulky, sullen dame,
Gath'ring her brows like gath'ring storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter,
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
For honest men and bonie lasses.)

O Tam! had'st thou but been sae wise,
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
A blethring, blustering, drunken blellum;
That, frae November till October,
Ae market-day thou was na sober;
That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
Thou sat as long as thou had siller;
That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;
That at the L—d's house, ev'n on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirton Jean till Monday.
She prophesy'd, that, late or soon,
Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon;
Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,
To think how monie counsels sweet,
How monie lengthen'd sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale: Ae market night,
Tam had got planted unco right,
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely;
And at his elbow, souter Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony.
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither;
They had been fou for weeks thegither.
The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter;
And aye the ale was growing better:
The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
Wi' favours secret, sweet, and precious:
The souter tauld his queerest stories;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus:
The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drown'd himself amang the nappy;
As bees flee hame wi' lades of treasure,
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure:
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious.

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;
Or, like the snow falls in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever:
Or, like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or, like the rainbow's lovely form,
Evanishing amid the storm.—
Nae man can tether time or tide;
The hour approaches Tam maun ride;
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,
That dreary hour, he mounts his beast in;
And sic a night he taks the road in,
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
The rattling show'rs rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;
Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd:
That night, a child might understand,
The De'il had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his grey mare, Meg,—
A better never lifted leg,—
Tam skelpit on through dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire;
Whyles holding fast his guid blue bonnet;
Whyles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet;
Whyles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares;
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry.

By this time he was cross the ford,
Whare in the snaw the chapman smoor'd;
And past the birks and meikle stane,
Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck bane;
And through the whins, and by the cairn,
Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn;
And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Whare Mungo's mither hang'd hersel.

Before him Doon pours all his floods;
The doubling storm roars through the woods;
The lightnings flash from pole to pole;
Near and more near the thunders roll;
When, glimmering through the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze;
Through ilka bore the beams were glancing;
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring, bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil;
Wi' usquabae, we'll face the Devil!
The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,
Fair play, he car'd na De'il's a boddle.
But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd,
Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
She ventur'd forward on the light;
And, vow! Tam saw an unco sight!
Warlocks and witches in a dance;
Nae cotillion brent new frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys and reels,
Put life and mettle in their heels.
A winnock-bunker in the east,
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast;
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,
To gie them music was his charge:
He screw'd the pipes, and gart them skirl,
Till roof an' rafters a' did dirl.
Coffins stood round like open presses,
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;
And, by some devilish cantrip slight,
Each in its cauld hand held a light,—
By which heroic Tam was able
To note upon the haly table,
A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns;
A thief, new cutted frae a rape,
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red-rusted;
Five cimeters, wi' murder crusted;
A garter, which a babe had strangled;
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
The grey hairs yet stack to the heft;
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glowr'd, amaz'd and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious:
The piper loud and louder blew;
The dancers quick and quicker flew;
They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleckit,
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
And coost her duddies to the wark,
And linket at it in her sark!

Now Tam, O Tam! had they been queans,
A' plump and strapping in their teens;
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linen!
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,
I wad hae gi'en them aff my hurdies,
For ae blink o' the bonie burdies!

But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,
Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal,
Lowping an' flinging on a cummock,
I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But Tam kenn'd what was what fu' brawlie,
There was ae winsome wench and walie,
That night enlisted in the core,
(Lang after kenn'd on Carrick shore!
For monie a beast to dead she shot,
And perish'd monie a bonie boat,
And shook baith meikle corn and beer,
And kept the country-side in fear,)
Her cutty-sark o' Paisley harn,
That while a lassie she had worn,
In longitude though sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vauntie.
Ah! little kenn'd thy reverend grannie,
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
Wi' twa pund Scots, ('twas a' her riches)
Wad ever grac'd a dance o' witches!

But here my Muse her wing maun cow'r;
Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r!
To sing how Nannie lap and flang,
(A souple jad she was and strang,)
And how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd,
And thought his very een enrich'd:
Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu' fain,
And hotch'd, and blew wi' might and main:
Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"
And in an instant a' was dark:
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
When plundering herds assail their byke;
As open pussie's mortal foes,
When, pop! she starts before their nose;
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' monie an eldritch skreech and hollow.

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin!
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin!
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin!
Kate soon will be a wofu' woman!
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the key-stane of the brig;
There at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they dare na cross.
But ere the key-stane she could make,
The fient a tail she had to shake!
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie press'd,
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;
But little wist she Maggie's mettle—
Ae spring brought aff her master hale,
But left behind her ain grey tail:
The carlin claught her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk man and mother's son take heed:
Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd,
Or Cutty-sarks run in your mind,
Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear,
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

§ 170. *Satire upon the Abuse of Human Learning.* BUTLER.

It is the noblest act of human reason
To free itself from slavish prepossession,
Assume the legal right to disengage
From all it had contracted under age,
And not its ingenuity and wit
To all it was imbued with first submit;
Take true or false for better or for worse,
To have or t' hold indifferently of course.
For Custom, though but usher of the school
Where Nature breeds the body and the soul,
Usurps a greater pow'r and interest
O'er man, the heir of Reason, than brute beast,
That by two different instincts is led,
Born to the one, and to the other bred,
And trains him up with rudiments more false
Than Nature does her stupid animals;
And that's one reason why more care's bestow'd
Upon the body than the soul's allow'd,
That is not found to understand and know
So subtly as the body's found to grow.
Though children, without study, pains, or thought,
Are languages and vulgar notions taught,
Improve their nat'ral talents without care,
And apprehend before they are aware,
Yet, as all strangers never leave the tones
They have been used of children to pronounce,
So most men's reason never can outgrow
The discipline it first received to know,
But renders words they first began to con,
The end of all that's after to be known,
And sets the help of education back,
Worse than, without it, man could ever lack;
Who, therefore, finds the artificial'st fools,
Have not been changed i' th' cradle, but the schools,
Where error, pedantry, and affectation,
Run them behind-hand with their education,
And all alike are taught poetic rage,
When hardly one's fit for it in an age.
No sooner are the organs of the brain
Quick to receive, and steadfast to retain
Best knowledges, but all's laid out upon
Retrieving of the curse of Babylon,
To make confounded languages restore
A greater drudg'ry than it barr'd before:
And therefore those imported from the East,
Where first they were incurr'd, are held the best,
Although conveyed in worse Arabian pothooks
Than gifted tradesmen scratch in sermon note-books;
Are really but pains and labor lost,
And not worth half the drudgery they cost;
Unless, like rarities, as they've been brought
From foreign climates, and as dearly bought,
When those, who had no other but their own,
Have all succeeding eloquence outdone;
As men that wink with one eye see more true,
And take their aim much better than with two:
For the more languages a man can speak,
His talent has but sprung the greater leak;
And, for the industry he has spent upon't,
Must, full as much, some other way discount.
The Hebrew, Chaldee, and the Syriac,
Do, like their letters, set men's reason back,
And turn their wits that strive to understand it
(Like those that write the characters) left-handed;
Yet he that is but able to express
No sense at all in several languages,
Will pass for learneder than he that's known
To speak the strongest reason in his own.
These are the modern arts of education,
With all the learned of mankind in fashion,
But practised only with the rod and whip,
As riding schools inculcate horsemanship,
Or Romish penitents let out their skins
To bear the penalties of others' sins,
When letters at the first were meant for play,
And only us'd to pass the time away, [name
When th' ancient Greeks and Romans had no
T' express a school and playhouse but the same,
And in their languages, so long agone,
To study or be idle was all one;
For nothing more preserves men in their wits
Than giving of them leave to play by fits,
In dreams to sport and ramble with all fancies,
And, waking, little less extravagances,
To rest and recreation of tir'd thought,
When 'tis run down with care and overwrought,
Of which whoever does not freely take
His constant share, is never broad awake,
And when he wants an equal competence
Of both recruits, abates as much of sense.
Nor is their education worse design'd
Than Nature (in her province) proves unkind:
The greatest inclinations with the least
Capacities are fatally possess'd, [pains,
Condemn'd to drudge, and labour, and take
Without an equal competence of brains;
While those she has indulg'd in soul and body,
Are most averse to industry and study,
And th' activ'st fancies share as loose alloys,
For want of equal weight to counterpoise.
But when those great conveniences meet,
Of equal judgment, industry, and wit,
The one but strives the other to divert,
While Fate and Custom in the feud take part,
And scholars, by prepost'rous overdoing,
And under-judging, all their projects ruin;
Who, though the understanding of mankind
Within so strait a compass is confin'd,
Disdain the limits Nature sets to bound
The wit of man, and vainly rove beyond.
The bravest soldiers scorn until they're got
Close to the enemy to make a shot;
Yet great philosophers delight to stretch
Their talents most at things beyond their reach,
And proudly think t' unriddle ev'ry cause
That Nature uses by their own by-laws;
When 'tis not only impertinent, but rude,
Where she denies admission, to intrude;
And all their industry is but to err,
Unless they have free quarantine from her;
Whence 'tis the world the less has understood,
By striving to know more than 'tis allow'd.

For Adam, with the loss of Paradise,
Bought knowledge at too desperate a price,
And, ever since that miserable fate,
Learning did never cost an easier rate;
For though the most divine and sov'reign good
That Nature has upon mankind bestow'd,
Yet it has prov'd a greater hinderance
To th' interest of truth than ignorance,
And therefore never bore so high a value
As when 'twas low, contemptible, and shallow;
Had academies, schools, and colleges,
Endow'd for its improvement and increase;
With pomp and show was introduc'd with maces,
More than a Roman magistrate had fasces;
Empower'd with statute, privilege, and mandate,
T' assume an art, and after understand it;
Like bills of store for taking a degree,
With all the learning to it custom-free;
And own professions which they never took
So much delight in as to read one book:
Like princes, had prerogative to give
Convicted malefactors a reprieve;
And, having but a little paltry wit
More than the world, reduced and governed it.
But scorn'd as soon as 'twas but understood,
As better is a spiteful foe to good,
And now has nothing left for its support,
But what the darkest times provided for't.
Man has a natural desire to know;
But th' one half is for inter'st, th' other show:
As scriv'ners take more pains to learn the sleight
Of making knots, than all the hands they write:
So all his study is not to extend
The bounds of knowledge, but some vainer end;
T' appear and pass for learned, though his claim
Will hardly reach beyond the empty name:
For most of those that drudge and labor hard,
Furnish their understandings by the yard,
As a French library by the whole is,
So much an ell for quartos and for folios;
To which they are but indexes themselves,
And understand no further than the shelves;
But smatter with their titles and editions,
And place them in their classical partitions;
When all a student knows of what he reads
Is not in 's own, but under general heads
Of common-places, not in his own pow'r,
But, like a Dutchman's money, in the cantore;
Where all he can make of it at the best,
Is hardly three per cent. for interest;
And whether he will ever get it out
Into his own possession is a doubt:
Affects all books of past and modern ages,
But reads no further than their title-pages,
Only to con the authors' names by rote,
Or, at the best, those of the books they quote;
Enough to challenge intimate acquaintance
With all the learned moderns and the ancients.
As Roman noblemen were wont to greet
And compliment the rabble in the street,
Had nomenclators in their trains, to claim
Acquaintance with the meanest, by his name,
And, by so mean, contemptible a bribe,
Trepann'd the suffrages of ev'ry tribe;
So learned men, by authors' names unknown,
Have gain'd no small improvement to their own,
And he's esteem'd the learned'st of all others
That has the largest catalogue of authors.

§ 171. *Opening of the Vision of Columbus.*
BARLOW.

I SING the Mariner who first unfurl'd
An eastern banner o'er the western world,
And taught mankind where future empires lay
In these fair confines of descending day;
Who sway'd a moment, with vicarious power,
Iberia's sceptre on the new-found shore;
Then saw the paths his virtuous steps had trod
Pursued by avarice and defil'd with blood,
The tribes he foster'd with paternal toil
Snatch'd from his hand, and slaughter'd for their spoil.
Slaves, kings, adventurers, envious of his name,
Enjoy'd his labors, and purloin'd his fame,
And gave the Viceroy, from his high seat hurl'd,
Chains for a crown, a prison for a world!
Long overwhelm'd in woes, and sick'ning there,
He met the slow, still march of black despair,
Sought the last refuge from his hopeless doom,
And wish'd from thankless men a peaceful tomb:
Till vision'd ages, op'ning on his eyes,
Cheer'd his sad soul, and bade new nations rise;
He saw the Atlantic heaven with light o'ercast,
And freedom crown his glorious work at last.
Almighty Freedom! give my vent'rous song
The force, the charm, that to thy voice belong;
'Tis thine to shape my course, to light my way,
To nerve my country with the patriot lay,
To teach all men where all their int'rest lies,
How rulers may be just, and nations wise:
Strong in thy strength, I bend no suppliant knee,
Invoke no miracle, no Muse, but thee.
Night held on old Castile her silent reign,
Her half-orb'd moon declining to the main;
O'er Valladolid's regal turrets haz'd
The drizzly fogs from dull Pisuerga rais'd;
Whose hov'ring sheets, along the welkin driven,
Thinn'd the pale stars, and shut the eye from heaven.
Cold-hearted Ferdinand his pillow press'd,
Nor dream'd of those his mandates robb'd of rest; [his reign
Of him who gemm'd his crown, who stretch'd
To realms that weigh'd the tenfold poise of Spain;
Who now beneath his tower indungeon'd lies,
Sweats the chill sod, and breathes inclement skies. [frame,
His fev'rish pulse, slow lab'ring through his
Feeds with scant force its fast expiring flame;
A far, dim watch-lamp's thrice reflected beam
Throws through his grates a mist-encumber'd gleam,
Paints the dun vapors that the cell invade,
And fills with spectred forms the midnight shade;

When from a visionary, short repose, [woes,
That nurs'd new cares, and temper'd keener
Columbus woke, and to the walls address'd
The deep-felt sorrows bursting from his breast:
"Here lies the purchase, here the wretched spoil
Of painful years and persevering toil: [pain,
For these damp caves, this hideous haunt of
I trac'd new regions o'er the chartless main,
Tam'd all the dangers of untravers'd waves,
Hung o'er their clefts, and topp'd their surging graves,
Saw trait'rous seas o'er coral mountains sweep,
Red thunders rock the pole and scorch the deep,
Death rear his front in ev'ry varying form,
Gape from the shoals, and ride the roaring storm,
My struggling bark her seamy planks disjoin,
Rake the rude rock, and drink the copious brine:
Till the tired elements are lull'd at last,
And milder suns allay the billowing blast,
Lead on the tradewinds with unvarying force,
And long and landless curve our constant course. [forlorn
Our homeward heaven recoils; each night
Calls up new stars, and backward rolls the morn;
The boreal vault descends with Europe's shore,
And bright Calisto shuns the wave no more;
The Dragon dips his fiery-foaming jole,
The affrighted magnet flies the faithless pole;
Nature portends a gen'ral change of laws;
My daring deeds are deem'd the guilty cause;
The desperate crew, to insurrection driven,
Devote their captain to the wrath of Heaven,
Resolve at once to end the audacious strife,
And buy their safety with his forfeit life.
In that sad hour, this feeble frame to save,
(Unblest reprieve!) and rob the gaping wave,
The morn broke forth, these tearful orbs descried
The golden banks that bound the western tide.
With full success I calm'd the clam'rous race,
Bade heaven's blue arch a second earth embrace;
And gave the astonish'd age that bounteous shore, power.
Their wealth to nations, and to kings their
Land of delights! ah, dear, delusive coast,
To these fond, aged eyes for ever lost!
No more thy flow'ry vales I travel o'er,
For me thy mountains rear the head no more;
For me thy rocks no sparkling gems unfold,
Nor streams luxuriant wear their paths in gold;
From realms of promis'd peace for ever borne,
I hail mute anguish, and in secret mourn.
But dangers past, a world explored in vain,
And foes triumphant, show but half my pain:
Dissembling friends, each early joy who gave,
And fired my youth the storms of fate to brave,
Swarm'd in the sunshine of my happier days,
Pursued the fortune, and partook the praise,
Now pass my cell with smiles of sour disdain,
Insult my woes, and triumph in my pain.
One gentle guardian once could shield the brave;
But now that guardian slumbers in the grave.
Hear from above, thou dear departed shade!
As once my hopes, my present sorrows aid;
Burst my full heart, afford that last relief;
Breathe back my sighs, and reinspire my grief
Still in my sight thy royal form appears,
Reproves my silence, and demands my tears.
E'en on that hour no more I joy to dwell,
When thy protection bade the canvass swell;
When kings and churchmen found their factions vain,
Blind Superstition shrunk beneath her chain,
The sun's glad beam led on the circling way,
And isles rose beauteous in Atlantic day.
For on those silv'ry shores, that new domain,
What crowds of tyrants fix their murd'rous reign!
Her infant realm indignant Freedom flies,
Truth leaves the world, and Isabella dies.
Ah, lend thy friendly shroud to veil my sight,
That these pain'd eyes may dread no more the light; [doom,
These welcome shades shall close my instant
And this drear mansion moulder to a tomb."
Thus mourn'd the hapless man: a thundering sound [the ground;
Roll'd through the shudd'ring walls, and shook
O'er all the dungeon, where black arches bend,
The roofs unfold, and streams of light descend;
The growing splendor fills the astonish'd room,
And gales ethereal breathe a glad perfume.
Rob'd in the radiance, moves a form serene,
Of human structure, but of heavenly mien;
Near to the pris'ner's couch he takes his stand,
And waves, in sign of peace, his holy hand.
Tall rose his stature; youth's endearing grace
Adorn'd his limbs, and brighten'd in his face;
Loose o'er his locks the star of ev'ning hung,
And sounds melodious mov'd his cheerful tongue.

* * * * *

So Hesper spoke: Columbus raised his head;
His chains dropp'd off; the cave, the castle fled.
Forth walk'd the Pair; when steep before them stood,
Slope from the town, a heaven-illumin'd road;
That through disparting shades arose on high,
Reach'd o'er the hills, and lengthen'd up the sky;
Show'd a clear summit, rich with rising flowers,
That breathe their odors through celestial bowers,
O'er the proud Pyrenees it looks sublime,
Subjects the Alps, and levels Europe's clime;
Spain, lessening to a chart, beneath it swims,
And shrouds her dungeons in the void she dims.
Led by the Power, the Hero gain'd the height;
New strength and brilliance flush'd his mortal sight; [main,
When calm before them flow'd the western
Far stretch'd, immense, a sky-encircled plain.
No sail, no isle, no cloud, invests the bound,
Nor billowy surge disturbs the vast profound;

Till, deep in distant heavens, the sun's blue ray
Topp'd unknown cliffs, and call'd them up to day;
Slow glimm'ring into sight wide regions drew,
And rose and brighten'd on the expanding view;
Fair sweep the waves, the lessening ocean smiles;
In misty radiance loom a thousand isles;
Near and more near the long drawn coasts arise; [the skies,
Bays stretch their arms, and mountains lift
The lakes, unfolding, point the streams their way; [display;
Slopes, ridges, plains, their spreading skirts
The vales branch forth, high-walk, approaching groves,
And all the majesty of Nature moves.
O'er the wild hemisphere his glances fly,
Its forms distending as it still draws nigh,
As all its salient sides force far their sway,
Crowd back the ocean, and indent the day.
He saw, through central zones, the winding shore [fore;
Spread the deep gulf his sail had trac'd be-
The Darien isthmus check the raging tide,
Join distant lands, and neighb'ring seas divide;
On either hand the shores unbounded bend,
Push wide their waves, to each dim pole ascend;
The two twin continents united rise,
Broad as the main, and lengthen'd with the skies. [Guide:
Long gazed the Mariner; when thus the
"Here spreads the world thy daring sail descried,
Hesperia call'd, from my anterior claim;
But now Columbia, from thy patriarch name.
So from Phenicia's peopled strand of yore
Europa sail'd, and sought an unknown shore;
There stamp'd her sacred name; and thence her race, [brace,
Hale, vent'rous, bold, from Jove's divine em-
Rang'd o'er the world, predestin'd to bestride
Earth's elder continents and each far tide.
Ages unborn shall bless the happier day,
That saw thy streamer shape the guideless way;
Their bravest heroes trace the path you led,
And sires of nations through the regions spread.
Behold yon isles, where first thy flag unfurl'd,
In bloodless triumph, o'er the younger world;
As, awed to silence, savage bands gave place,
And hail'd with joy the sun-descended race.
Retrace the banks yon rushing waters lave;
There Oronoco checks great Ocean's wave;
Thine is the stream; it cleaves the well known coast,
Where Paria's walks thy former footsteps boast.
But these no more thy wide discov'ries bound:
Superior prospects lead their swelling round;
Nature's remotest scenes before thee roll,
And years and empires open on thy soul.
To yon dim rounds first elevate thy view;
See Quito's plains o'erlook their proud Peru;
On whose huge base, like isles amid sky driven,
A vast protub'rance props the cope of heaven,
Earth's loftiest turrets there contend for height,
And all our Andes fill the bounded sight.
From south to north what long, blue swells arise, [skies:
Built through the clouds, and lost in ambient
Approaching slow they heave expanding bounds;
The yielding concave bends sublimer rounds;
Whose wearied stars, high-curving to the west,
Pause on the summits for a moment's rest;
Recumbent there, they renovate their force,
And roll rejoicing on their downward course.
Round each bluff base the sloping ravine bends, [tends;
Hills form on hills, and croupe o'er croupe ex-
Ascending, whit'ning, how the crags are lost,
O'erhung with headcliffs of eternal frost!
Broad fields of ice give back the morning ray,
Like walls of suns, or heaven's perennial day."

§ 172. *The Annunciation.* PIERPONT.

THE night was moonless:—Judah's shepherds kept [them slept.
Their starlight watch: their flocks around
To heaven's blue fields their wakeful eyes were turn'd,
And to the fires that there eternal burn'd.
Those azure regions had been peopled long,
With Fancy's children, by the sons of song:
And there, the simple shepherd, conning o'er
His humble pittance of Chaldean lore,
Saw, in the stillness of a starry night,
The Swan and Eagle wing their silent flight;
And, from their spangled pinions, as they flew,
On Israel's vales of verdure shower the dew;
Saw there the brilliant gems, that nightly flare,
In the thin mist of Berenice's hair;
And there, Bootes roll his lucid wain,
On sparkling wheels, along the ethereal plain;
And there, the Pleiades, in tuneful gyre,
Pursue, for ever, the star-studded Lyre;
And there, with bickering lash, heaven's Charioteer
Urge round the Cynosure his bright career.
While thus the shepherds watch'd the host of night,
O'er heaven's blue concave flash'd a sudden light.
The unrolling glory spread its folds divine,
O'er the green hills and vales of Palestine;
And, lo! descending angels, hovering there,
Stretch'd their loose wings, and in the purple air
Hung o'er the sleepless guardians of the fold:—
When that high anthem, clear, and strong, and bold,
On wavy paths of trembling ether ran:
"Glory to God;—benevolence to man;—
Peace to the world:"—and in full concert came,
From silver tubes, and harps of golden frame,
The loud and sweet response, whose choral strains
Linger'd and languish'd on Judea's plains.
Yon living lamps, charm'd from their chambers blue,
By airs so heavenly, from the skies withdrew:

All ?—all, but one, that hung and burn'd alone,
And with mild lustre over Bethlehem shone.
Chaldea's sages saw that orb afar [Star.
Glow unextinguished ;—'twas Salvation's

§ 173. *The Missionaries.* PIERPONT.

ROUND the bold front of yon projecting cliff,
Shoots, on white wings, the missionary's skiff,
And, walking steadily along the tide,
Seems, like a phantom, o'er the wave to glide,
Unfolding to the breeze her light cymarr,
And bearing on her breast the Apostolic star.
That brilliant orb the bless'd Redeemer hurl'd,
From his pierc'd hand, ere he forsook the world.
Launch'd by that hand, the sphere, divinely bright,
Has left, on eastern clouds, its path of light,
And, in a radiant curve, descends to bless
Parana's wave, Paraguay's wilderness.
See ! it has check'd its lucid course, and now
Lights on the intrepid Jesuit's humble prow,
Brightens his sail with its celestial glow,
And gilds the emerald wave, that rolls below.
Lo, at the stern, the priest of Jesus rears
His reverend front, plough'd by the share of years.
He takes his harp :—the spirits of the air
Breathe on his brow, and interweave his hair,
In silky flexure, with the sounding strings :—
And hark !—the holy missionary sings.
'Tis the Gregorean chant :—with him unites,
On either hand, his quire of neophytes,
While the boat cleaves its liquid path along,
And waters, woods, and winds protract the song.
Those unknown strains the forest war-whoop hush :
Huntsmen and warriors from their cabins rush,
Heed not the foe, that yells defiance nigh,
See not the deer, that dashes wildly by, [ver,
Drop from their hand the bow and rattling qui-
Crowd to the shore, and plunge into the river,
Breast the green waves, the enchanted bark that toss,
Leap o'er her sides, and kneel before the cross.
Hear yon poetic pilgrim of the west
Chant Musick's praise, and to her power attest :
Who now, in Florida's untrodden woods,
Bedecks, with vines of jessamine, her floods,
And flow'ry bridges o'er them loosely throws ;—
Who hangs the canvass where Atala glows,
On the live oak, in floating drapery shrouded,
That like a mountain rises, lightly clouded ;—
Who, for the son of Outalissi, twines,
Beneath the shade of ever-whispering pines,
A funeral wreath, to bloom upon the moss,
That Time already sprinkles on the cross,
Rais'd o'er the grave, where his young virgin sleeps,
And Superstition o'er her victim weeps ;—
Whom now the silence of the dead surrounds,
Among Scioto's monumental mounds ;
Save that, at times, the musing pilgrim hears
A crumbling oak fall with the weight of years,
To swell the mass, that Time and Ruin throw,
O'er chalky bones, that mouldering lie below,
By virtues unembalm'd, unstain'd by crimes,
Lost in those tow'ring tombs of other times ;
For where no bard has cherish'd Virtue's flame,
No ashes sleep in the warm sun of Fame.—
With sacred lore, this traveller beguiles
His weary way, while o'er him Fancy smiles.
Whether he kneels in venerable groves,
Or through the wide and green savanna roves,
His heart leaps lightly on each breeze, that bears
The faintest cadence of Idumea's airs.

§ 174. *Ode to Hela.* R. ALSOP.

FROM the dreary realms below,
From the dark domains of fear,
From the ghastly seats of woe,
Hear ! tremendous Hela, hear !
Dreadful Power ! whose awful form
Blackens in the midnight storm ;
Glares athwart the lurid skies,
While the sheeted lightning flies ;
When the thunder awful roars ;
When the earthquake rocks the shores ;
Mounted on the wings of air,
Thou rul'st the elemental war.
When Famine brings her sickly train ;
When Battle strews the carnag'd plain ;
When Pestilence her venom'd wand
Waves o'er the desolated land ;
Rush the ocean's whelming tides
O'er the found'ring vessel's sides ;
Then ascends thy voice on high ;
Then is heard thy funeral cry ;
Then, in horror, dost thou rise
On the expiring wretch's eyes.
From the dreary realms below,
From the dark domains of fear,
From the ghastly seats of woe,
Hear ! tremendous Hela, hear !
Goddess ! whose terrific sway
Nastrande's realms of guilt obey ;
Where, amid impervious gloom,
Sullen frowns the serpent Dome ;
Roll'd beneath th' envenom'd tide,
Where the sons of sorrow 'bide ;
Thee, the mighty Demon host ;
Thee, the Giants of the Frost ;
Thee, the Genii tribes adore ;
Fenris owns thy sovereign power :
And the imperial Prince of Fire,
Surtur, trembles at thine ire.
Thine, the victor's pride to mar ;
Thine, to turn the scale of war ;
Chiefs and princes, at thy call,
From their spheres of glory fall ;
Empires are in ruin hurl'd ;
Desolation blasts the world.
From the dreary realms below,
From the dark domains of fear,
From the ghastly seats of woe,
Hear ! tremendous Hela, hear !
Queen of terror, queen of death !
Thee we summon from beneath.
From the deep, infernal shade ;
From the mansion of the dead ;

Nieflehm's black, funereal dome;
Hither rise, and hither come!
By the potent Runic rhyme,
Awful, mystic, and sublime;
By the streams that roar below;
By the sable fount of woe;
By the burning gulf of pain,
Muspell's home, and Surtur's reign;
By the Day, when, o'er the world,
Wild confusion shall be hurl'd,
Rymer mount his fiery car,
Giants, Genii, rush to war;
To vengeance move the Prince of Fire,
And heaven, and earth, in flames expire!

From the dreary realms below,
From the dark domains of fear,
From the ghastly seats of woe,
Hear! tremendous Hela, hear!

§ 175. *A poor Woman, attending in the Field of Battle, sees her only Son slain, and expresses her Feelings in the following Lamentation.*

NAMELESS sons of want and sorrow,
Few and evil were your days;
To-day the cowslip buds, to-morrow
Low the sithe the cowslip lays!

Men and brethren still I hail ye,
Though in hostile bands ye be;
Men and brethren, I bewail ye
With a tear of sympathy!

Yes, ye all were born of woman,
Suck'd a tender mother's breast;
Hark! she cries, O! sword inhuman,
Spare my child! I'm sore distress'd.

Me! me!—kill me! me, who bore him!
Spare the babe this bosom fed!
Ruffians from my cottage tore him,
Where he earn'd my daily bread.

Warrior, here, with rage unfeeling,
Here behold my white breast bare;
Dye it red, and plunge your steel in,
But my child, poor stripling, spare:

My age's solace!—for his father
Perish'd in the bloody field;
A babe he left me, which I'd rather
Than the gold the Indies yield:

Pledge of his love;—and I did dearly
Love the father in the child;
Slay us both, I beg sincerely;
On us both the earth be pil'd.

They sink; but, lo! a wondrous vision,
Cloud-clad ghosts unnumber'd rise;
Pale, wan looks, that speak contrition;
Blood-stain'd cheeks and hollow eyes.

More in number than the ocean
Rolls the pebbles on its shore,
See, they come! and, lo! a motion
From a hand all red with gore!

"Listen, listen, sons of sorrow;
Few and evil were your days;
To-day the cowslip buds, to-morrow
Low the sithe the cowslip lays.

We, like you,—O! heed our warning,—
Warriors were, all blithe and gay:
But we fell in life's bright morning,
Ere we knew the joys of day.

Sons of men, all doom'd to trouble,
Travelling quickly to the grave,
Sheath the sword, for fame's a bubble;
Live to bless, O live to save!

Life to be enjoy'd was given:
Such the will of Him above;
Live and love; make earth a heaven;
God made men to live and love!

Hark! the skies with music ringing,
Silver sounds the concave fill;
Angels' voices sweetly singing,
'Peace on earth, to men good-will.'"

§ 176. *The Last Man.* CAMPBELL.

ALL worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
The Sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its Immortality!
I saw a vision in my sleep,
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulf of Time!
I saw the last of human mould,
That shall Creation's death behold,
As Adam saw her prime!

The Sun's eye had a sickly glare;
The Earth with age was wan;
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man!
Some had expir'd in fight—the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands;
In plague and famine some!
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread;
And ships were drifting with the dead
To shores where all was dumb!

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,
With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sere leaves from the wood,
As if a storm pass'd by,
Saying, We're twins in death, proud Sun,
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
'Tis Mercy bids thee go—
For thou ten thousand thousand years
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
That shall no longer flow.

What though beneath thee man put forth
His pomp, his pride, his skill;
And arts that made fire, flood, and earth
The vassals of his will;—
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,
Thou dim, discrowned King of day;
For all those trophied arts
And triumphs that beneath thee sprang
Heal'd not a passion or a pang
Entail'd on human hearts.

Go, let oblivion's curtain fall
Upon the stage of men,
Nor with thy rising beams recall
Life's tragedy again.

Its piteous pageants bring not back,
Nor waken flesh, upon the rack
Of pain anew to writhe;
Stretch'd in disease's shapes abhorr'd,
Or mown in battle by the sword,
Like grass beneath the sithe.

Ev'n I am weary in yon skies
To watch thy fading fire;
Test of all sumless agonies,
Behold not me expire.
My lips that speak thy dirge of death—
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath
To see, thou shalt not boast.
Th' eclipse of Nature spreads my pall,—
The majesty of Darkness shall
Receive my parting ghost!

This spirit shall return to Him
That gave its heavenly spark;
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim
When thou thyself art dark!
No! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
By Him recall'd to breath,
Who captive led Captivity,
Who robb'd the grave of Victory,—
And took the sting from Death!

Go, Sun, while Mercy holds me up
On Nature's awful waste,
To drink this last and bitter cup
Of grief that man shall taste—
Go, tell the night that hides thy face,
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,
On earth's sepulchral clod,
The dark'ning universe defy
To quench his Immortality,
Or shake his trust in God!

§ 177. *To the Rainbow.* CAMPBELL.

TRIUMPHANT arch, that fill'st the sky
When storms prepare to part,
I ask not proud Philosophy
To teach me what thou art.

Still seem, as to my childhood's sight,
A midway station given,
For happy spirits to alight
Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all that optics teach unfold
Thy form to please me so,
As when I dream of gems and gold
Hid in thy radiant bow?

When Science from Creation's face
Enchantment's veil withdraws,
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold material laws!

And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams,
But words of the Most High,
Have told why first thy robe of beams
Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green, undeluged earth
Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,
How came the world's gray fathers forth
To watch the sacred sign!

And when its yellow lustre smiled
O'er mountains yet untrod,
Each mother held aloft her child
To bless the bow of God.

Methinks, thy jubilee to keep,
The first-made anthem rang,
On earth deliver'd from the deep,
And the first Poet sang.

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye
Unraptur'd greet thy beam:
Theme of primeval prophecy,
Be still the poet's theme.

The earth to thee its incense yields,
The lark thy welcome sings,
When, glitt'ring in the freshen'd fields,
The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle, cast
O'er mountain, tower, and town,
Or mirror'd in the ocean vast,
A thousand fathoms down.

As fresh in yon horizon dark,
As young thy beauties seem
As when the eagle from the Ark
First sported in thy beam.

For, faithful to its sacred page,
Heaven still rebuilds thy span,
Nor lets the type grow pale with age,
That first spoke peace to man.

§ 178. *Hohenlinden; the Scene of a dreadful Engagement between the French and Imperialists, in which the former conquered.* CAMPBELL.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser rolling rapidly:

But Linden show'd another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of the scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
Each horseman drew his battle blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd
To join the dreadful revelry:

Then shook the hills by thunder riven;
Then flew the steed to battle driven;
And, rolling like the bolts of heaven,
Far flash'd their red artillery.

But redder yet their fires shall glow
On Linden's heights of crimson'd snow;
And bloodier still the torrent flow
Of Iser rolling rapidly.

The combat deepens! on, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry.

'Tis morn;—but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds rolling dun,
Where fiery Frank and furious Hun
Shout in their sulphury canopy.

Few, few shall part where many meet;
The snow shall be their winding-sheet;
And every sod beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

§ 179. *A British War-Song.*

QUIT the plough, the loom, the mine;
Quit the joys the heart entwine!
Join our brothers on the brine;
Arm, ye brave, or slavery!

Peace, so lov'd, away is fled;
War shall leave his iron bed;
To your arms, avengers dread!
Strike, oh strike at tyranny.

For our homes, our all, our name!
Blast again the tyrant's aim;
Britain's wrongs swift vengeance claim;
Rush to arms—or slavery.

Lo! the shades of Britons proud!
Hear them in yon flitting cloud!
"Freedom, children, or a shroud,"
Choose with British bravery.

Heroes of the sea, the shore,
Quit your laurell'd rest once more;
Dreadly rouse the battle's roar,
Vengeance hurl on tyranny!

§ 180. *The Lotos of Egypt.* T. MAURICE.

EMBLEM sublime of that primordial power,
That brooded o'er the vast chaotic wave,
Accept my duteous homage, holy flower,
As in thy favorite flood my limbs I lave.

From Æthiopia's lofty mountains roll'd,
Where Nile's proud stream through glad-
den'd Egypt pours, [old,
In raptur'd strains thy praise was hymn'd of
And still resounds on Ganges' faithful shores!

Within thy beauteous coral's full-blown bell
Long since the immortals fix'd their fond abode;
There day's bright source, Osiris, lov'd to dwell,
While by his side enamour'd Isis glow'd.

Hence, not unconscious, to his orient beam
At dawn's first blush thy radiant petals spread,
Drink deep the effulgence of the solar stream,
And, as he mounts, still brighter glories shed.

When, at the noon-tide height, his fervid rays
In a bright deluge burst on Cairo's spires,
With what new lustre then thy beauties blaze,
Full of the god, and radiant with his fires!

Brilliant thyself, in store of dazzling *white*
Thy sister-plants more gaudy robes unfold;
This flames in purple—*that*, intensely bright,
Amid th' illumin'd waters, *burns in gold.*

To brave the tropic's fiery beam is thine,
Till in the distant west his splendors fade;
Then, too, thy beauty and thy fire decline,
With morn to rise in lovelier charms array'd.

Thus, from Arabia borne, on golden wings,
The phœnix on the sun's bright altar dies;
But from his flaming bed, refulgent, springs,
And cleaves, with bolder plume, the sapphire skies.

What mystic treasures in thy form conceal'd
Perpetual transport to the sage supply;
Where Nature, in her deep designs reveal'd,
Awes wondering man, and charms th' exploring eye!

In thy prolific *cup* and fertile *seeds*,
Are trac'd her grand regenerative powers;
Life springing warm from loath'd putrescence breeds, [flowers.
And lovelier germs shoot forth, and brighter

Nor food to the enlighten'd mind alone,
Substantial nutriment thy root bestow'd;
In famine's vulture-fangs did Egypt groan,
From thy rich, bounteous horn abundance flow'd.

Hence the immortal race in Thebes rever'd,
Thy praise the theme of endless rapture made,
Thy image on a hundred columns rear'd,
And veil'd their altars with thine hallow'd shade.

But, far beyond the bounds of Afric borne,
Thy honors flourish'd mid Thibetian snows;
Thy flowers the Lama's gilded shrine adorn,
And Boodh and Bramah on thy stalk repose.

Where'er fair Science dawn'd on Asia's shore,
Where'er her hallow'd voice Devotion rais'd,
We see thee graven on the golden ore,
And on a thousand sparkling gems emblaz'd.

Child of the sun, why droops thy withering head,
While high in Leo flames thy radiant sire?
With Egypt's glory is thy glory fled,
And with her genius quench'd thy native fire?

For, direr than her desert's burning wind,
Gaul's furious legions sweep yon ravag'd vale; [hind,
Death stalks before, grim Famine howls be-
And screams of horror load the tainted gale.

Nile's crimson'd waves with blood polluted roll;
Her groves, her fanes, devouring fire consumes;
But, mark, slow-rising near the distant pole,
A sudden splendor all her shores illumes.

Fatal to Gaul, 'tis Britain's rising star,
That in the south the bright ascendant gains,
Resplendent as her Sirius shines from fa-
And with new fervors fires the Libyan pl

A race as Egypt's ancient warriors brave,
For her insulted sons indignant glows;
Defies the tropic storm, the faithless wave,
And hurls destruction on their haughty foes.

Exulting to his source, old Nilus hears
The deep'ning thunders of the British line:
Again its lovely head the Lotos rears,
Again the fields in rainbow glories shine.

Still wider, beauteous plant! thy leaves extend,
Nor dread the eye of an admiring muse;

In union with the rising song ascend,
Spread all thy charms, and all thy sweets diffuse.
Of that bold race beneath the Pleiads born,
To chant thy praise a northern bard aspires;
Nor with more ardor erst at early dawn
The Theban artists smote their votive lyres.
For, oh! can climes th' excursive genius bound?
No; 'mid Siberia bursts the heaven-taught strain;
At either pole the Muse's songs resound,
And snows descend and whirlwinds rage in vain.
Four thousand summers have thy pride survey'd, [tombs;
Thy Pharaohs moulder in their marble
Oblivion's wings the pyramids shall shade,
But thy fair family unfading blooms!
Still, 'mid these ruin'd tow'rs, admir'd, rever'd,
Wave high thy foliage, and secure expand;
These vast, but crumbling, piles by man were rear'd;
But thou wert form'd by an immortal hand!
With Nature's charms alone thy charms shall fade;
With Being's self thy beauteous tribe decline;
Oh! living, may thy flow'rs my temple shade,
And decorate, when dead, my envied shrine!

§ 131. *Alonzo the Brave and the Fair Imogene.* M. G. LEWIS.

A WARRIOR so bold, and a virgin so bright,
Convers'd as they sat on the green:
They gaz'd on each other with tender delight;
Alonzo the Brave was the name of the knight,
The maid was the Fair Imogene.
"And, ah!" said the youth, "since to-morrow I go,
To fight in a far-distant land,
Your tears for my absence soon ceasing to flow,
Some other will court you, and you will bestow
On a wealthier suitor your hand."
"Oh, hush these suspicions," fair Imogene said,
"So hurtful to love and to me;
For, if you be living, or if you be dead,
I swear by the Virgin that none in your stead
Shall husband of Imogene be.
"And if e'er for another my heart should decide,
Forgetting Alonzo the Brave,
God grant that, to punish my falsehood and pride,
Thy ghost at my marriage may sit by my side,
May tax me with perjury, claim me as bride,
And bear me away to the grave."
To Palestine hasten'd the warrior so bold:
His love she lamented him sore;
But scarce had a twelvemonth elaps'd, when, behold,
A baron, all cover'd with jewels and gold,
Arriv'd at fair Imogene's door.
His treasure, his presents, his spacious domain,
Soon made her untrue to her vows;
He dazzled her eyes, he bewilder'd her brain,
He caught her affections, so light and so vain,
And carried her home as his spouse.
And now had the marriage been blest by the priest,
The revelry now was begun;
The tables they groan'd with the weight of the feast,
Nor yet had the laughter and merriment ceas'd,
When the bell of the castle toll'd—ONE!
'Twas then with amazement fair Imogene found
A stranger was placed by her side;
His air was terrific, he utter'd no sound,
He spoke not, he mov'd not, he look'd not around,
But earnestly gaz'd on the bride.
His vizor was clos'd, and gigantic his height,
His armor was sable to view;
All laughter and pleasure were hush'd at his sight, [affright,
The dogs, as they eyed him, drew back with
And the lights in the chamber burnt blue.
His presence all bosoms appear'd to dismay,
The guests sat in silence and fear;
At length spoke the bride, while she trembled
—"I pray, [lay,
Sir Knight, that your helmet aside you would
And deign to partake of our cheer."
The lady is silent—the stranger complies,
And his vizor he slowly unclos'd.
Oh gods! what a sight met fair Imogene's eyes,
What words can express her dismay and surprise,
When a skeleton's head was expos'd!
All present then utter'd a terrified shout,
And turn'd with disgust from the scene;
The worms they crept in, and the worms they crept out,
And sported his eyes and his temples about,
While the spectre address'd Imogene:
"Behold me, thou false one! behold me!" he cried;
"Behold thy Alonzo the Brave. [pride,
God grants that, to punish thy falsehood and
My ghost at thy marriage should sit by thy side,
Should tax thee with perjury, claim thee as bride,
And bear thee away to the grave."
This saying, his arms round the lady he wound,
While fair Imogene shriek'd with dismay;
Then sunk with his prey through the wide yawning ground;
Nor ever again was fair Imogene found,
Or the spectre that bore her away.
Not long liv'd the baron; and none since that time
To inhabit the castle presume:
For chronicles tell, that, by order sublime,
There Imogene suffers the pains of her crime,
And mourns her deplorable doom.
At midnight, four times in each year, does her sprite,
When mortals in slumber are bound,

Array'd in her bridal apparel of white,
Appear in the hall with the skeleton knight,
And shriek as he whirls her around.

While they drink out of skulls newly torn
from the grave,
Dancing round them pale spectres are seen:
Their liquor is blood, and this horrible stave
They howl: "To the health of Alonzo the
Brave,
And his consort, the false Imogene."

§ 182. *Sonnet.* SHAKSPEARE.

WHEN I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls, all silver'd o'er with white;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard;
Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves for-
sake,
And die as fast as they see others grow;
And nothing 'gainst Time's sithe can make
defence,
Save breed, to brave him, when he takes thee
hence.

§ 183. *Sonnet.* SHAKSPEARE.

FULL many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchymy;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:
E'en so my sun one early morn did shine,
With all triumphant splendor on my brow;
But out! alack! he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now,
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's
sun staineth.

§ 184. *Sonnet.* SHAKSPEARE.

THUS is his cheek the map of days out-worn,
When beauty liv'd and died as flowers do now,
Before these bastard signs of fair were born,
Or durst inhabit on a living brow;
Before the golden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
To live a second life on second head,
E'er beauty's dead fleece made another gay;
In him those holy antique hours are seen,
Without all ornament, itself, and true,
Making no summer of another's green,
Robbing no old to dress his beauty new;
And him as for a map doth Nature store,
To shew false Art what beauty was of yore.

§ 185. *Sonnet.* SHAKSPEARE.

THAT time of year thou may'st in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the
cold, [sang.
Bare, ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds
In me thou seest the twilight of such day,
As after sun-set fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love
more strong, [long.
To love that well which thou must leave ere

§ 186. *Sonnet.* SHAKSPEARE.

FROM you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing;
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where
they grew:
Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you, pattern of all those.
Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play.

§ 187. *Sonnet.* DRUMMOND.

SLEEP, Silence' child, sweet father of soft Rest,
Prince, whose approach peace to all mortals
brings,
Indifferent host to shepherds and to kings,
Sole comforter of minds which are oppress'd;
Lo, by thy charming rod all breathing things
Lie slumb'ring, with forgetfulness possess'd;
And yet o'er me to spread thy drowsy wings
Thou spar'st (alas!) who cannot be thy guest.
Since I am thine, O come, but with that face
To inward light which thou art wont to show,
With feigned solace ease a true-felt woe;
Or if, deaf god, thou do deny that grace,
Come as thou wilt, and what thou wilt be-
queath:
I long to kiss the image of my death.

§ 188. *Sonnet.* DRUMMOND

MY lute, be as thou wert when thou didst grow
With thy green mother in some shady grove,
When immelodious winds but made thee move,
And birds their ramage did on thee bestow.
Since that dear voice which did thy sounds
approve,
Which wont in such harmonious strains to flow,
Is reft from earth to tune those spheres above,
What art thou but a harbinger of woe?

Thy pleasing notes be pleasing notes no more,
But orphans' wailings to the fainting ear;
Each stroke a sigh, each sound draws forth a tear;
For which be silent as in woods before:
Or, if that any hand to touch thee deign,
Like widow'd turtle still her loss complain.

§ 189. *Sonnet.* SIDNEY.

BECAUSE I oft, in dark abstracted guise,
Seem most alone in greatest company,
With dearth of words, or answers quite awry,
To them that would make speech of speech arise,
They deem, and of their doom the rumor flies,
That poison foul of bubbling Pride doth lie
So in my swelling breast, that only I
Fawn on myself, and others do despise.
Yet Pride, I think, doth not my soul possess,
Which looks too oft in his unflattering glass;
But one worse fault, Ambition, I confess,
That makes me oft my best friends overpass,
Unseen, unheard, while Thought to highest place
Bends all his powers, even unto Stella's grace.

§ 190. *Sonnet.* SIDNEY.

WITH how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies;
How silently, and with how wan a face!
What! may it be, that even in heavenly place
That busy Archer his sharp arrows tries?
Sure, if that long with love acquainted eyes
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case;
I read it in thy looks; thy languish'd grace,
To me that feel the like, thy state descries.
Then, even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me,
Is constant love deem'd there but want of wit?
Are beauties there as proud as here they be?
Do they above love to be lov'd, and yet [sess?
Those lovers scorn whom that love doth pos-
Do they call virtue there ungratefulness?

§ 191. *Sonnet composed upon Westminster Bridge, Sept. 3,* 1803. WORDSWORTH.

EARTH has not any thing to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This city now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep,
In his first splendor, valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

§ 192. *Sonnet. The World is too much with us.* WORDSWORTH.

THE world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for every thing, we are out of tune;
It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan, suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus coming from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

§ 193. *Sonnet. Thought of a Briton on the Subjugation of Switzerland.* WORDSWORTH.

TWO voices are there; one is of the sea,
One of the mountains; each a mighty voice:
In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
They were thy chosen music, Liberty!
There came a Tyrant, and with holy glee
Thou fought'st against him, but hast vainly striven;
Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art driven,
Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.
Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft:
Then cleave, O cleave to that which still is left; [be
For, high-souled Maid, what sorrow would it
That mountain floods should thunder as before,
And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
And neither awful voice be heard by thee!

§ 194. *Sonnet. London,* 1802. WORDSWORTH.

MILTON! thou shouldst be living at this hour:
England hath need of thee: she is a fen
Of stagnant waters: altar, sword and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men.
Oh! raise us up, return to us again,
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart:
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea;
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

§ 195. *Sonnet.* BOWLES.

WHOSE was that gentle voice, that, whispering sweet,
Promis'd, methought, long days of bliss sincere?
Soothing it stole on my deluded ear
Most like soft music that might sometimes cheat
Thoughts dark and drooping. 'Twas the voice of Hope.
Of love and social scenes it seem'd to speak,
Of truth, of friendship, of affection meek;
That hand in hand along life's downward slope

Might walk with peace, and cheer the tranquil hours:
Ah me! the prospect sadden'd as she sung;
Loud on my startled ear the death-bell rung:
Chill darkness wrapt the pleasurable bowers
She built—whilst, pointing to yon breathless clay,
She cried, "No peace be thine: away, away!"

§ 196. *Sonnet.* BOWLES.

As o'er these hills I take my silent rounds,
Still on that vision which is flown I dwell!
On images I lov'd, (alas, how well!)
Now past, and but remember'd like sweet sounds
Of yesterday! yet in my breast I keep
Such recollections, painful though they seem;
And hours of joy retrace, till from my dream
I wake, and find them not: then I could weep
To think that time so soon each sweet devours,
To think so soon life's first endearments fail,
And we are duped by Hope's amusive tale;
Who, like a flatterer, when the happiest hours
Are past, and most we wish her cheering lay,
Will fly as faithless and as fleet as they!

§ 197. *Sonnet. At a Convent.* BOWLES.

IF chance some pensive stranger hither led,
His bosom glowing from majestic views,
The gorgeous dome, or the proud landscape-hues,
Should ask who sleeps beneath this lonely bed,
'Tis poor Matilda! To the cloister'd scene,
A mourner beauteous and unknown, she came,
To shed her tears unmark'd, and quench the flame
Of ruthless love: yet still her look serene
As the pale moonlight in the midnight aisle.
Her voice was soft, which yet a charm could lend
Like that which spoke of a departed friend,
And a meek sadness sat upon her smile!—
Be the rude spot by passing pity blest,
Where, hush'd to long repose, the wretched rest.

§ 198. *Sonnet.* BOWLES.

O TIME, thou know'st a lenient hand to lay
Softest on sorrow's wounds, and slowly thence
(Lulling to sad repose the weary sense)
The faint pang stealest unperceiv'd away;
On thee I rest my only hope at last,
And think, when thou hast dried the bitter tear
That flows in vain o'er all my soul held dear,
I may look back on ev'ry sorrow past,
And meet life's peaceful evening with a smile—
As some lone bird, at day's departing hour,
Sings in the sunbeam of the transient show'r,
Forgetful though its wings are wet the while;
Yet, ah! how much must that poor heart endure,
Which hopes from thee, and thee alone, a cure!

§ 199. *Sonnet.* BOWLES.

EVENING, as slow thy placid shades descend,
Veiling with gentlest touch the landscape still,
The lonely battlement, and farthest hill
And wood—I think of those that have no friend;
Who now perhaps by melancholy led,
From the broad blaze of day, where pleasure flaunts,
Retiring, wander mid thy lonely haunts
Unseen, and mark the tints that o'er thy bed
Hang lovely; oft to musing Fancy's eye
Presenting fairy vales, where the tir'd mind
Might rest, beyond the murmurs of mankind,
Nor hear the hourly moans of misery.
Ah! beauteous views, that Hope's fair gleams the while
Should smile like you, and perish as they smile!

§ 200. *Sonnet. Dover Cliffs.* BOWLES.

ON these white cliffs, that calm above the flood
Uplift their shadowy heads, and at their feet
Scarce hear the surge that has for ages beat,
Sure many a lonely wanderer has stood,
And, while the distant murmur met his ear,
And o'er the distant billows the still eve
Sail'd slow, has thought of all his heart must leave
To-morrow; of the friends he lov'd most dear;
Of social scenes from which he wept to part.
But if, like me, he knew how fruitless all
The thoughts that would full fain the past recall,
Soon would he quell the risings of his heart,
And brave the wild winds and unhearing tide,
The world his country, and his God his guide.

§ 201. *Sonnet. On the Rhine.* BOWLES.

'TWAS morn, and beauteous on the mountain's brow
(Hung with the blushes of the bending vine)
Stream'd the blue light, when on the sparkling Rhine [prow
We bounded, and the white waves round the
In murmurs parted; varying as we go,
Lo! the woods open, and the rocks retire;
Some convent's ancient walls, or glistening spire, [slow.
Mid the bright landscape's tract, unfolding
Here, dark with furrow'd aspect, like despair,
Hangs the bleak cliff; there, on the wood-land's side, [tide;
The shadowy sunshine pours its streaming
Whilst Hope, enchanted with a scene so fair,
Would wish to linger many a summer's day,
Nor heeds how fast the prospect winds away.

§ 202. *Sonnet.* LAMB.

O! I could laugh to hear the midnight wind,
That, rushing on its way with careless sweep,
Scatters the ocean waves. And I could weep
Like to a child. For now, to my raised mind,
On wings of winds comes wild-eyed Phantasy,
And her rude visions give severe delight.

O winged bark! how swift along the night
Pass'd thy proud keel! nor shall I let go by
Lightly of that drear hour the memory,
When wet and chilly on thy deck I stood,
Unbonneted, and gazed upon the flood,
Even till it seem'd a pleasant thing to die,—
To be resolv'd into th' elemental wave,
Or take my portion with the winds that rave.

§ 203. *Sonnet written under the Engraving of a Portrait of Rafael, painted by himself when he was young.* L. HUNT.

RAFAEL! It must be he; we only miss [fair;
Something which manhood gave him, and the
A look still sweeter and more thoughtful air;
But for the rest, 'tis every feature his,—
The oval cheek, clear eye, mouth made to kiss,
Terse, lightsome chin, and flush of gentle hair
Clipped ere it loitered into ringlets there,—
The beauty, the benignity, the bliss.
How sweetly sure he looks! how unforlorn!
There is but one such visage at a time;
'Tis like the budding of an age new born,
Remembered youth, the cuckoo in the prime,
The maid's first kiss, or any other thing
Most lovely, and alone, and promising.

§ 204. *Sonnet. The Nile.* L. HUNT.

IT flows through old hushed Ægypt and its
sands, [dream,
Like some grave, mighty thought threading a
And times and things, as in that vision, seem
Keeping along it their eternal stands,—
Caves, pillars, pyramids, the shepherd bands
That roamed through the young world, the
glory extreme
Of high Sesostris, and that Southern beam,
The laughing queen that caught the world's
great hands.
Then comes a mightier silence, stern and strong,
As of a world left empty of its throng,
And the void weighs on us; and then we wake,
And hear the fruitful stream lapsing along
'Twixt villages, and think how we shall take
Our own calm journey on for human sake.

§ 205. *Sonnet. On a sequestered Rivulet.* CORNWALL.

THERE is no river in the world more sweet,
Or fitter for a sylvan poet's dream,
Than this romantic, solitary stream,
Over whose banks so many branches meet,
Entangling:—a more shady bower or neat
Was never fashioned in a summer dream,
Where Nymph or Naiad from the hot sunbeam
Might hide, or in the waters cool her feet.
—A lovelier rivulet was never seen
Wandering amidst Italian meadows, where
Clitumnus lapses from his fountain fair;
Nor in that land where gods, 'tis said, have
been;
Yet there Cephisus ran through olives green,
And on its banks Aglaia bound her hair.

§ 206. *Song. Love.* COLERIDGE.

ALL thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
Are all but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay,
Beside the ruin'd tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,
Had blended with the lights of eve;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve!

She leant against the armed man,
The statue of the armed knight;
She stood and listen'd to my lay,
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope! my joy! my Genevieve!
She loves me best, whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I play'd a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
An old rude song, that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listen'd with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace,
For well she knew, I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the Knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand;
And that for ten long years he woo'd
The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pin'd; and, ah!
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my own.

She listen'd with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes, and modest grace;
And she forgave me, that I gazed
Too fondly on her face!

But when I told the cruel scorn
That craz'd that bold and lovely Knight,
And that he cross'd the mountain-woods,
Nor rested day nor night;

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade,

There came and look'd him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright;
And that he knew it was a fiend,
This miserable Knight!

And that, unknowing what he did,
He leap'd amid a murderous band,
And sav'd from outrage worse than death
The Lady of the Land!

And how she wept, and clasp'd his knees;
And how she tended him in vain;
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that craz'd his brain;

And that she nursed him in a cave;
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest-leaves
A dying man he lay;—

His dying words—but when I reach'd
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturb'd her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrill'd my guileless Genevieve;
The music, and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherish'd long!

She wept with pity and delight,
She blush'd with love and virgin shame;
And, like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heav'd—she stept aside,
As conscious of my look she stept—
Then suddenly, with timorous eye
She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms,
She press'd me with a meek embrace;
And, bending back her head, look'd up,
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel, than see,
The swelling of her heart.

I calm'd her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride.
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous bride.

§ 207. *Eclogue. The Old Mansion-House.* SOUTHEY.

Stranger.

OLD friend! why, you seem bent on parish duty,
Breaking the highway stones,—and 'tis a task
Somewhat too hard, methinks, for age like yours!

Old Man.

Why yes! for one with such a weight of years
Upon his back—I've lived here, man and boy,
In this same parish, well nigh the full age
Of man, being hard upon threescore and ten.
I can remember, sixty years ago,
The beautifying of this mansion here,
When my late Lady's father, the old Squire,
Came to the estate.

Stranger.

Why then you have outlasted
All his improvements; for you see they're making
Great alterations here.

Old Man.

Ay—great indeed!
And if my poor old Lady could rise up—
God rest her soul!—'twould grieve her to behold
The wicked work is here.

Stranger.

They've set about it
In right good earnest. All the front is gone;
Here's to be turf, they tell me, and a road
Round to the door. There were some yew trees too
Stood in the court—

Old Man.

Ay, Master! fine old trees!
My grandfather could just remember back
When they were planted there. It was my task
To keep them trimm'd, and 'twas a pleasure to me;
All straight and smooth, and like a great green wall!
My poor old Lady many a time would come
And tell me where to shear, for she had play'd
In childhood under them, and 'twas her pride
To keep them in their beauty. Plague, I say,
On their new-fangled whimsies! we shall have
A modern shrubbery here stuck full of firs
And your pert poplar trees;—I could as soon
Have plough'd my father's grave as cut them down!

Stranger.

But 'twill be lighter and more cheerful now;
A fine smooth turf, and with a gravel road
Round for the carriage,—now it suits my taste.
I like a shrubbery too, it looks so fresh;
And then there's some variety about it.
In spring the lilac and the snow-ball flower,
And the laburnum, with its golden strings
Waving in the wind: and when the autumn comes
The bright red berries of the mountain-ash,
With pines enough in winter to look green,
And show that something lives. Sure this is better
Than a great hedge of yew that makes it look
All the year round like winter, and for ever
Dropping its poisonous leaves from the under boughs
Wither'd and bare!

Old Man.

Ah! so the new Squire thinks,
And pretty work he makes of it! what 'tis
To have a stranger come to an old house!

Stranger.

It seems you know him not?

Old Man.

No, sir; not I.
They tell me he's expected daily now;
But in my Lady's time he never came
But once, for they were very distant kin.
If he had play'd about here when a child
In that fore court, and eat the yew-berries,
And sate in the porch threading the jessamine flowers
Which fell so thick, he had not had the heart
To mar all thus!

Stranger.

Come—come! all is not wrong;
Those old, dark windows—

Old Man.

They're demolish'd too,—
As if he could not see through casement glass!
The very red-breasts, that so regular
Came to my Lady for her morning crums.
Wo'n't know the window now!

Stranger.

Nay, they were small,
And then so darken'd round with jessamine,
Harboring the vermin;—yet I could have wish'd
That jessamine had been saved, which canopied
And bower'd and lined the porch.

Old Man.

It did one good
To pass within ten yards when 'twas in blossom.
There was a sweet briar, too, that grew beside;
My Lady loved at evening to sit there
And knit; and her old dog lay at her feet,
And slept in the sun; 'twas an old favorite dog,—
She did not love him less that he was old
And feeble, and he always had a place
By the fire-side; and when he died at last
She made me dig a grave in the garden for him.
Ah! she was good to all! a woeful day
'Twas for the poor when to her grave she went!

Stranger.

They lost a friend then?

Old Man.

You're a stranger here,
Or you wouldn't ask that question. Were they sick?
She had rare cordial waters, and for herbs
She could have taught the doctors. Then at winter,
When weekly she distributed the bread
In the poor old porch, to see her and to hear
The blessings on her! and I warrant them
They were a blessing to her when her wealth
Had been no comfort else. At Christmas, sir!
It would have warm'd your heart if you had seen
Her Christmas kitchen,—how the blazing fire
Made her fine pewter shine, and holly boughs
So cheerful red,—and as for mistleoe,—
The finest bough that grew in the country round [went
Was mark'd for Madam. Then her old ale
So bountiful about! a Christmas cask,
And 'twas a noble one!—God help me, sir!
But I shall never see such days again.

Stranger.

Things may be better yet than you suppose,
And you should hope the best.

Old Man.

It don't look well,—
These alterations, sir! I'm an old man,
And love the good old fashions; we don't find
Old bounty in new houses. They've destroy'd
All that my Lady loved! her favorite walk
Grubb'd up,—and they do say that the great row
Of elms behind the house, which meet a-top,
They must fall too. Well! well! I did not think
To live to see all this, and 'tis perhaps
A comfort I sha'n't live to see it long.

Stranger.

But sure all changes are not needs for the worse,
My friend?

Old Man.

Mayhap they mayn't, sir;—for all that,
I like what I've been used to. I remember
All this from a child up, and now to lose it,
'Tis losing an old friend. There's nothing left
As 'twas;—I go abroad, and only meet
With men whose fathers I remember boys;
The brook that used to run before my door,
That's gone to the great pond; the trees I learnt
To climb are down; and I see nothing now
That tells me of old times,—except the stones
In the church-yard. You are young, sir, and, I hope,
Have many years in store,—but pray to God
You mayn't be left the last of all your friends.

Stranger.

Well! well! you've one friend more than you're aware of. [warrant
If the Squire's taste don't suit with yours, I
That's all you'll quarrel with: walk in and taste
His beer, old friend! and see if your old Lady
Ere broach'd a better cask. You did not know me—
But we're acquainted now. 'Twould not be easy
To make you like the outside; but within,
That is not changed, my friend! you'll always find
The same old bounty and old welcome there.

§ 208. *To H. C.—Six years old.*

WORDSWORTH.

O THOU! whose fancies from afar are brought!
Who of thy words dost make a mock apparel,
And fittest to unutterable thought
The breeze-like motion and the self-born carol;
Thou fairy voyager! that dost float
In such clear water, that thy boat
May rather seem
To brood on air than on an earthly stream;
Suspended in a stream as clear as sky, [gery;
Where earth and heaven do make one ima-
O blessed vision! happy child!
That art so exquisitely wild,
I think of thee with many fears
For what may be thy lot in future years.
I thought of times when Pain might be thy guest,
Lord of thy house and hospitality;
And Grief, uneasy lover! never rest
But when she sate within the touch of thee.
Oh! too industrious folly!
Oh! vain and causeless melancholy!
Nature will either end thee quite;
Or, lengthening out thy season of delight,
Preserve for thee, by individual right,
A young lamb's heart among the full-grown flocks.

What hast thou to do with sorrow,
Or the injuries of to-morrow? [forth,
Thou art a dew-drop, which the morn brings
Not framed to undergo unkindly shocks,
Or to be trailed along the soiling earth;
A gem that glitters while it lives,
And no forewarning gives;
But, at the touch of wrong, without a strife,
Slips in a moment out of life.

§ 209. *Lines written while sailing in a Boat at Evening.* WORDSWORTH.

How richly glows the water's breast
Before us, tinged with evening hues,
While, facing thus the crimson west,
The boat her silent course pursues!
And see how dark the backward stream!
A little moment pass'd so smiling!
And still, perhaps, with faithless gleam,
Some other loiterers beguiling.

Such views the youthful bard allure;
But, heedless of the following gloom,
He deems their colours shall endure
Till peace go with him to the tomb.
—And let him nurse his fond deceit,
And what if he must die in sorrow!
Who would not cherish dreams so sweet,
Though grief and pain may come to-morrow?

§ 210. *Remembrance of Collins, composed upon the Thames, near Richmond.* WORDSWORTH.

GLIDE gently, thus for ever glide,
O Thames! that other bards may see
As lovely visions by thy side
As now, fair river! come to me.
O glide, fair stream! for ever so,
Thy quiet soul on all bestowing,
Till all our minds for ever flow,
As thy deep waters now are flowing.

Vain thought!—Yet be as now thou art,
That in thy waters may be seen
The image of a poet's heart,
How bright, how solemn, how serene!
Such as did once the poet bless,
Who, murmuring here a later ditty,
Could find no refuge from distress
But in the milder grief of pity.

Now let us, as we float along,
For him suspend the dashing oar;
And pray that never child of song
May know that poet's sorrows more.
How calm! how still! the only sound,
The dripping of the oar suspended!
—The evening darkness gathers round,
By virtue's holiest powers attended.

§ 211. *Hester.* LAMB.

WHEN maidens such as Hester die,
Their place ye may not well supply,
Though ye among a thousand try,
With vain endeavor.

A month or more hath she been dead,
Yet cannot I by force be led
To think upon the wormy bed,
And her together.

A springy motion in her gait,
A rising step, did indicate
Of pride and joy no common rate,
That flush'd her spirit.

I know not by what name beside
I shall it call:—if 'twas not pride,
It was a joy to that allied,
She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule,
Which doth the human feeling cool,
But she was train'd in Nature's school;
Nature had bless'd her.

A waking eye, a prying mind,
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind,
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind,
Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbor, gone before
To that unknown and silent shore,
Shall we not meet, as heretofore,
Some summer morning,

When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
Hath struck a bliss upon the day,
A bliss that would not go away,
A sweet fore-warning?

§ 212. *The old familiar Faces.* LAMB.

I HAVE had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days,—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies,—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among women!
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her,—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man;
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood.
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces—

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me; all are departed;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

§ 213. *The common Lot.* MONTGOMERY.

ONCE, in the flight of ages past,
There lived a man:—and WHO was HE?
—Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,
That man resembled thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,
The land in which he died unknown:
His name has perished from the earth,
This truth survives alone:—

That joy and grief, and hope and fear,
Alternate triumph'd in his breast;
His bliss and woe,—a smile, a tear!
—Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
The changing spirits' rise and fall;
We know that these were felt by him,
For these are felt by all.

He suffer'd,—but his pangs are o'er;
Enjoy'd,—but his delights are fled;
Had friends,—his friends are now no more;
And foes,—his foes are dead.

He loved,—but whom he loved the grave
Hath lost in its unconscious womb:
O she was fair:—but nought could save
Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw whatever thou hast seen;
Encounter'd all that troubles thee:
He was—whatever thou hast been;
He is—what thou shalt be.

The rolling seasons, day and night,
Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,
Erewhile his portion, life and light,
To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye
That once their shades and glory threw,
Have left in yonder silent sky
No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,
Their ruins since the world began,
Of HIM afford no other trace
Than this,—THERE LIVED A MAN!

§ 214. *Ode to the West Wind.* SHELLEY.

I.

O, WILD West Wind, thou breath of autumn's being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O thou,
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The winged seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odours plain and hill:

Wild spirit which art moving every where;
Destroyer and preserver; hear, O hear!

II.

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion, shed,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are
Shook from the tangled boughs of heaven and ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning: there are spread
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce mænad, even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height, dirge
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou

Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst: O, hear!

III.

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baiæ's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,
And tremble, and despoil themselves: O, hear!

IV.

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than thou, O, uncontrollable! if even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,
As then, when to outstrip thy skyey speed
Scarce seemed a vision; I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
Oh! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed:

A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed proud.
One too like thee: tameless, and swift, and

V.

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:
What if my leaves are falling like its own!
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, spirit fierce,
My spirit! be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth!
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as, from an unextinguished hearth,
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unawakened earth
The trumpet of a prophecy! O wind,
If winter comes, can spring be far behind?

§ 215. *Stanzas written in Dejection, near Naples.* SHELLEY.

THE sun is warm, the sky is clear,
The waves are dancing fast and bright,
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
The purple noon's transparent light
Around its unexpanded buds;
Like many a voice of one delight,
The winds, the birds, the ocean floods,
The City's voice itself is soft, like Solitude's.

I see the Deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple sea-weeds strown;
I see the waves upon the shore,
Like light dissolv'd in star-showers thrown:
I sit upon the sands alone,
The lightning of the noontide ocean
Is flashing round me, and a tone
Arises from its measur'd motion;
How sweet! did any heart now share in my emotion.

Alas! I have nor hope nor health,
Nor peace within, nor calm around,
Nor that content surpassing wealth,
The sage in meditation found,
And walk'd with inward glory crown'd—
Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure.
Others I see whom these surround—
Smiling they live, and call life pleasure;
To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

Yet now despair itself is mild,
Ev'n as the winds and waters are;
I could lie down like a tir'd child,
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne, and yet must bear,
Till death, like sleep, might steal on me,
And I might feel in the warm air
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

Some might lament that I were cold,
As I, when this sweet day is gone,
Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,
Insults with this untimely moan;
They might lament,—for I am one
Whom men love not; and yet regret,
Unlike this day, which, when the sun
Shall on its stainless glory set,
Will linger, though enjoy'd, like joy in memory yet.

§ 216. *A Song to Sir Philip Sidney.* THURLOW.

SPIRIT, whose bliss beyond this cloudy sphere
Is with the rising and the setting light,
Who, far remov'd from all that grieves us here,
For ever happy, and for ever bright,
Yet lookest down with pity from on high,
'Midst airs of immortality:
O, with what pure and never-ending song,
Song that, uplift upon the wings of love,
May gain access to that celestial throng,
Shall I now soar above,
And in the silver flood of morning play,
And view thy face, and brighten into day?

Forgive me, then, O love-enlarged soul,
Or love itself in pure felicity,
If, questioning my nature's fast control,
I slip my bonds, and wander unto thee;
But, ah! too well I know
That this may not be so,
Till that prefixed doom from heaven be spent:
Then for a little while,
If measure may beguile,
Let thy sweet deeds become my argument;
That all the wide hereafter may behold
Thy mind more perfect than refined gold.

But this is to enlarge the liberal air,
And pour fresh light into the diamond,
To herald that the fragrant rose is fair,
And that the sun in beauty doth abound;
So vain, and so excessful is the thought
To add to Sidney aught:
Yet cannot I forego the sweet delight,
More sweet to me than music or the spring,
Or than the starry beams of summer's night,
Thy sweetest praise, O Astrophel, to sing;
Till the wide woods, to which I teach the same,
Shall echo with thy name;
And ev'ry fount, that in the valley flows,
Shall stay it's fall, and murmur at the close.

Nor yet shall time, a thing not understood,
Nor weary space, forbid me my desire;
The nimble mind can travel where it would,
More swift than winds, or than the greedy fire;
So shall my thoughts aspire
To that eternal seat, where thou art laid
In brightness without shade;
Thy golden locks, that in wide splendor flow,
Crowned with lilies, and with violets,
And amaranth, which that good angel sets
With joy upon thy radiant head to blow;
(Soft flow'rs, unknown to woe,
That in the blissful meads of heav'n are found;)
The whilst full quires around
With silver hymns, and dulcet harmony,
Make laud unto the glorious throne of grace,
And fill thy ears with true felicity;
Such is the happy place,
Which thou by thy heroic toil hast won,
Such is the place, to which my sacred verses run.

Then I believe, that at thy birth was set
Some purer planet in the lofty sky,
Which a sweet influence did on earth beget;
That all the shepherds which on ground did lie,
Beholding there that unexampled light,
That made like day the night,
Were fill'd with hope and great expectancy,
That Pan himself would on the earth appear,
To bless th' unbounded year.

§ 217. *Ode to a Nightingale.* KEATS.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and lethe-wards had sunk:
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thine happiness,—
That thou, light-winged dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O, for a draught of vintage! that hath been
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
Dance, and Provencal song, and sunburnt mirth!
O, for a beaker full of the warm south,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stained mouth;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs,
Where beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his bards,
But on the viewless wings of poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:
Already with thee! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Cluster'd around by all her starry fays;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast fading violets cover'd up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and, for many a time,
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now, more than ever, seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy! [vain—
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath [foam
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the
Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is fam'd to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades:
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music:—do I wake or sleep?

§ 218. *The last Song.* CORNWALL.

Must it be?—then farewell, [long:
Thou whom my woman's heart cherished so
Farewell, and be this song
The last, wherein I say "I loved thee well."

Many a weary strain
(Never yet heard by thee) hath this poor breath
Uttered, of love and death,
And maiden grief, hidden and chid in vain.

Oh! if in after years
The tale that I am dead shall touch thy heart,
Bid not the pain depart;
But shed, over my grave, a few sad tears.

Think of me—still so young,
Silent, though fond, who cast my life away,
Daring to disobey
The passionate spirit that around me clung.

Farewell, again; and yet,
Must it indeed be so?—and on this shore
Shall you and I no more
Together see the sun of the summer set?

For me, my days are gone:
No more shall I, in vintage times, prepare
Chaplets to bind my hair,
As I was wont: oh, 'twas for you alone.

But on my bier I'll lay
Me down in frozen beauty, pale and wan,
Martyr of love to man,
And, like a broken flower, gently decay.

§ 219. *The Genius of Death.* CROLY.

WHAT is death? 'Tis to be free!
No more to love, or hope, or fear;
To join the great equality:
All, all alike are humbled there!
The mighty grave
Wraps lord and slave;
Nor pride nor poverty dares come
Within that refuge-house—the tomb!

Spirit with the drooping wing,
And the ever-weeping eye,
Thou of all earth's kings art King!
Empires at thy footstool lie!
Beneath thee strew'd
Their multitude
Sink like waves upon the shore;
Storms shall never rouse them more!

What's the grandeur of the earth
To the grandeur round thy throne!
Riches, glory, beauty, birth,
To thy kingdom all have gone.
Before thee stand
The wondrous band,
Bards, heroes, sages, side by side,
Who darken'd nations when they died!

Earth has hosts, but thou canst show
Many a million for her one:
Through thy gates the mortal flow
Has for countless years roll'd on:
Back from the tomb
No step has come:
There fix'd till the last thunder's sound
Shall bid thy pris'ners be unbound!

§ 220. *The Treasures of the Deep.* MRS. HEMANS.

WHAT hid'st thou in thy treasure-caves and cells,
Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious Main?
Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow-colour'd shells,
Bright things which gleam unreck'd of, and in vain;
Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy Sea,
We ask not such from thee!

Yet more, the depths have more! what wealth untold
Far down, and shining through their stillness lies!
Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,
Won from ten thousand royal Argosies.
Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful Main;
Earth claims not these again!

Yet more, the depths have more! thy waves have roll'd
Above the cities of a world gone by!
Sand hath fill'd up the palaces of old,
Sea-weed o'ergrown the halls of revelry!
Dash o'er them, Ocean! in thy scornful play!
Man yields them to decay!

Yet more, the billows and the depths have more! [breast!
High hearts and brave are gather'd to thy
They hear not now the booming waters roar,
The battle-thunders will not break their rest.
Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave—
Give back the true and brave!

Give back the lost and lovely! those for whom
The place was kept at board and hearth so long; [less gloom,
The prayer went up through midnight's breath-
And the vain yearning woke 'mid festal song!
Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'erthrown,
But all is not thine own!

To thee the love of woman hath gone down,
Dark flow thy tides o'er Manhood's noble head— [crown;
O'er Youth's bright locks and Beauty's flowery
Yet must thou hear a voice—Restore the dead! [thee;
Earth shall reclaim her precious things from
Restore the dead, thou Sea!

§ 221. *To the Winds.* BARTON.

YE viewless Minstrels of the sky!
I marvel not, in times gone by,
That ye were deified:
For, even in this later day,
To me oft has your power, or play,
Unearthly thoughts supplied.

Awful your power! when, by your might,
You heave the wild waves, crested white,
Like mountains in your wrath;
Ploughing between them valleys deep,
Which, to the seaman rous'd from sleep,
Yawn like Death's op'ning path!

Graceful your play! when, round the bower
Where Beauty culls Spring's loveliest flower,
To wreathe her dark locks there,
Your gentlest whispers lightly breathe
The leaves between, flit round that wreath,
And stir her silken hair.

Still, thoughts like these are but of earth,
And you can give far loftier birth:—
Ye come!—we know not whence!
Ye go!—can mortals trace your flight?
All imperceptible to sight,
Though audible to sense.

The Sun,—his rise and set we know;
The Sea,—we mark its ebb and flow;
The Moon,—her wax and wane;
The Stars,—Man knows their courses well,
The Comet's vagrant paths can tell;—
But you his search disdain.

Ye restless, homeless, shapeless things!
Who mock all our imaginings,
Like Spirits in a dream;
What epithet can words supply
Unto the Bard who takes such high,
Unmanageable theme?

But one:—to me, when Fancy stirs
My thoughts, ye seem Heaven's Messengers,
Who leave no path untrod;
And when, as now, at midnight's hour,
I hear your voice in all its power,
It seems the VOICE OF GOD.

§ 222. *Lines written in the Church-yard of Richmond, Yorkshire.* KNOWLES.

"It is good for us to be here."—*Matt.* xvii. 4.

METHINKS it is good to be here,
If thou'lt let us build—but for whom?
Nor Elias nor Moses appear,
But the shadows of eve that encompass the gloom, [tomb.
The abode of the dead, and the place of the

Shall we build to Ambition? ah, no!
Affrighted he shrinketh away:
For, see! they would pin him below,
In a small, narrow cave, and begirt with cold clay,
To the meanest of reptiles a peer and a prey.

To Beauty? ah, no! she forgets
The charms which she wielded before,
Nor knows the foul worm, that he frets
The skin which, but yesterday, fools could adore
For the smoothness it held, or the tints which it wore.

Shall we build to the purple of Pride,
The trappings which dizen the proud?
Alas! they are all laid aside:
And here's neither dress nor adornment allow'd, [the shroud.
But the long winding-sheet, and the fringe of

To Riches? alas! 'tis in vain—
Who hid, in their turns have been hid:
The treasures are squander'd again;
And here in the grave are all metals forbid
But the tinsel that shines on the dark coffin-lid.

To the pleasures which Mirth can afford,
The revel, the laugh, and the jeer?
Ah! here is a plentiful board,
But the guests are all mute as their pitiful cheer,
And none but the worm is a reveller here.

Shall we build to Affection and Love?
Ah, no! they have wither'd and died,
Or fled with the spirit above; [side:
Friends, brothers, and sisters are laid side by
Yet none have saluted, and none have replied.

Unto Sorrow? the dead cannot grieve—
Not a sob nor a sigh meets mine ear,
Which compassion itself could relieve:
Ah, sweetly they slumber, nor hope, love, nor fear— [here.
Peace, peace is the watch-word, the only one

Unto Death, to whom monarchs must bow?
Ah, no! for his empire is known,
And here there are trophies enow: [stone,
Beneath, the cold dead, and *around*, the dark
Are the signs of a sceptre that none may disown.

The first tabernacle to Hope we will build,
And look for the sleepers around us to rise!
The second to Faith which ensures it fulfill'd;
The third to the Lamb, on whom virtue relies
For a glorious abode with himself in the skies.

§ 223. *The Hindoo Widow on the Eve of sacrificing herself at her Husband's funeral Pile.* ANONYMOUS.

WHERE is thy dwelling, my early love?
Is it where those clouds are dancing?
Is it where those stars are glancing?
Is thy home in the bright blue sky above?

Yes, thou art gone to those starry bowers,
Where the golden waves are glowing
Over gems in music flowing,
Where never storm ruffles the summer flowers.

But is not thy bright home sad to thee?
Can another world give bliss
Dearer than our love in this?
Dost thou not sigh in thy bower for me?

Think how we dwelt in the desert place;
How I lov'd the setting sun,
When the toil of day was done,
And you came with the spoil of the hunter's race.

But our love was like the dawn-flower's bloom,
In the morn, like that morning's light,
Faded when all else is bright;
Yet a memory's left in its lone perfume.

We were too happy to be so long;
We were so blest in our lonely bower:
But the storm hangs over the sunniest hour,
And the serpent follows the sweetest song.

Yet again our hour of meeting's nigh;
I left my father's halls for thee:
Death for thy sake is sweet to me;
Our love was form'd for eternity.

My only child is sleeping there,
With smile too young for aught of grief,
Like Love upon a lotus leaf,
Calm as spring, as summer fair.

My boy, the kiss I give 's the last
Thy lips will ever have from me;
Now I have said Farewell to thee,
The bitterness of death is past.

Come, give the bridal robe, and twine
The crimson blossoms round my brow;
My step is on the pile; and now,
My love, my life, I'm ever thine.

§ 224. *By-past Time.* ANONYMOUS.

THE sky is blue, the sward is green,
The leaf upon the bough is seen,
The wind comes from the balmy west,
The little songster builds its nest,
The bee hums on from flower to flower,
Till twilight's dim and pensive hour;
The joyous year arrives; but when
Shall by-past times come back again?

I think on childhood's glowing years—
How soft, how bright, the scene appears!
How calm, how cloudless, pass'd away
The long, long summer holiday!
I may not muse—I must not dream—
Too beautiful these visions seem
For earth and mortal men; but when
Shall by-past times come back again?

I think of sunny eyes so soft,
Too deeply felt, enjoy'd too oft,
When through the bloomy fields I rov'd
With her, the earliest, dearest lov'd;
Around whose form I yet survey
In thought a bright celestial ray
To present scenes denied; and when
Shall by-past times come back again?

Alas! the world, at distance seen,
Appear'd all blissful and serene,
An Eden, form'd to tempt the foot,
With crystal streams, and golden fruit;
That world, when tried and trod, is found
A rocky waste, a thorny ground!
We then revert to youth; but when
Shall by-past times come back again?

§ 225. *From "Wanderings in June."* CLARE.

THE season now is all delight,
Sweet smile the passing hours,
And summer's pleasures, at their height,
Are sweet as are her flowers;
The purple morning waken'd soon,
The mid-day's gleaming din,
Gray evening, with her silver moon,
Are sweet to mingle in.

While waking doves betake to flight
From off each roosting bough;
While Nature's locks are wet with night,
How sweet to wander now!
Fast fade the vapors cool and gray,
The red sun waxes strong,
And streaks on labor's early way
His shadows lank and long.

How strange a scene hath come to pass,
Since summer 'gan its reign!
Spring flow'rs are buried in the grass,
To sleep till spring again:
And clover heads, with ruddy bloom,
That blossom where they fell,
Ere autumn's fading mornings come,
Shall meet their grave as well.

Life's every beauty fades away,
And short its earthly race;
Change leads us round its varied day,
And strangers take our place:
On summers past, how many eyes
Have waken'd into bliss,
That Death's eclipsing hand denies
To view the charms of this!

The open flow'r, the loaded bough,
The fields of golden grain,
Were blooming then the same as now,
And so will bloom again:
When with the past my being dies,
Still summer suns shall shine;
And other eyes shall see them rise,
When death has darken'd mine!

§ 226. *An Indian at the Burying-place of his Fathers.* BRYANT.

IT is the spot I came to seek,—
My fathers' ancient burial-place,
Ere from these vales, ashamed and weak,
Withdrew our wasted race.
It is the spot—I know it well—
Of which our old traditions tell.

For here the upland bank sends out
A ridge toward the river side;
I know the shaggy hills about,
The meadow smooth and wide;
The plains, that, toward the southern sky,
Fenced east and west by mountains lie.

A white man, gazing on the scene,
Would say a lovely spot was here,
And praise the lawns so fresh and green
Between the hills so sheer.
I like it not—I would the plain
Lay in its tall old groves again.

The sheep are on the slopes around,
The cattle in the meadows feed,
And laborers turn the crumbling ground
Or drop the yellow seed,
And prancing steeds, in trappings gay,
Whirl the bright chariot o'er the way.

Methinks it were a nobler sight
To see these vales in woods arrayed
Their summits in the golden light,
Their trunks in grateful shade,
And herds of deer, that bounding go
O'er rills and prostrate trees below.

And then to mark the lord of all,
The forest hero, trained to wars,
Quivered and plumed, and lithe and tall,
And seamed with glorious scars,
Walk forth, amid his reign, to dare
The wolf, and grapple with the bear.

This bank, in which the dead were laid,
Was sacred when its soil was ours;
Hither the artless Indian maid
Brought wreaths of beads and flowers,
And the gray chief and gifted seer
Worshipped the God of thunders here.

But now the wheat is green and high
On clods that hid the warrior's breast,
And scattered in the furrows lie
The weapons of his rest,
And there, in the loose sand, is thrown
Of his large arm the mouldering bone.

Ah! little thought the strong and brave,
Who bore their lifeless chieftain forth,
Or the young wife, that weeping gave
Her first-born to the earth,
That the pale race, who waste us now,
Among their bones should guide the plough.

They waste us—ay—like April snow
In the warm noon, we shrink away;
And fast they follow, as we go
Towards the setting day,—
Till they shall fill the land, and we
Are driven into the western sea.

But I behold a fearful sign,
To which the white men's eyes are blind;
Their race may vanish hence, like mine,
And leave no trace behind,
Save ruins o'er the region spread,
And the white stones above the dead.

Before these fields were shorn and tilled,
Full to the brim our rivers flowed;
The melody of waters filled
The fresh and boundless wood;
And torrents dashed, and rivulets played,
And fountains spouted in the shade.

Those grateful sounds are heard no more,
The springs are silent in the sun,
The rivers, by the blackening shore,
With lessening current run;
The realm our tribes are crushed to get
May be a barren desert yet.

§ 227. *Song of the Grecian Amazon.* BRYANT.

I BUCKLE to my slender side
The pistol and the scimetar,
And in my maiden flower and pride
Am come to share the tasks of war.
And yonder stands my fiery steed,
That paws the ground, and neighs to go,—
My charger of the Arab breed,—
I took him from the routed foe.

My mirror is the mountain spring,
At which I dress my ruffled hair;
My dimmed and dusty arms I bring,
And wash away the blood-stain there.
Why should I guard, from wind and sun,
This cheek, whose virgin rose is fled;
It was for one—oh, only one—
I kept its bloom, and he is dead.

But they who slew him,—unaware
Of coward murderers lurking nigh,—
And left him to the fowls of air,
Are yet alive—and they must die.
They slew him—and my virgin years
Are vowed to Greece and vengeance now;
And many an Othman dame, in tears,
Shall rue the Grecian maiden's vow.

I touched the lute in better days,
I led in dance the joyous band;—
Ah! they may move to mirthful lays
Whose hands can touch a lover's hand.
The march of hosts that haste to meet
Seems gayer than the dance to me;
The lute's sweet tones are not so sweet
As the fierce shout of victory.

§ 228. *Song of the Stars.* BRYANT.

WHEN the radiant morn of creation broke,
And the world in the smile of God awoke,
And the empty realms of darkness and death
Were moved through their depths by his mighty breath,
And orbs of beauty, and spheres of flame,
From the void abyss, by myriads came,
In the joy of youth, as they darted away,
Through the widening wastes of space to play,
Their silver voices in chorus rung,
And this was the song the bright ones sung:

"Away, away, through the wide, wide sky,
The fair blue fields that before us lie:
Each sun with the worlds that round us roll,
Each planet poised on her turning pole,
With her isles of green, and her clouds of white,
And her waters that lie like fluid light.

"For the Source of glory uncovers his face,
And the brightness o'erflows unbounded space;
And we drink, as we go, the luminous tides
In our ruddy air and our blooming sides;
Lo, yonder the living splendors play!
Away, on our joyous path away!

"Look, look, through our glittering ranks afar,
In the infinite azure, star after star, [pass!
How they brighten and bloom as they swiftly
How the verdure runs o'er each rolling mass!
And the path of the gentle winds is seen,
Where the small waves dance, and the young woods lean.

And see, where the brighter day-beams pour,
How the rainbows hang in the sunny shower;
And the morn and the eve, with their pomp of hues,
Shift o'er the bright planets and shed their dews;
And 'twixt them both, o'er the teeming ground,
With her shadowy cone, the night goes round.

"Away, away!—in our blossoming bowers,
In the soft air wrapping these spheres of ours,
In the seas and fountains that shine with morn,
See, love is brooding, and life is born,
And breathing myriads are breaking from night,
To rejoice, like us, in motion and light.

"Glide on in your beauty, ye youthful spheres!
To weave the dance that measures the years.
Glide on in the glory and gladness sent
To the farthest wall of the firmament,
The boundless visible smile of Him,
To the veil of whose brow our lamps are dim."

§ 229. *The Tunbridge School-Boy. Spoken by Mr.* THOMAS KNOX *at the annual Visitation of Tunbridge School.*

SWEET is thy month, O Maia! nor less sweet
Life's earliest prime, when roseate blossoms blow
In Fancy's fairy meads, the Elysian fields
Of infantine illusion, on the breast
Of boys, who court, like us, the classic Muse,
And daily sip the dews of Castalie.
Happy the school-boy! did he prize his bliss,
'Twere ill exchang'd for all the dazzling gems
That gaily sparkle in ambition's eye;
His are the joys of nature, his the smile,

The cherub smile, of innocence and health,
Sorrow unknown, or, if a tear be shed,
He wipes it soon; for, hark! the cheerful voice
Of comrades calls him to the top, or ball.
Away he hies, and clamors as he goes
With glee, which causes him to tread on air;
Bounding along, elastic, to the field, [orb
Or play-ground, scarce the well-stuff'd leathern
Springs from the earth so light, so swift as he:
And well he earns the sport he well enjoys;
For, from the morning's dawn, o'er learning's page
His steady eye has por'd till eventide.
Early he woke; and scarce had chanticleer
Announc'd Aurora's orient blushing beams,
When from the turret of the classic dome
The bell, importunate, rang shrill and loud,
And call'd him from his pillow; up he sprang,
Shaking soft slumbers from his shining eyes,
And eager to renew his daily task.
First, lowly on his knees, with orisons
His Father high in heaven he supplicates
To bless his earthly sire, her that bore him,
Friends, tutors, *all* that watch with anxious care
To guide his footsteps in the paths of peace:
Then to the limpid spring he hies, and laves
In the cold element his morning face.
His flowing locks well kempt, all neat and fresh
As vernal violets wash'd with drops of dew,
He takes his seat upon the classic bench,
With Lily's volume duly op'd before him,
And cons the task to memory assign'd,
Repeating rules of grammar o'er and o'er
With patience unsubdued; but now and then
He sweetens toil with gingerbread's nice cates,
Or apples par'd, unseen, beneath the form,
Or conversation softly interchang'd
Of nests, and slides, and marbles; weighty cares,
Yet not unpleasing. Soon the busy school
Glows with a general hum, as when in May
The bees go forth to rifle honied flowers;
They buzz and murmur, yet no labor slight,
But bring home luscious loads to enrich the hive.
The morning part well said, new cares succeed;
For now the authors of a golden age,
Virgil and Horace, Tully's copious page,
And Homer's manly melody, invite
The ear attun'd, by nature and by art,
To revel in the luxury of verse,
Or prose well measur'd, fraught with sense and sound
Harmonious; polish'd is his ear, and keen
His intellect; he hears, he tastes, he feels,
Till his whole soul, elate with ecstasy,
Catching the flame of genius, boldly dares
To emulate the beauty he admires:
Hence in the evening exercise the theme
Pregnant with moral truth, express'd in style
Purely Augustan; one day sure to grace
The bar, the pulpit, or the author's page,
Himself to aggrandize, and serve mankind.
Nor seldom does the stripling snatch the lyre,
And strike the deep-ton'd shell. Alcæus now
He emulates; whose sinewy, nervous lines
Pour forth, like Handel's strains, full harmony;
And now he sings with Sappho softly sweet;
The liquid measures flow like honied drops
That trickle from the dædal cells of bees,
Adonis closing the mellifluent lay
With gentlest cadence. Listen yet once more!
'Tis elegy I hear; the mournful verse
Is simple; yet 'tis Nature's voice, and comes
Directly from the heart; and to the heart
It deeply pierces. I could weep, and smile
To think I wept. How plaintive are the notes!
Like such as oft I hear the nightingale
Modestly warble from the thickest shade,
Concealment seeking, yet betray'd by tones
Softer and sweeter than Italia's sons
Strain from their throats to raptur'd theatres.
But not to ode and elegy alone
His ardor leads; his emulative skill
In epigram he tries; and many a point
Inserts which Martial might not blush to own,
With classical expression neat and terse.
Oft on the banks of Medway, near the dome
Of Sydney's noble race, he sits reclin'd,
And meditates the verse where Waller sat,
And sung his Saccharissa; by his side
Horace and Ovid. While the trembling reed
With fly appendant lures the golden chub,
His pencil in his hand, he studious notes
Some bright idea, or some polish'd phrase
Suggested by the Muse that haunts the groves
Of Penshurst, classic ground: if Britain's isle
Can boast such ground, then Penshurst's is the claim,
Though solitude now reigns, and the heron's scream
Drowns with the din each song of Philomel.
The task well finish'd, to the master's eye
The stripling bard submits with anxious heart,
Happy, thrice happy, could it meet with praise.
His bosom throbs, till soon the judge's brows,
That frown'd terrific, gentler looks assume:
He calls the urchin with a friendly voice,
And, stroking his curl'd locks, "'Tis good," he cries,
"And, to reward thy well-done task, I grant
A holiday." Straight all the air resounds
"A holiday!" Loud shouts from infant lips
Proclaim a holiday! they eager rush
To snatch the licens'd joy; each moment lost
Seems like an hour. Then take, O take, your fill,
Ye innocent tribes, nor let severity
Too rigorous rob you of the fleeting day:
'Tis brief at best, and hardly shall ye know,
In life's most boasted years, a purer bliss,
Or more exalted. Fly then o'er the lawn,
Climb yonder hill, expatiate through the grove,
Or from the green bank plunge into the wave.
Why need I urge? Already they are gone;
Some, in the limpid stream already merg'd,
Their pastime take, and cleave the ambient wave,

Or buoyant on the surface float supine,
Sporting like halcyons on the smooth expanse.
Thus nerv'd with added strength, they urge the ball
At cricket, manly game! the boast of Kent;
Tunbrigia's sons against all England's race;
Nor last, though least, the sprightly boys of Judd,*
Scorning to be surpass'd in school or field.
Others, as seasons urge, with wary eye
Search every thicket for the mossy nest;
And, thoughtless of the wrong, the eggs despoil,
Blue as the ethereal concave, streak'd or vein'd,
By Nature's pencil, with a thousand dyes.
Oh, my companions! rob not the poor bird,
For many a pang she feels; but be content
With viewing the fair prize, and leave it there.
Sweetly the song from yonder hawthorn bush
Shall pay your generous pity as you pass;
And conscious virtue shall a bliss bestow,
Which rapine, though successful, never tastes,
Though India's gems enrich the plunderer.
Trust not in wrong and robbery for happiness;
Nor, when autumnal suns the pensile fruit
Mature, and on the southern garden-wall
Blushes the nectar'd peach like Hebe's cheek,
O'erleap the fence. Oh, turn thy roving eye
From orchards rich with vegetable gold,
The pippin and the pear; and learn, like me,
The ripen'd cherry, shining, sleek, and plump,
To view with all the stoic's apathy.
I hate the purple cluster of the grape
When, out of reach, it peeps between the leaves [more.
Half shown and half conceal'd, to tempt the
Insidious beauty! Comrade, touch it not:
If e'er, in evil hour, thou pluck the fruit
Unlawful, thou shalt rue it; short-liv'd sweet,
Follow'd by bitterness! The owner sees
Unseen, and tells the master of thy theft.
Then, lo, the birchen fasces—hateful twigs;
Down go the galligaskins; sighs and sobs
Too plainly tell what penalties and woes
Brings disobedience, and the tempting fruit
Of that forbidden tree. Then learn content:
A little weekly stipend is thine own,
And freely use it, as it was given for use.
Does thy mouth water? See the matron's stall;
Plums, nuts, and apples, rang'd in shining rows,
Invite, nor rigid Prudence bids forbear;
There purchase, paying ready cash, and eat;
Welcome as nuts to thee thy mite to her.
Enjoy thy feast, poor imp, and freely taste,
No fears or qualms empois'ning the regale;
Then, with light heart, and pockets lighter still,
Eas'd of thy money—root of every harm!
Away again to drive the circling hoop,
Or spin the top, or knuckle down at taw.

But now the shades of eve and turret bell
Proclaim the holiday too soon expir'd—
"In, boys! all in, boys!" Instant to the school
Repairing, low they bend to that high Pow'r
That guards them from the sultry noon-tide heat,
The pestilence that walketh in the night,
And out of mouths of sucklings and of babes
Ordained praise. The choral hymn and pray'r
Ascends like incense to the throne of Heaven.
And now, all weary, and with eyes half-closed,
Down on the couch they sink; nor sooner down,
Than sleep seals up their lids. How hush'd the din,
The merry noise, that echoed o'er the field
The live-long day! 'Tis silent all and still
Along the chambers of the dormitory,
Save where a gentle breathing soothes the ear,
Or, now and then, a voice that talks in sleep:
For many a vision, or fantastic dream,
Hovers around their pillows; rivers, groves,
Birds' nests on tops of tallest trees are seen,
With callow young, or eggs of varied hue;
Goldfinches, larks, or linnets, lim'd with twigs,
Or snar'd in traps, or gudgeons on the hook.
The orchard's charms with added lures appear:
Already up the tree they seize the prize;
There plums and pippins, pears of freshest hue,
Clusters of grapes, no longer out of reach,
Distil nectareous juices on their lips,
Which seem to smack again: so strong and true
Imagination's pencil paints the scene.
Thus cheer'd by slumbers and a holiday,
With double diligence they ply the task
Upon the morrow: then vacation's good,
When to ingenuous minds allow'd it gives
A spur to industry, and to genius fire.
Rest and alternate labor, these, combin'd
With discipline, shall form the emulous youth
To high accomplishments in liberal arts;
And when his friends and country call him forth
To generous services in busy life,
With energetic force he acts his part,
And strict propriety, in every place,
However arduous, in the social sphere.
Happy and honor'd, prominent he stands
Among the sons of men; and lustre flings
Back on the place where education stored
His mind with arts that taught him to excel.
Pardon my daring, if, amid this group
Of school-boys, who, beneath your fostering smiles,
The muses, graces, virtues, cultivate,
I venture to foretell, that, spurning ease,
Some shall emerge, and add to the renown
Of Tunbridge School; an ancient, hoary seat
Of classic institution, favor'd long
By patronage of men, whose liberal souls,
Amid the cares of gain, commercial toils,
Chief cause of Britain's proud pre-eminence,

* Sir Arthur Judd, the founder.

Still find an hour to listen to the Muse,
And honor arts which seek no sordid pelf,
But add a grace to life, and build up man.
Oh, 'tis a noble edifice; and here
The solid basis must be firmly laid
In elemental lore. The pious Judd,
Some centuries past, here placed the corner-stone:
His sons, disdaining to degenerate,
Support and deck the pile. 'Tis nobly done,
And merits praise, which, though our hearts can feel,
Our tongues want words to speak in language due.

A school-boy!—you've heard my artless tale;
'Tis a true picture of my simple life.
Then how should I, in language adequate,
Describe your merits? 'Tis a copious theme,
And asks a genius, as your bounty, large.
But this I know,—instructed in the arts
Of elegance and taste beneath this roof,
And cherish'd by your smiles, the day may come
When I may strike the lyre with manly grace,
And justify the favor which e'en now
Indulgence, blinding judgment, has bestow'd.

Tunbridge, May 9, 1802. T. K.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

POETICAL.

BOOK THE FIFTH.

EPIGRAMS, EPITAPHS, AND OTHER LITTLE PIECES.

The Art of making one's own Sermons, illustrated by Example.

JACK stole his discourse from the fam'd Doctor Brown,
But, reading it wretchedly, made it his OWN.

Ignotum omne pro magnifico.

AVERSE to pamper'd and high-mettled steeds,
His own upon chopp'd straw Avaro feeds:
Bred in his stable, in his paddock born,
What vast ideas they must have of corn!

On a Lady who squinted.

IF ancient poets Argus prize,
Who boasted of a hundred eyes,
Sure greater praise to her is due
Who looks a hundred ways with two!

AS Will along the floor had laid
His lazy limbs in solemn show,
"You're ill," quoth Sal, "I'm sore afraid."
"Indeed," says Will, "I'm rather low."

To a Lady with a Print of Venus attired by the Graces.

THAT far superior is thy state,
Even Envy must agree;
On thee a thousand Graces wait,
On Venus only three.

On the Phrase "Killing Time." Translated from Voltaire.

THERE'S scarce a point wherein mankind agree
So well as in their boast of killing me.
I boast of nothing: but, when I've a mind,
I think I can be even with mankind.

THE gay Flirtilla show'd her mimic bust,
And ask'd blunt Senso if 'twere fashion'd just.
"Ma'am," he replied, "in this 'tis much like you;
The face is painted, and that badly too."

"MY wife's so very bad," cried Will,
"I fear she ne'er will hold it— [Phil,
She keeps her bed!"—"Mine's worse," quoth
"The jade has just now sold it."

The Clown's Reply. GOLDSMITH.

JOHN TROTT was desired by two witty peers
To tell them the reason why asses had ears:
"An't please you," quoth John, "I'm not given to letters, [betters:
Nor dare I pretend to know more than my
Howe'er, from this time, I shall ne'er see your graces, [asses."
As I hope to be sav'd! without thinking on

An Elegy on the Glory of her Sex. GOLDSMITH.

GOOD people all, with one accord,
Lament for Madam Blaize,
Who never wanted a good word—
From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom pass'd her door,
And always found her kind;
She freely lent to all the poor—
Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighborhood to please,
With manners wondrous winning;
And never follow'd wicked ways—
Unless when she was sinning.

At church, with silks and satins new,
With hoop of monstrous size;
She never slumber'd in her pew—
But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,
By twenty beaux and more;
The king himself has follow'd her—
When she has walk'd before.

But now, her wealth and finery fled,
Her hangers-on cut short all,
The doctors found, when she was dead,
Her last disorder—mortal.

Let us lament in sorrow sore;
For Kent-street well may say,
That—had she liv'd a twelvemonth more—
She had not died to-day.

On Mr. Churchill's Death.

SAYS Tom to Richard, "Churchill's dead!"
Says Richard, "Tom, you lie:
Old Rancor the report has spread,
But Genius cannot die."

JACK brags he never dines at home,
With reason too, no doubt—
In truth, Jack never dines at all,
Unless invited out.

To Chloe. PETER PINDAR.

DEAR Chloe, well I know the swain,
Who gladly would embrace thy chain,
And who, alas! can blame him?
Affect not, Chloe, a surprise:
Look but a moment on these eyes,
Thou'lt ask me not to *name* him.

On the Death of a promising Youth of Eighteen.

THOUGH death the virtuous young destroy,
They go to rest, and heavenly joy:
Life is not to be judg'd by days;
Virtue endures when time decays;
And many old we falsely call,
Who truly never liv'd at all:
For what is time, if not employed
In worthy deeds, but all a void?
Then think not, though abridg'd by fate,
Too short this youth's allotted date;
With dignity he fill'd his span,
In conduct and in worth a man.
So spent a life to Heaven appears
As full as Nestor's length of years.

A DOCTOR there is of so humble a grace,
That the case he durst never express:
But little he says, and if that you will trace,
His knowledge you'll find to be less.

Then sure you will say he's deficient in brain;
Or his head to a still you'll compare,
That does little or nothing but simples contain,
And yields them by drops that are rare.

A Distich written by Mr. COWPER, *at the Request of a Gentleman who importuned him to write something in his Pocket Album.*

I WERE indeed indifferent to fame,
Grudging two lines t' immortalize my name.

To an unfortunate Beauty.

SAY, lovely maid, with downcast eye,
And cheek with silent sorrow pale,
What gives thy heart the lengthen'd sigh,
That heaving tells a mournful tale?

Thy tears, which thus each other chase,
Bespeak a breast o'erwhelm'd with woe;
Thy sighs, a storm which wrecks thy peace,
Which souls like thine should never know.

Oh! tell me, doth some favor'd youth,
Too often blest, thy beauties slight;
And leave those thrones of love and truth,
That lip, and bosom of delight?

What though to other nymphs he flies,
And feigns the fond, impassion'd tear,
Breathes all the eloquence of sighs
That, treach'rous, won thy artless ear?—

Let not those nymphs thy anguish move,
For whom his heart may seem to pine:
That heart shall ne'er be blest by love,
Whose guilt can force a pang from thine.

Conscience.

THE Chartreux wants the warning of a bell
To call him to the duties of his cell;
There needs no noise at all t' awaken sin:
Th' adulterer and thief his 'larum has within.

Lines sent to Mr. Cosway, while Lady C. Pawlet was sitting to him.

COSWAY, my Cath'rine sits to you;
And, that the col'ring may be true,
This nosegay on your pallet place,
Replete with all the tints that grace
The various beauties of her face.
Her skin the snow-drop's whiteness shows,
Her blushing cheek the op'ning rose:
Her eyes the modest violet speak,
Whose silken fringes kiss her cheek.
The spicy pink, in morning dew,
Presents her fragrant lips to view.
The glossy curls that crown her head,
Paint from the gilt cup of the mead.
Long may her image fill my eye,
When these fair emblems fade and die;
Placed on my faithful breast, and prove
'Tis Cosway paints the Queen of Love.

On seeing a Dog asleep near his Master.

THRICE happy dog! thou feel'st no woe,
No anguish to molest
Thy peaceful hours that sweetly flow,
Alternate sport and rest.

Man's call'd thy lord—affliction's heir!
And sorrow's only son!
Whilst he's a slave to ev'ry care,
And thou art slave to none.

Blest, near thy master thus to lie,
And blest with him to rove!
Unstain'd by guilt thy moments fly
On wings of grateful love.

Oh! that my heart, like thine, could taste
The sweets of guiltless life!
Beyond the reach of passion placed,
Its anguish and its strife.

On a Waiter, once at Arthur's, and a Fellow-servant of his there, both since Members of Parliament, and the last a Nabob.

WHEN Bob M-ck-th, with upper servant's pride, [cried,
"Here, sirrah, clean my shoes," to Rumb—d
He humbly answer'd, "Yea, Bob:"
But since return'd from India's plunder'd land,
The purse-proud Rumb—d now, on such command,
Would stoutly answer, "Nay, Bob."

To rob the nation two contractors come,
One cheats in corn, the other cheats in rum:
The greater rogue 'tis hard to ascertain;
The rogue in spirits, or the rogue in grain.

Verses written by a Gentleman on finding an Urn.

TRIFLING mortal, tell me why
Thou hast disturb'd my urn;
Want'st thou to find out what am I?
Vain man! attend, and learn:

To know what letters spelt my name
Is useless quite to thee;
A heap of dust is all I am,
And all that thou shalt be.

Go now, that heap of dust explore,
Measure its grains, or weigh;
Canst thou the title which I bore
Distinguish in the clay?

What glitt'ring honors, or high trust,
Once dignified me here,
Were characters impress'd on dust,
Which quickly disappear.

Nor will the sparkling atoms show
A *Claudius* or a *Guelph:*
Vain search, if here the source thou'dst know
Of nobles or thyself.

The mould will yield no evidence
By which thou mayst divine
If lords or beggars issued thence,
And form'd the ancient line.

Learn then the vanity of birth:
Condition, honors, name,
Are all but modes of common earth,
The substance just the same.

Bid Av'rice and Ambition view
Th' extent of all their gains;
Themselves, and their possessions too,
A gallon vase contains.

Haste, lift thy thoughts from earthly things
To more substantial bliss;
And leave that grov'ling pride to kings,
Which ends in dirt like this.

Let virtue be thy radiant guide;
'Twill dignify thy clay,
And raise thy ashes glorified,
When suns shall fade away.

The Negro's Complaint.

WIDE over the tremulous sea
The moon spread her mantle of light,
And the gale, gently dying away,
Breath'd soft on the bosom of night.

On the forecastle Maratan stood,
And pour'd forth his sorrowful tale;
His tears fell unseen in the flood,
His sighs pass'd unheard on the gale.

"Ah, wretch!" in wild anguish he cried,
"From country and liberty torn;
Ah, Maratan! wouldst thou had died,
Ere o'er the salt waves thou wert borne!

"Through the groves of Angola I stray'd,
Love and Hope made my bosom their home,
There I talk'd with my favorite maid,
Nor dream'd of the sorrow to come.

"From the thicket the man-hunter sprung,
My cries echo'd loud through the air;
There was fury and wrath on his tongue;
He was deaf to the shrieks of despair.

"Accurs'd be the merciless band,
Who his love could from Maratan tear;
And blasted this impotent hand,
That was sever'd from all I held dear.

"Flow, ye tears, down my cheeks ever flow,
Still let sleep from my eye-lids depart,
And still may the arrows of woe
Drink deep of the stream of my heart!

"But hark! on the silence of night
My Adila's accents I hear,
And mournful beneath the wan light
I see her lov'd image appear!

"Slow o'er the smooth ocean she glides,
As the mist that hangs light on the wave;
And fondly her lover she chides,
That lingers so long from the grave.

"'O Maratan, haste thee!' she cries,
'Here the reign of oppression is o'er,
The tyrant is robb'd of his prize,
And Adila sorrows no more.'

"Now, sinking amidst the dim ray,
Her form seems to fade on my view;
O stay then, my Adila, stay—
She beckons, and I must pursue.

"To-morrow, the white man in vain
Shall proudly account me his slave;
My shackles I plunge in the main,
And rush to the realms of the brave."

By Dr. YOUNG.

As in smooth oil the razor best is whet,
So wit is by politeness sharpest set;
Their want of edge from their offence is seen,
Both pain us least when exquisitely keen.

Advice to Mr. Pope, on his intended Translation of Homer, 1714.

O THOU who, with a happy genius born,
Canst tuneful verse in flowing numbers turn,
Crown'd on thy Windsor's plains with early bays,
Be early wise, nor trust to barren praise.
Blind was the Bard that sung Achilles' rage;
He sung, and begg'd, and curs'd th' ungiving age:
If Britain his translated song would hear,
First take the gold—then charm the list'ning ear;
So shall thy father Homer smile to see
His pension paid, though late—and paid to thee.

TH' inspiring muses, and the god of love,
Which most should grace the fair Melinda strove. [darts,
Love arm'd her with his bow and keenest
The muses more enrich'd her mind with arts.
Though Greece in shining temples heretofore
Did Venus' and Minerva's pow'rs adore,
The ancients thought no single goddess fit
To reign at once o'er beauty and o'er wit;
Each was a sep'rate claim; till now we find
The different titles in Melinda join'd.

AN opera, like a pill'ry, may be said
To nail our ears down, but expose our head.

LUCIA thinks happiness consists in state;
She weds an idiot, but she eats in plate.

To the Hon. Mrs. Perceval, with Hutcheson's Treatise on Beauty and Order. GRIERSON.

TH' internal senses painted here we see:
They're born in others, but they live in thee.
O! were our author with thy converse bless'd,
Could he behold the virtues of thy breast;
His needless labors with contempt he'd view,
And bid the world not read—but copy you.

JACK, eating rotten cheese, did say,
"Like Samson, I my thousands slay:"
"I vow," quoth Roger, "so you do,
And with the self-same weapon too."

Simili similis gaudet.

WHEN Chloe's picture was to Chloe shown,
Adorn'd with charms and beauties not her own;
Where Hogarth, pitying nature, kindly made
Such lips, such eyes, as Chloe never had;
"Ye Gods!" she cries in ecstasy of heart,
"How near can nature be express'd by art!
Well, it is wondrous like! nay, let me die,
The very pouting lip, the killing eye!"—
Blunt and severe as Manly in the play,
Downright replies: "Like, madam, do you say?
The picture bears this likeness, it is true:
The canvass painted is, and so are you."

MY sickly spouse with many a sigh
Oft tells me—"Billy, I shall die!"
I griev'd, but recollected straight
'Tis bootless to contend with fate;
So resignation to Heaven's will
Prepar'd me for succeeding ill.
'Twas well it did; for, on my life,
'Twas Heaven's will—to spare my wife.

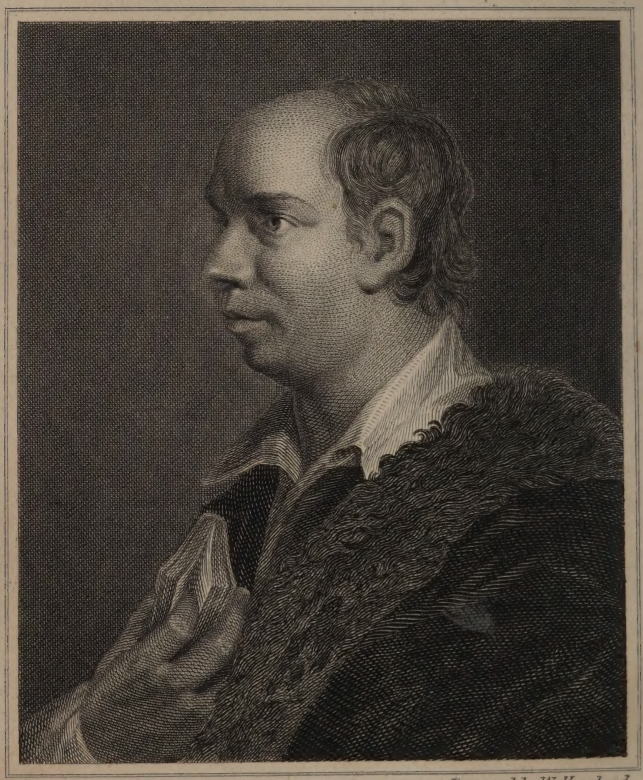
As Sherlock at Temple was taking a boat,
The waterman ask'd him which way he would float.
"Which way?" says the Doctor: "why, fool, with the stream."—
To Paul's or to Lambeth, 'twas all one to him.

BY fav'ring wit Mæcenas purchas'd fame;
Virgil's own works immortaliz'd his name:
A double share of fame is Dorset's due,
At once the patron and the poet too.

POLLIO must needs to penitence excite;
For see, his scarves are rich, and gloves are white.
Behold his notes display'd, his body rais'd:
With what a zeal he labors to be prais'd!
No stubborn sinner able to withstand
The force and reasoning of his wig and band:
Much better pleas'd, so pious his intent,
With five that laugh, than fifty who repent.
On moral duties when his tongue refines,
Tully and Plato are his best divines:
What Matthew says, or Mark, the proof but small; [all.
What Locke or Clarke asserts, good scripture
Touch'd with each weakness which he does arraign,
With vanity he talks against the vain;
With ostentation does to meekness guide,
Proud of his periods levell'd against pride;
Ambitiously the love of glory slights,
And damns the love of fame—for which he writes.

The World.

THE world's a book, writ by th' eternal art
Of the great Author; printed in man's heart;
'Tis falsely printed, though divinely penn'd;
And all th' errata will appear at th' end.



Painted by Sir J. Reynolds. *Engraved by W. Hoogland.*

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Published by Samuel Walker / Harlem Place / Washington Street Boston.

A WELSHMAN and an Englishman disputed,
Which of their lands maintain'd the greatest state;
The Englishman the Welshman quite confuted,
The Welshman yet would not his vaunts abate.
"Ten cooks," quoth he, "in Wales, one wedding sees."
"Ah," quoth the other, "each man toasts his cheese."

On the Funeral of Vulture Hopkins.

WHAT num'rous lights this wretch's corpse attend,
Who, in his life-time, sav'd a candle's end!

The Humorist. Imitated from Martial.

IN all thy humors, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow,
Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen, about thee,
There is no living with thee, nor without thee.

A HAUGHTY courtier, meeting in the streets
A scholar, him thus insolently greets:
"Base men to take the wall I ne'er permit."
The scholar said, "I do;" and gave him it.

THUS with kind words Sir Edward cheer'd his friend:
"Dear Dick! thou on my friendship mayst depend:
I know thy fortune is but very scant;
But, be assur'd, I'll ne'er see Dick in want."
Dick's soon confin'd—his friend, no doubt, would free him;
His word he kept—in want he ne'er would *see* him.

WHEN men of infamy to grandeur soar,
They light a torch to show their shame the more.

A Country Parson's Answer to a young Lady who sent her Compliments on the Ten of Hearts.

YOUR compliments, dear lady, pray forbear;
Old English services are more sincere:
You send ten hearts, the tithe is only mine;
Give me but one, and burn the other nine.

By Dr. DONNE.

I AM unable, yonder beggar cries,
To stand or go. If he says true, he lies.

To a Writer of long Epitaphs.

FRIEND, in your Epitaphs I'm griev'd
So very much is said:
One half will never be believ'd,
The other never read.

To Mr. Thomson, who had procured the Author a Benefit Night. DENNIS.

REFLECTING on thy worth, methinks I find
Thy various Seasons in their Author's mind.
Spring opes her blossoms various as thy muse,
And, like thy soft compassion, sheds her dews.
Summer's hot drought in thy expression glows,
And o'er each page a tawny ripeness throws.
Autumn's rich fruits th' instructed reader gains,
Who tastes the meaning purpose of thy strains.
Winter—but that no semblance takes from thee:
That hoary season yields a type of me.
Shatter'd by Time's weak storms I with'ring lay,
Leafless, and whitening in a cold decay!
Yet shall my propless ivy, pale and bent,
Bless the short sunshine which thy pity lent.

The Fan. ATTERBURY.

FLAVIA the least and slightest toy
Can with resistless art employ:
This fan, in meaner hands, would prove
An engine of small force in love:
Yet she, with graceful air and mien,
Not to be told, or safely seen,
Directs its wanton motions so,
That it wounds more than Cupid's bow;
Gives coolness to the matchless dame,
To ev'ry other breast a flame.

To the Author of an Epitaph on Dr. Mead. HACKETT.

MEAD's not dead then, you say, only sleeping a little?
Why, egad! sir, you've hit it off there to a tittle:
Yet, friend, his awaking I very much doubt—
Pluto knows whom he's got, and will ne'er let him out.

To Mr. Pope.

WHILE malice, Pope, denies thy page
Its own celestial fire;
While critics and while bards in rage,
Admiring, won't admire:

While wayward pens thy works assail,
And envious tongues decry;
These times, though many a friend bewail,
These times bewail not I.

But when the world's loud praise is thine,
And spleen no more shall blame;
When with thy Homer thou shalt shine
In one establish'd fame:

When none shall rail, and ev'ry lay
Devote a wreath to thee:
That day (for come it will)—that day
Shall I lament to see.

British Economy.

IN merry Old England it once was a rule,
The king had his poet, and also his fool:
But now we're so frugal, I'd have you to know it,
Poor Cibber must serve both for fool and for poet.

WHEN Jack was poor, the lad was frank and free;
Of late he's grown brimful of pride and pelf.
You wonder that he don't remember me:
Why so? You see he has forgot himself.

By PRIOR.

To John I owed great obligation;
But John, unhappily, thought fit
To publish it to all the nation:
Sure John and I are more than quit.

Good Music and bad Dancers.

How ill the motion with the music suits!
So Orpheus play'd, and like them danc'd the brutes.

YE little wits, that gleam'd a while,
While Pope vouchsafed a ray;
Alas! depriv'd of his kind smile,
How soon ye fade away!

To compass Phœbus' car about,
Thus empty vapors rise;
Each lends his cloud to put him out,
That rear'd him to the skies.

Alas! these skies are not your sphere;
There he shall ever burn:
Weep, weep, and fall; for earth ye were,
And must to earth return.

By HARRINGTON.

THE golden hair that Galla wears
Is hers: who would have thought it?
She swears 'tis hers; and true she swears,
For I know where she bought it.

To Lady Isabella Thynne, cutting Trees in Paper. WALLER.

FAIR hand, that can on virgin paper write,
Yet from the stain of ink preserve it white;
Whose travel o'er that silver field does show
Like tracks of leverets in morning snow:
Love's image thus in purest minds is wrought,
Without a spot or blemish to the thought.
Strange, that your fingers should the pencil foil,
Without the help of colors or of oil!
For, though a painter boughs and leaves can make,
'Tis yours alone to make them bend and shake,
Whose breath salutes your new-created grove
Like southern winds, and makes it gently move.
Orpheus could make the forest dance, but you
Can make the motion and the forest too.
A poet, when he would describe his mind,
Is, as in language, so in fame, confin'd;
Your works are read wherever there are men:
So far the scissors go beyond the pen.

By PRIOR.

THY nags, the leanest things alive,
So very hard thou lov'st to drive,
I heard thy anxious coachman say,
It cost thee more in whips than hay.

A Cure for Poetry.

SEVEN wealthy towns contend for Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begg'd his bread!

The French Poet.

WHEN old Elijah, as the Scriptures say,
Triumphant mounted to the realms of day,
His spirit doubled, and his cloak beside,
He gave Elisha, by long service tried.
Tristan from hence would fain example take,
For honest Quinault his disciple's sake;
But this, alas! injurious Fate denied,
For Tristan poorer than a prophet died.
To Quinault thus the bard, expiring, spoke:
"My wit I leave thee—but I have no cloak."

Dr. ALDRICH'S *Five Reasons for Drinking.*

GOOD wine; a friend; or being dry;
Or least we should be by and by;
Or any other reason why.

By WALLER.

THYRSIS, a youth of the inspir'd train,
Fair Saccharissa lov'd, but lov'd in vain;
Like Phœbus sung the no less am'rous boy;
Like Daphne she, as lovely and as coy.
With numbers he the flying nymph pursues,
With numbers such as Phœbus' self might use;
All, but the nymph who should redress his wrong,
Attend his passion, and approve his song:
Like Phœbus thus acquiring unsought praise,
He catch'd at love, and fill'd his arms with bays.

By PRIOR.

ON his death-bed poor Simon lies,
His spouse is in despair:
With frequent sobs and mutual cries,
They both express their care.

"A diff'rent cause," says Parson Sly,
"The same effect may give;
Poor Simon fears that he shall die,
His wife—that he may live."

Written on the Bed-chamber Door of Charles II. ROCHESTER.

HERE lies our sovereign lord the King,
Whose word no man relies on;
He never says a foolish thing,
Nor ever does a wise one.

To Phyllis.

THAT little patch upon your face
Would seem a foil on one less fair;
On you it hides a killing grace,
And you in pity plac'd it there.

By PRIOR.

As, afternoon, one summer's day,
Venus stood bathing in a river;
Cupid a-shooting went that way,
New-strung his bow, new-fill'd his quiver:
With skill he chose his sharpest dart;
With all his might his bow he drew:
Swift to his beauteous parent's heart
The too well guided arrow flew.

"I faint! I die!" the goddess cried:
"O, cruel! couldst thou find none other
To wreak thy spleen on, parricide?
Like Nero, thou hast slain thy mother."

Poor Cupid, sobbing, scarce could speak;
"Indeed, mamma, I did not know ye:
Alas! how easy my mistake!
I took you for your likeness, Chloe."

From the Greek. PRIOR.

VENUS, take my votive glass,
Since I am not what I was;
What from this day I shall be,
Venus, let me never see!

On Lady Manchester. ADDISON.

WHILST haughty Gallia's dames, that spread
O'er the pale cheeks an artful red,
Beheld this beauteous stranger there,
In native charms divinely fair,
Confusion in their looks they show'd,
And with unusual blushes glow'd.

Suicide. *Dr.* SEWEL.

WHEN all the blandishments of life are gone,
The coward sneaks to death, the brave live on.

By POPE.

MUSE, 'tis enough; at length thy labor ends,
And thou shalt live—for Buckingham commends.
Let crowds of critics now my verse assail,
Let Dennis write, and nameless numbers rail;
This more than pays whole years of thankless pain,
Time, pain, and fortune, are not lost in vain;
Sheffield approves, consenting Phœbus bends,
And I and Malice from this hour are friends.

By WALLER.

WERE men so dull they could not see
That Lyce painted; should they flee,
Like simple birds, into a net
So grossly woven and ill-set;
Her own teeth would undo the knot,
And let all go that she had got.
These teeth my Lyce must not show,
If she would bite: her lovers, though
Like birds they stoop at seeming grapes,
Are disabus'd when first she gapes:
The rotten bones discover'd there,
Show 'tis a painted sepulchre.

To Mr. POPE.

DEPEND not upon verse for fame,
Though none can equal thine:
Our language never rests the same;
'Twill rise, or 'twill decline.

Thy wreaths, in course of fleeting hours,
Too soon will be decay'd;
But story lasts, though modern flow'rs
Of poetry must fade.

A surer way, then, wouldst thou find
Thy glory to prolong,
Whilst there remains amongst mankind
The sense of right and wrong;
Thy fame with nature's self shall end,
Let future times but know
That Atterbury was thy friend,
And Bentley was thy foe.

The Manchester Millers named Bone and Skin. BYRON.

BONE and Skin, two millers thin,
Would starve us all, or near it:
But be it known to Skin and Bone,
That flesh and blood can't bear it.

By Sir G. LYTTELTON.

NONE without hope e'er lov'd the brightest fair,
But love can hope where reason would despair.

TRUE wit is like the brilliant stone
Dug from the Indian mine;
Which boasts two diff'rent pow'rs in one,
To cut as well as shine.
Genius, like that, if polish'd right,
With the same gifts abounds;
Appears at once both keen and bright,
And sparkles while it wounds.

The Difference between the Ancients and Moderns.

SOME for the ancients zealously declare;
Others our modern wits are fools aver:
A third affirms, that they are much the same,
And differ only as to time and name:
Yet sure one more distinction may be told;
Those once were new, but these will ne'er be old.

To Mr. Pope, on his Epitaph on Mr. Gay. LORD ORRERY.

ENTOMB'D with kings though Gay's cold ashes lie,
A nobler monument thy strains supply.
Thy matchless muse, still faithful to thy friend,
By courts unaw'd, his virtues dare commend.
Lamented Gay! forget thy treatment past,
Look down, and see thy merit crown'd at last.
A destiny more glorious who can hope?
In life belov'd, in death bemoan'd, by Pope.

Milton. DRYDEN.

THREE poets in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn:
The first in loftiness of thought surpass'd,
The next in majesty, in both the last.
The force of Nature could no farther go:
To make a third, she join'd the other two.

On the Duchess of Marlborough's Offer of £500 for the best Poem on the Duke's Actions.

FIVE hundred pounds! too small a boon
To put the poet's muse in tune,
That nothing might escape her:
Should she attempt th' heroic story
Of the illustrious Churchill's glory,
It scarce would buy the paper.

By PRIOR.

THUS to the Muses spoke the Cyprian dame:
"Adorn my altars, and revere my name;
My son shall else assume his potent darts:
Twang goes the bow! my girls, have at your hearts!"
The Muses answer'd—"Venus, we deride
The vagrant's malice, and his mother's pride.
Send him to nymphs who sleep in Ida's shade,
To the loose dance and wanton masquerade:
Our thoughts are settled, and intent our look
On the instructive verse and moral book;
On female idleness his power relies,
But when he finds us studying hard he flies."

By POPE.

GREAT Villiers' fate sage Cutler could foresee;
And, well he thought, advis'd him—"Live like me."
As well his Grace replied—"Like you, Sir John!
That I can do when all I have is gone.

The Giant angling.

HIS angle-rod made of a sturdy oak,
His line a cable which in storms ne'er broke;
His hook he baited with a dragon's tail,
And sat upon a rock, and bobb'd for whale.

To a noted Liar.

LIE on! while my revenge shall be,
To speak the very truth of thee.

On Michael Angelo's famous Piece of the Crucifixion, who stabbed a Person that he might do it more naturally. *Dr.* YOUNG.

WHILST his Redeemer on the canvass dies,
Stabb'd at his feet his brother welt'ring lies;
The daring artist, cruelly serene,
Views the pale cheek, and the distorted mien;
He drains off life by drops; and, deaf to cries,
Examines ev'ry spirit as it flies;
He studies torment, dives in mortal woe,
To rouse up ev'ry pang repeats the blow;
Each rising agony, each dreadful grace,
Yet warm transplanting to his Saviour's face;
O glorious theft! O nobly wicked draught!
With its full charge of death each feature fraught!
Such wondrous force the magic colors boast,
From his own skill he starts, in horror lost.

On the Death of a Lady's Cat. HARRISON.

AND is Miss Tabby from the world retir'd?
And are her lives, all her nine lives, expir'd?
What sounds so moving as her own can tell
How Tabby died, how full of play she fell?
Begin, ye tuneful nine, a mournful strife,
And ev'ry muse shall celebrate a life.

A Receipt for Courtship. SWIFT.

TWO or three dears, and two or three sweets;
Two or three balls, and two or three treats;
Two or three serenades, giv'n as a lure;
Two or three oaths how much they endure;
Two or three messages sent in one day;
Two or three times led out from the play;
Two or three soft speeches made by the way;
Two or three tickets for two or three times;
Two or three love-letters writ all in rhymes;
Two or three months keeping strict to these rules
Can never fail making a couple of fools.

To a Lady who used Patches.

YOUR homely face, Flippanta, you disguise,
With patches numerous as Argus' eyes;
I own that patching's requisite for you,
For more we're pleased the less your face we view:
Yet I advise, since my advice you ask,
Wear but one patch, and be that patch a mask.

To Mr. Addison, on his Tragedy of Cato.

THE mind to virtue is by verse subdued,
And the true poet is a public good.
This Britain feels: while, by your lines inspir'd,
Her free-born sons to glorious thoughts are fir'd.
In Rome had you espous'd the vanquish'd cause,
Inflam'd her senate, and upheld her laws,
Your manly scenes had liberty restor'd,
And giv'n the just success to Cato's sword;
O'er Cæsar's arms your genius had prevail'd,
And the muse triumph'd where the patriot fail'd.

Jealousy.

To Bedlam with him: is he sound in mind,
Who still is seeking what he would not find?

By LEONARD WELSTEAD.

"I OWE," says Thomas, "much to Peter's care;
Once only seen, he chose me for his heir."
"True, Thomas; hence your fortunes take their rise:
His heir you were not, had he seen you twice."

By Dr. KENRICK.

THE great, good man, whom Fortune will displace,
May into scarceness fall, but not disgrace.
His sacred person none will dare profane;
He may be poor, but never can be mean.
He holds his value with the wise and good,
And, prostrate, seems as great as when he stood.
So ruin'd temples holy awe dispense,
They lose their height, but keep their reverence;
The pious crowd the piles, though fall'n, deplore,
And what they fail to raise they still adore.

By Dean SWIFT.

YOU beat your pate, and fancy wit will come:
Knock as you will, there's nobody at home.

A Flower by Varelst. PRIOR.

WHEN famed Varelst this little wonder drew,
Flora vouchsafed the growing work to view.
Finding the painter's science at a stand,
The Goddess snatch'd the pencil from his hand:

And, finishing the piece, she smiling said,
"Behold one work of mine that ne'er shall fade."

By Sir SAMUEL GARTH.

CAN you count the silver lights
That deck the skies, and cheer the nights;
Or the leaves that strew the vales,
When groves are stripp'd by winter gales;
Or the drops that in the morn
Hang with transparent pearl the thorn;
Or bridegroom's joys, or miser's cares,
Or gamester's oaths, or hermit's prayers;
Or envy's pangs, or love's alarms,
Or Marlbro's acts, or Molly's charms?

By AARON HILL.

HOW is the world deceiv'd by noise and show!
Alas! how diff'rent, to pretend and know!
Like a poor highway brook, pretence runs loud;
Bustling, but shallow, dirty, weak, and proud;
While, like some nobler stream, true knowledge glides,
Silently strong, and its deep bottom hides.

The Royal Knotter. Sir CH. SEDLEY.

AH, happy people! ye must thrive,
While thus the royal pair does strive
Both to advance your glory!
While he by 's valor conquers France,
She manufactures does advance,
And makes thread-fringes for ye.

Blest we! who from such queens are freed,
Who, by vain superstition led,
Are always telling beads:
But here's a queen now, thanks to God!
Who, when she rides in coach abroad,
Is always knotting threads.

Then haste, victorious Nassau, haste;
And when the summer show is past,
Let all thy trumpets sound:
The fringe which this campaign has wrought,
Though 't cost the nation scarce a groat,
Thy conquests will surround.

What's Honor?

NOT to be captious, not unjustly fight;
'Tis to confess what's wrong, and do what's right.

By PRIOR.

YES, ev'ry poet is a fool;
By demonstration Ned can show it.
Happy, could Ned's inverted rule
Prove ev'ry fool to be a poet.

Dean Swift's Curate.

I MARCH'D three miles through scorching sand,
With zeal in heart, and notes in hand;
I rode four more to Great St. Mary,
Using four legs when two were weary.
To three fair virgins I did tie men,
In the close bands of pleasing Hymen;
I dipp'd two babes in holy water,
And purified their mothers after.
Within an hour and eke a half,
I preach'd three congregations deaf;
While thund'ring out with lungs long-winded,
I chopp'd so fast that few there minded.
My emblem, the laborious sun,
Saw all these mighty labors done
Before one race of his was run!
All this perform'd by Robert Hewit:
What mortal else could e'er go through it?

On Sir Godfrey Kneller's painting, for the Author, the Statues of Apollo, Venus, and Hercules. POPE.

WHAT god, what genius did the pencil move,
When Kneller painted these? [Love,
'Twas Friendship—warm as Phœbus, kind as
And strong as Hercules.

Verses occasioned by Mr. Aikman's Death. THOMSON.

As those we love decay, we die in part;
String after string is sever'd from the heart;
Till loosen'd life, at last but breathing clay,
Without one pang, is glad to fall away.
Unhappy he who latest feels the blow,
Whose eyes have wept o'er every friend laid low;
Dragg'd ling'ring on from partial death to death,
Till, dying, all he can resign is breath.

To the Rev. Mr. Murdoch, Rector of Stradishall, in Suffolk. THOMSON.

THUS safely low, my friend, thou canst not fall;
Here reigns a deep tranquillity o'er all;
No noise, no care, no vanity, no strife; [life:
Men, woods, and trees, all breathe untroubled
Then keep each passion down, however dear;
Trust me, the tender are the most severe.
Guard, while 'tis thine, with philosophic ease,
And ask no joy but that of virtuous peace!
That bids defiance to the storms of fate:
High bliss is only for a higher state.

The Power of Time. SWIFT.

IF neither brass nor marble can withstand
The mortal force of Time's destructive hand:
If mountains sink to vales, if cities die,
And less'ning rivers mourn their fountains dry;
"When my old cassock," said a Welsh divine,
"Is out at elbows, why should I repine?"

Epigram by Dr. DODDRIDGE, *on his Motto,* DUM VIVIMUS, VIVAMUS.

"LIVE while you live," the epicure will say,
"And take the pleasure of the present day."
"Live while you live," the sacred preacher cries,
"And give to God each moment as it flies."
Lord, in my view let both united be!
I live in pleasure when I live to Thee.

By Lord LANSDOWNE.

BELIEVE me, Chloe, those perfumes that cost
Such sums to sweeten thee, is treasure lost;
Not all Arabia would sufficient be; [thee.
Thou smell'st not of thy sweets; they stink of

By PRIOR.

WHEN Topewell thought fit from the world to retreat,
As full of Champagne as an egg's full of meat,
He wak'd in the boat, and to Charon he said,
He would be row'd back, for he was not yet dead.
"Trim the boat, and sit quiet," stern Charon replied: [you died."
"You may have forgot; you were drunk when

By Dean SWIFT.

DEAF, giddy, helpless, left alone,
To all my friends a burthen grown:
No more I hear my church's bell
Than if it rang out for my knell:
At thunder now no more I start
Than at the rumbling of a cart:
Nay, what's incredible, alack!
I hardly hear a woman's clack.

On a Fan which bore the Story of Cephalus and Procris, with this Motto:

AURA, VENI.

COME, gentle Air, th' Æolian shepherd said,
While Procris panted in the secret shade;
Come, gentle Air, the fairer Delia cries,
While at her feet her swain expiring lies:
Lo! the glad gales o'er all her beauties stray,
Breathe on her lips, and in her bosom play.
In Delia's hand this toy is fatal found;
Nor could that fabled dart more surely wound.
Both gifts destructive to the givers prove,
Alike both lovers fall by those they love:
Yet guiltless too this bright destroyer lives,
At random wounds, nor knows the wound she gives:
She views the story with attentive eyes,
And pities Procris, while her lover dies.

On an Epigram.

ONE day, in Chelsea meadows walking,
Of poetry and such things talking,
Says Ralph, a merry wag,
"An epigram, if smart and good,
In all its circumstances should
Be like a jelly-bag."
"Your simile, I own, is new;
But how wilt make it out?" says Hugh.
Quoth Ralph, "I'll tell thee, friend;
Make it at top both wide and fit
To hold a budget-full of wit,
And point it at the end."

TREASON does never prosper: what's the reason? [son.
Why, when it prospers, none dare call it trea-

By Dr. SWIFT.

As Thomas was cudgell'd one day by his wife,
He took to his heels, and he ran for his life.
Tom's three dearest friends came by in the squabble,
And screen'd him at once from the shrew and the rabble; [advice:
Then ventur'd to give him some wholesome
But Tom is a fellow of honor so nice,
Too proud to take counsel, too wise to take warning, [morning.
That he sent to all three a challenge next
He fought with all three; thrice ventur'd his life; [his wife.
Then went home, and was cudgell'd again by

On Mr. Butler's Monument in Westminster Abbey. S. WESTLEY.

WHILST Butler, needy wretch! was yet alive,
No gen'rous patron would a dinner give:
See him, when starv'd to death, and turn'd to dust,
Presented with a monumental bust.
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown;
He ask'd for bread, and he receiv'd a stone.

By W. CONGREVE.

SEE, see, she wakes! Sabina wakes!
And now the sun begins to rise;
Less glorious is the morn that breaks
From his bright beams, than her bright eyes.
With light united, day they give;
But diff'rent fates ere night fulfil:
How many by his warmth will live!
How many will her coldness kill!

Under a Picture of Mr. Poyntz. LYTTELTON.

SUCH is thy form, O Poyntz! but who shall find
A hand or colors to express thy mind?
A mind unmov'd by ev'ry vulgar fear;
In a false world, that dares to be sincere;
Wise without art, without ambition great;
Though firm, yet pliant; active, though sedate;
With all the richest stores of learning fraught,
Yet better still by native prudence taught;
That, fond the griefs of the distress'd to heal,
Can pity frailties it could never feel; [know
That, when misfortune sued, ne'er sought to
What sect, what party, whether friend or foe;
That, fix'd on equal Virtue's temp'rate laws,
Despises calumny, and shuns applause;
That, to his own perfections singly blind,
Would for another think this praise design'd.

The Commons' Petition to King Charles the Second. ROCHESTER.

IN all humility we crave
Our sovereign may be our slave;
And humbly beg that he may be
Betray'd by us most loyally:
And, if he please once to lay down
His sceptre, dignity, and crown,
We'll make him, for the time to come,
The greatest prince in Christendom.

The King's Answer.

CHARLES, at this time having no need,
Thanks you as much as if you did.

On Plutarch's Statue. From the Greek. DRYDEN.

WISE, honest Plutarch! to thy deathless praise
The sons of Rome this grateful statue raise:

For why? both Greece and Rome thy fame
have shar'd;
Their heroes written, and their lives compar'd.
But thou thyself couldst never write thy own:
Their lives had parallels, but thine has none!

On the Statue of Niobe. From the Greek.

To stone the gods have changed her, but in
vain;
The sculptor's art has made her breathe again.

Ulysses' Dog. POPE.

WHEN wise Ulysses, from his native coast
Long kept by wars, and long by tempests tost,
Arriv'd at last, poor, old, disguised, alone,
To all his friends, and e'en his queen, unknown;
Changed as he was with age, and toils, and cares,
Furrowed his rev'rend face, and white his hairs,
In his own palace forced to ask his bread,
Scorn'd by those slaves his former bounty fed,
Forgot of all his own domestic crew;
The faithful dog alone his master knew!
Unfed, unhous'd, neglected, on the clay,
Like an old servant now cashier'd, he lay;
And, though e'en then expiring on the plain,
Touch'd with resentment of ungrateful man,
And longing to behold his ancient lord again,
Him when he saw, he rose, and crawl'd to
meet,— [feet,
'Twas all he could,—and fawn'd, and kiss'd his
Seiz'd with dumb joy: then, falling by his side,
Own'd his returning lord, look'd up, and died.

On the Spectator.

WHEN first the Tatler to a mute was turn'd,
Great Britain for her censor's silence mourn'd;
Robb'd of his sprightly beams, she wept the
night,
Till the Spectator rose, and blaz'd as bright.
So the first man the sun's first setting view'd,
And sigh'd till circling day his joys renew'd;
Yet doubtful how that second sun to name,
Whether a bright successor or the same:
So we—but now from this suspense are freed;
Since all agree who both with judgment read,
'Tis the same sun, and does himself succeed.

To the Lord Chancellor King; alluding to his Motto,

LABOR IPSE VOLUPTAS!

'TIS not the splendor of the place,
The gilded coach, the purse, the mace,
And all the pompous train of state,
With crowds which at the levee wait,
That make you happy, make you great:
But when mankind you strive to bless,
With all the talents you possess;
When all the joys you can receive
Flow from the benefits you give;
This takes the heart, this conquers spite,
And makes the heavy burden light;
True pleasure, rightly understood,
Is only labor to do good.

Written in a Lady's Milton. PRIOR.

WITH virtue strong as yours had Eve been
arm'd,
In vain the fruit had blush'd, or serpent charm'd;
Nor had our bliss by penitence been bought—
Nor had frail Adam fell, nor Milton wrote.

Dr. Wynter to Dr. Cheyney, on his Books in Favor of a Vegetable Diet.

TELL me from whom, fat-headed Scot,
Thou didst thy system learn:
From Hippocrate thou hadst it not,
Nor Celsus, nor Pitcairn.

Suppose we own that milk is good,
And say the same of grass;
The one for babes is only food,
The other for an ass.

Doctor! one new prescription try;
(A friend's advice forgive;)
Eat grass, reduce thyself, and die!
Thy patients then may live.

Dr. Cheyney to Dr. Wynter.

MY system, doctor, is my own;
No tutor I pretend:
My blunders hurt myself alone,
But yours your dearest friend.

Were you to milk and straw confin'd,
Thrice happy might you be;
Perhaps you might regain your mind,
And from your wit get free.

I can't your kind prescription try,
But heartily forgive;
'Tis natural you should bid me die,
That you yourself may live.

A smart Repartee. SWIFT.

CRIES Sylvia to a reverend Dean,
"What reason can be giv'n,
Since marriage is a holy thing,
That there is none in heav'n?"
"There are no women," he replied.
She quick returns the jest:
"Women there are, but I'm afraid
They cannot find a priest."

On a bad Translation.

HIS work now done, he'll publish it no doubt:
For sure I am that murder will come out.

On Sir John Vanbrugh's Device of a Lion and a Cock, at Blenheim.

HAD Marlb'rough's troops in Gaul no better
fought,
Than Van, to grace his fame, in marble wrought,
No more in arms than he in emblems skill'd,
The cock had drove the lion from the field.

The Antidote.

WHEN Lesbia first I saw, so heavenly fair,
With eyes so bright, and with that awful air;
I thought my heart, which durst so high aspire,
As bold as his who snatch'd celestial fire.

But, soon as e'er the beauteous idiot spoke,
Forth from her coral lips such folly broke,
Like balm the trickling nonsense heal'd my wound, [bound.
And what her eyes enthrall'd, her tongue un-

Effectual Malice.

OF all the pens which my poor rhymes molest,
Cotin's the sharpest, and succeeds the best;
Others outrageous scold, and rail downright
With serious rancor and true Christian spite;
But he, more sly, pursues his fell design,
Writes scoundrel verses, and then says they're mine.

On a Regiment sent to Oxford, and a Present of Books to Cambridge, by King George I. 1715. *Dr.* TRAPP.

THE king, observing with judicious eyes
The state of both his universities,
To one he sent a regiment; for why?
That learned body wanted loyalty.
To th' other he sent books, as well discerning
How much that loyal body wanted learning.

Answered by Sir WM. BROWNE.

THE king to Oxford sent his troop of horse,
For Tories own no argument but force;
With equal care, to Cambridge books he sent,
For Whigs allow no force but argument.

Against Life. From the Greek of Posidippus.

WHAT tranquil road, unvex'd by strife,
Can mortals choose through human life?
Attend the courts, attend the bar,
There discord reigns, and endless jar:
At home the weary wretches find
Severe disquietude of mind:
To till the fields gives toil and pain;
Eternal terrors sweep the main:
If rich, we fear to lose our store;
Need and distress await the poor:
Sad cares the bands of Hymen give;
Friendless, forlorn, th' unmarried live;
Are children born, we anxious groan;
Childless, our lack of heirs we moan:
Wild, giddy schemes our youth engage;
Weakness and wants depress old age.
Would fate then with my wish comply,
I'd never live, or quickly die.

For Life. From the Greek of Metrodorus.

MANKIND may rove, unvex'd by strife,
Through ev'ry road of human life.
Fair wisdom regulates the bar,
And peace concludes the wordy war:
At home auspicious mortals find
Serene tranquillity of mind:
All-beauteous nature decks the plain;
And merchants plough for gold the main:
Respect arises from our store;
Security from being poor:
More joys the bands of Hymen give;
Th' unmarried with more freedom live:
If parents, our blest lot we own;
Childless, we have no cause to moan:
Firm vigor crowns our youthful stage,
And venerable hairs old age.
Since all is good, then who would cry,
"I'd never live, or quickly die?"

Mutual Pity.

TOM, ever jovial, ever gay,
To appetite a slave,
In riot throws his life away,
And laughs to see me grave.
'Tis thus that we two disagree;
So diff'rent is our whim:
The fellow fondly laughs at me,
While I could cry for him.

Under the Statue of a Water Nymph, at Stourhead, Somersetshire. From the Latin. POPE.

NYMPH of the grot, these sacred springs I keep,
And to the murmur of these waters sleep;
Ah, spare my slumbers! gently tread the cave,
Or drink in silence, or in silence lave.

On his own Grotto. POPE.

THOU who shalt stop where Thames' translucent wave [cave:
Shines a broad mirror through the shadowy
Where ling'ring drops from min'ral roofs distil,
And pointed crystals break the sparkling rill;
Unpolish'd gems no ray on pride bestow,
And latent metals innocently glow;—
Approach! great Nature studiously behold,
And eye the mine without a wish for gold.
Approach, but awful!—Lo! the Egerian grot,
Where, nobly pensive, St. John sat and thought;
Where British sighs from dying Wyndham stole,
And the bright flame was shot through Marchmont's soul.
Let such, such only, tread this sacred floor,
Who dare to love their country, and be poor.

A prudent Choice.

WHEN Loveless married Lady Jenny,
Whose beauty was the ready penny;
"I chose her," says he, "like old plate,
Not for the fashion, but the weight."

On a great House adorned with Statues.

THE walls are thick, the servants thin;
The gods without, the dev'l within.

On a hasty Marriage.

MARRIED! 'tis well! a mighty blessing!
But poor 's the joy, no coin possessing.
In ancient times, when folk did wed,
"Twas to be one at "board and bed:"
But hard 's his case who can't afford
His charmer either bed or board.

The musical Contest. SWIFT.

SOME say that Signior Bononcini,
Compar'd to Handel, 's a mere ninny:
Others aver that to him Handel
Is scarcely fit to hold a candle.
Strange! that such difference should be
'Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee!

The happy Physiognomy.

You ask why Roome* diverts you with his jokes,
Yet, if he prints, is dull as other folks?
You wonder at it!—This, sir, is the case:
The jest is lost unless he prints his face.

On certain Pastorals.

So rude and tuneless are thy lays,
The weary audience vow,
'Tis not th' Arcadian swain that sings,
But 'tis his herds that low.

On a Gentleman who expended his Fortune in Horse-Racing.

JOHN ran so long, and ran so fast,
No wonder he ran out at last;
He ran in debt; and then, to pay,
He distanc'd all—and ran away.

From the Greek.

A BLOOMING youth lies buried here;
Euphemius, to his country dear:
Nature adorn'd his mind and face
With ev'ry muse and ev'ry grace:
Prepar'd the marriage state to prove,
But Death had quicker wings than Love.

On Sophocles.

WIND, gentle evergreen, to form a shade
Around the tomb where Sophocles is laid:
Sweet ivy, wind thy boughs, and intertwine
With blushing roses and the clust'ring vine:
Thus will thy lasting leaves, with beauties hung,
Prove grateful emblems of the lays he sung:
Whose soul, exalted, like a god of wit,
Among the muses and the graces writ.

On the Countess Dowager of Pembroke. BEN JONSON.

UNDERNEATH this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sydney's sister, Pembroke's mother:
Death, ere thou hast slain another,
Fair, and wise, and good as she,
Time shall throw his dart at thee.

By BEN JONSON.

UNDERNEATH this stone doth lie
As much virtue as could die;
Which, when alive, did vigor give
To as much beauty as could live.
If she had a single fault,
Leave it buried in this vault.

Intended for Dryden. POPE.

THIS Sheffield rais'd. The sacred dust below
Was Dryden once: the rest who does not know?

On Mr. Rowe. POPE.

THY relics, Rowe! to this sad shrine we trust,
And near thy Shakspeare place thy honor'd bust.

O! next him, skill'd to draw the tender tear,
For never heart felt passion more sincere;
To nobler sentiments to fire the brave,
For never Briton more disdain'd a slave;
Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest;
Bless'd in thy genius, in thy love too bless'd!
And bless'd, that, timely from our scene remov'd,
Thy soul enjoys the liberty it lov'd.

On Mr. Fenton. POPE.

THIS modest stone, what few vain marbles can,
May truly say, "Here lies an honest man:"
A poet, bless'd beyond a poet's fate,
Whom Heaven kept sacred from the proud and great.
Foe to loud praise, and friend to learned ease,
Content with science in the vale of peace,
Calmly he look'd on either life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
From nature's temp'rate feast rose satisfied,
Thank'd Heaven that he had liv'd, and that he died.

On Mr. Gay. POPE.

OF manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit a man, simplicity a child;
With native humor temp'ring virtuous rage,
Form'd to delight at once and lash the age:
Above temptation in a low estate,
And uncorrupted e'en among the great:
A safe companion, and an easy friend,
Unblam'd through life, lamented in his end:
These are thy honors! not that here thy bust
Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dust;
But that the worthy and the good shall say,
Striking their pensive bosoms—*Here* lies Gay.

PRIOR *on himself.*

To me 'tis given to die, to thee 'tis given
To live; alas! one moment sets us even;
Mark how impartial is the will of Heaven!

To the Pie-house *Memory of Nell Batchelor, the Oxford Pie-Woman.*

HERE, into the dust
The mouldering crust
Of Eleanor Batchelor's shoven;
Well vers'd in the arts
Of pies, custards, and tarts,
And the lucrative skill of the oven.

When she'd liv'd long enough,
She made her last puff—
A puff by her husband much prais'd:
Now here she doth lie,
And makes a dirt-pie,
In hopes that her *crust* shall be *rais'd*.

Posthumous Fame.

A MONSTER, in a course of vice grown old,
Leaves to his gaping heir his ill-gain'd gold:
Now breathes his bust, now are his virtues shown,
Their date commencing with the sculptur'd stone.

* Author of a paper called Pasquin, reflecting on Mr. Pope, &c.

If on his specious marble we rely,
Pity a worth like his should ever die!
If credit to his real life we give,
Pity a wretch like him should ever live!

On Mr. Craggs. POPE.

STATESMAN, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honor clear!
Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end;
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend!
Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd; [lov'd.
Prais'd, wept, and honor'd, by the muse he

On Sir Isaac Newton.

APPROACH, ye wise of soul, with awe divine: [shrine!
'Tis Newton's name that consecrates this
That sun of knowledge, whose meridian ray
Kindled the gloom of nature into day!
That soul of science, that unbounded mind,
That genius which ennobled human kind!
Confess'd supreme of men, his country's pride;
And half esteemed an angel—till he died:
Who in the eye of Heaven like Enoch stood,
And through the paths of knowledge walk'd with God:
Whose fame extends, a sea without a shore!
Who but forsook one world to know the laws of more.

On the same. POPE.

NATURE and nature's laws lay hid in night:
God said, "Let Newton be!" and all was light.

From COWLEY.

HERE lies the great. False marble, tell me where:
Nothing but poor and sordid dust lies here.

On a Young Lady. MALLET.

THIS humble grave though no proud structure grace,
Yet truth and goodness sanctify the place:
Yet blameless virtue, that adorn'd thy bloom,
Lamented maid! now weeps upon thy tomb:
Escap'd from death, O safe on that calm shore,
Where sin, and pain, and passion, are no more!
What never wealth could buy, nor pow'r decree,
Regard and pity, wait sincere on thee!
Lo! soft remembrance drops a pious tear,
And holy friendship sits a mourner here.

On Mr. Aikman and his Son. MALLET.

DEAR to the wise and good, beneath this stone
Here sleep in peace the father and the son!
By virtue, as by nature, close allied;
The painter's genius, but without the pride:
Worth unambitious, wit afraid to shine,
Honor's clear light, and friendship's warmth divine.
The son, fair rising, knew too short a date!
But O! how more severe the parent's fate!
He saw him torn untimely from his side,
Felt all a father's anguish, wept, and died.

On an Infant.

To the dark and silent tomb
Soon I hasted from the womb;
Scarce the dawn of life began
Ere I measur'd out my span.

I no smiling pleasures knew;
I no gay delights could view;
Joyless sojourner was I,
Only born to weep and die.

Happy infant, early blest!
Rest, in peaceful slumber rest;
Early rescu'd from the cares
Which increase with growing years.

No delights are worth thy stay,
Smiling as they seem, and gay;
Short and sickly are they all,
Hardly tasted ere they pall.

All our gayety is vain,
All our laughter is but pain:
Lasting, only, and divine,
Is an innocence like thine.

Epitaph on Mrs. Mason, in the Cathedral at Bristol. MASON.

TAKE, holy earth! all that my soul holds dear:
Take that best gift which Heaven so lately gave:
To Bristol's fount I bore with trembling care
Her faded form. She bow'd to taste the wave— [line?
And died. Does youth, does beauty read the
Does sympathetic fear their breasts alarm?
Speak, dead Maria! breathe a strain divine;
E'en from the grave thou shalt have power to charm.
Bid them be chaste, be innocent, like thee:
Bid them in duty's sphere as meekly move:
And, if so fair, from vanity as free,
As firm in friendship, and as fond in love,
Tell them, though 'tis an awful thing to die,
('Twas, e'en to thee,) yet, the dread path once trod,
Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high,
And bids "the pure in heart behold their God."

Epitaph on Miss Drummond, in the Church of Brodsworth, Yorkshire. MASON.

HERE sleeps what once was beauty, once was grace; [bin'd
Grace, that with tenderness and sense com-
To form that harmony of soul and face,
Where beauty shines the mirror of the mind.
Such was the maid, that, in the morn of youth,
In virgin innocence, in nature's pride,
Bless'd with each art that owes its charms to truth,
Sunk in her father's fond embrace, and died.
He weeps; O venerate the holy tear!
Faith lends her aid to ease affliction's load;
The parent mourns his child upon the bier,
The Christian yields an angel to his God.

Epitaph on Mrs. Clarke. GRAY.

LO! where this silent marble weeps,
A friend, a wife, a mother, sleeps;
A heart, within whose sacred cell
The peaceful virtues lov'd to dwell.
Affection warm, and faith sincere,
And soft humanity, were there.
In agony, in death resign'd,
She felt the wound she left behind.
Her infant image, here below,
Sits smiling on a father's woe:
Whom what awaits, while yet he strays
Along the lonely vale of days?
A pang to secret sorrow dear;
A sigh, an unavailing tear,
Till time shall ev'ry grief remove,
With life, with mem'ry, and with love.

The Prayer of a wise Heathen.

GREAT Jove, this one petition grant;
(Thou knowest best what mortals want;)
Ask'd or unask'd, what's good supply;
What's evil, to our pray'rs deny!

An Incident in high Life.

THE Bucks had din'd, and deep in council sat;
Their wine was brilliant, but their wit grew flat:
Up starts his Lordship, to the window flies,
And lo! "A race! a race!" in rapture cries.
"Where?" quoth Sir John. "Why, see! two drops of rain
Start from the summit of the crystal pane:
A thousand pounds, which drop with nimblest force
Performs its current down the slippery course!"
The bets were fix'd; the dire suspense they wait
For victory pendent on the nod of Fate.
Now down the sash, unconscious of the prize,
The bubbles roll—like pearls from Chloe's eyes.
But, ah! the glittering joys of life are short!—
How oft two jostling steeds have spoil'd the sport!
Lo! thus attraction, by coercive laws,
Th' approaching drops into *one* bubble draws.
Each curs'd his fate, that thus their project cross'd;
How hard their lot, who neither won nor lost!

A Court Audience.

OLD South, a witty churchman reckon'd,
Was preaching once to Charles the Second;
But, much too serious for a court,
Who at all preaching made a sport,
He soon perceiv'd his audience nod,
Deaf to the zealous man of God.
The doctor stopp'd, began to call,
"Pray wake the Earl of Lauderdale:
My lord! why, 'tis a monstrous thing!
You snore so loud you'll wake the king!"

On a Dispute between Dr. Radcliffe and Sir Godfrey Kneller.

SIR Godfrey and Radcliffe had one common way
Into one common garden—and each had a key.
Quoth Kneller, "I'll certainly stop up that door,
If ever I find it unlock'd any more."
"Your threats," replies Radcliffe, "disturb not my ease;
And, so you don't *paint* it, e'en do what you please."
"You're smart," rejoins Kneller; "but say what you will:
I'll *take* any thing from you—but potion or pill."

On Mr. Nash's Picture at full Length, between the Busts of Sir Isaac Newton and Mr. Pope, at Bath. CHESTERFIELD.

THE old Egyptians hid their wit
In hieroglyphic dress,
To give men pains in search of it,
And please themselves with guess.

Moderns, to hit the self-same path,
And exercise their parts,
Place figures in a room at Bath:
Forgive them, God of arts!

Newton, if I can judge aright,
All Wisdom does express;
His knowledge gives mankind delight,
Adds to their happiness.

Pope is the emblem of true Wit,
The sunshine of the mind;
Read o'er his works in search of it,
You'll endless pleasure find.

Nash represents man in the mass,
Made up of wrong and right;
Sometimes a king, sometimes an ass,
Now blunt, and now polite.

The picture, plac'd the busts between,
Adds to the thought much strength;
Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
But Folly's at full length.

EPIGRAMS FROM MARTIAL.

Book i. Ep. 11.

CURMUDGEON the rich widow courts;
Nor lively she, nor made for sports;
'Tis to Curmudgeon charm enough,
That she has got a church-yard cough.

Book i. Ep. 14.

WHEN Arria from her wounded side
To Pætus gave the reeking steel,
"I feel not what I've done," she cried;
"What Pætus is to do, I feel."

Book iii. Ep. 43.

BEFORE a swan, behind a crow,
Such self-deceit ne'er did I know.
Ah! cease your arts—Death knows you're gray
And, spite of all, will keep his day.

Book iv. Ep. 78.

WITH lace bedizen'd comes the man,
And I must dine with Lady Anne.
A silver service loads the board,
Of eatables a slender hoard.
"Your pride and not your victuals spare;
I came to dine, and not to stare."

Book vii. Ep. 75.

WHEN dukes in town ask thee to dine,
To rule their roast, and smack their wine;
Or take thee to their country seat,
To mark their dogs, and bless their meat;
——, dream not on preferment soon:
Thou'rt not their friend, but their buffoon.

Book i. Ep. 40.

Is there t' enrol amongst the friendly few,
Whose names pure faith and ancient fame renew;
Is there, enrich'd with virtue's honest store,
Deep vers'd in Latian and Athenian lore;
Is there, who right maintains, and truth pursues,
Nor knows a wish that Heaven can refuse?
Is there, who can on his great self depend?
Now let me die, but Harris is this friend.

Book ii. Ep. 30.

WHEN Fannius should have 'scap'd his foe,
His own hands stopp'd his breath:
And was 't not madness, I would know,
By dying to 'scape death?

The same.

HIMSELF he slew, when he the foe would fly;
What madness this—for fear of death to die!

Book i. Ep. 16.

THOU, whom (if faith or honor recommends
A friend) I rank amongst my dearest friends,
Remember you are now almost threescore;
Few days of life remain, if any more:
Defer not what no future time ensures;
And only what is past, esteem that yours.
Successive cares and troubles for you stay;
Pleasure not so; it nimbly fleets away:
Then seize it fast; embrace it ere it flies;
In the embrace it vanishes and dies.
"I'll live to-morrow," will a wise man say?
To-morrow is too late—then live to-day.

From Martial, literally translated.

A LANDLORD at Bath put upon me a queer *hum:* [*mere rum.**
I ask'd him for punch, and the dog gave me

Book ii. Ep. 41.

YES; I submit, my lord; you've gain'd your end: [friend.
I'm now your slave, that would have been your
I'll bow, I'll cringe, be supple as your glove,
Respect, adore you—every thing, but love.

Book viii. Ep. 19.

HAL says he's poor, in hopes you'll say he's not; [groat.
But take his word for't: Hal's not worth a

Book ix. Ep. 32.

MY works the reader and the hearer praise;
They're incorrect, a brother-poet says:
But let him rail; for when I give a feast,
Am I to please the cook, or please the guest?

Book i. Ep. 34.

HER father dead, alone no grief she knows;
Th' obedient tear at ev'ry visit flows.

* *Mcrum* is not translated at all.

No mourner he who must by praise be fee'd;
But he who mourns in secret, mourns indeed!

Book i. Ep. 39.

THE verses, friend, which thou hast read, are mine; [thine.
But, as thou read'st them, they may pass for

Book ii. Ep. 3.

YOU say, you nothing owe; and so I say:
He only owes, who something has to pay.

Book ii. Ep. 58.

YOU'RE fine, and ridicule my thread-bare gown:
Thread-bare indeed it is; but 'tis my own.

I DROPP'D a thing in verse, without a name;
I felt no censure, and I gain'd no fame:
The public saw the bastard in the cradle,
But ne'er inquir'd; so left it to the beadle.
A certain nobleman takes up the child;
The real father lay perdu, and smil'd.
The public now enlarges ev'ry grace:
What shining eyes it has! how fair a face!
Of parts what symmetry! what strength divine!
The noble brat is sure of Pelops' line.

An Epitaph to the Memory of Lucy Lyttelton.

MADE to engage all hearts, and charm all eyes; [wise;
Though meek, magnanimous; though witty,
Polite as all her life in courts had been,
Yet good as she the world had never seen;
The noble fire of an exalted mind,
With gentle female tenderness combin'd;
Her speech was the melodious voice of love;
Her song the warbling of the vernal grove;
Her eloquence was sweeter than her song,
Soft as her heart, and as her reason strong;
Her form each beauty of her mind express'd;
Her mind was virtue by the graces dress'd.

Epitaph on Miss Stanley. THOMSON.

HERE, Stanley! rest, escap'd this mortal strife,
Above the joys, beyond the woes of life.
Fierce pangs no more thy lively beauty stain,
And sternly try thee with a year of pain:
No more sweet patience, feigning oft relief,
Lights thy sick eye, to cheat a parent's grief:
With tender art to save her anxious groan,
No more thy bosom presses down its own:
Now well-earn'd peace is thine, and bliss sincere:
Ours be the lenient, not unpleasing tear!
O! born to bloom, then sink beneath the storm,
To show us Virtue in her fairest form;
To show us artless Reason's moral reign,
What boastful Science arrogates in vain;
Th' obedient passions, knowing each their part,
Calm light the head, and harmony the heart!
Yes, we must follow soon, will glad obey,
When a few suns have roll'd their cares away;
Tir'd with vain life, will close the willing eye;
'Tis the great birthright of mankind to die.

Blest be the bark that wafts us to the shore
Where death-divided friends shall part no more!
To join thee there, here with thy dust repose,
Is all the hope thy hapless mother knows.

My heart still hovering round about you,
I thought I could not live without you:
Now we have liv'd three months asunder,
How I liv'd with you is the wonder.

Dialogue between an old Incumbent and the Person promised the next Presentation.

"I'm glad to see you well."—"O faithless breath! [death!"
What, glad to see me well, and wish my
"No more," replies the youth, "sir, this misgiving:
I wish not for your death, but for your living!"

To Chloe.

I swore I lov'd, and you believ'd;
Yet, trust me, we were both deceiv'd,
Though all I swore was true.
I lov'd one, gen'rous, good, and kind,
A form created in my mind;
And thought that form was you.

She who in secret yields her heart,
Again may claim it from her lover;
But she who plays the trifler's part,
Can ne'er her squander'd fame recover.
Then grant the boon for which I pray;
'Tis better lend than throw away.

We thought you without titles great,
And wealthy with a small estate;
While by your humble self alone
You seem'd unrated and unknown.
But now on fortune's swelling tide
High borne in all the pomp of pride,
Of grandeur vain, and fond of pelf,
'Tis plain, my lord, you knew yourself.

On Shakspeare's Monument at Stratford upon Avon. Seward.

Great Homer's birth seven rival cities claim,
Too mighty such monopoly of fame. [stow,
Yet not to birth alone did Homer owe
His wondrous worth; what Egypt could be-
With all the schools of Greece and Asia join'd,
Enlarg'd th' immense expansion of his mind.
Nor yet unrivall'd the Mæonian strain:
The British Eagle* and the Mantuan Swan
Tow'r equal heights. But happier Stratford, thou,
With incontested laurels deck thy brow:
Thy bard was thine unschool'd, and from thee brought
More than all Egypt, Greece, or Asia, taught.

Not Homer's self such matchless honors won;
The Greek has rivals, but thy Shakspeare none.

A Sonnet. Imitated from the Spanish of Lopez de Vega: Menagiana, tom. iv. p. 176. Edwards.

Capricious Wray a sonnet needs must have;
I ne'er was so put to't before—a sonnet!
Why, fourteen verses must be spent upon it:
'Tis good, howe'er, t' have conquer'd the first stave.
Yet I shall ne'er find rhymes enough by half,
Said I; and found myself i' the midst o' the second:
If twice four verses were but fairly reckon'd,
I should turn back on the hardest part and laugh. [bled,
Thus far with good success I think I've scrib-
And of the twice seven lines have clean got o'er ten.
Courage! another 'll finish the first triplet.
Thanks to thee, muse, my work begins to shorten. [driblet:
There's thirteen lines got through, driblet by
'Tis done! count how you will, I warr'nt there's fourteen.

Why the Universities abound in Learning.

No wonder that Oxford and Cambridge, profound,
In learning and science so greatly abound;
When all carry thither a little each day,
And we meet with so few who bring any away.

As Quin and Foote
One day walk'd out
To view the country round,
In merry mood
They chatting stood
Hard by the village pound.

Foote from his poke
A shilling took,
And said, "I'll bet a penny
In a short space,
Within this place,
I'll make this piece a guinea."

Upon the ground,
Within the pound,
The shilling soon was thrown:
"Behold," says Foote,
"The thing's made out;
For there is one pound one."

"I wonder not,"
Says Quin, "that thought
Should in your head be found,
Since that's the way
Your debts you pay—
One shilling in the pound."

"O let me die in peace!" Eumenes cried
To a hard creditor at his bed-side. [evade!
"How! die!" roar'd Gripus; "thus your debts
No, no, sir; you shan't die 'till I am paid."

* Milton.

On Sleep.

ALTHOUGH soft sleep death's sad resemblance wears,
Still do I wish him on my couch to lie.
Come, balmy sleep; for sweetly it appears,
Thus without life to live, thus without death to die.

UPON some hasty errand Tom was sent,
And met his parish-curate as he went;
But, just like what he was, a sorry clown,
It seems he pass'd him with a cover'd crown.
The gownman stopp'd, and, turning, sternly said— [fed!"
"I doubt, my lad, you're far worse taught than
"Why, ay!" says Tom, still jogging on, "that's true: [you."
Thank God! he feeds me; but I'm taught by

Designed for the Monument of Sir Isaac Newton.

MORE than his name were less—'twould seem to fear [it here.
He, who increased Heaven's fame, could want
Yes; when the sun he lighted up shall fade,
And all the world he found at first decay'd;
Then void and waste eternity shall lie,
And Time and Newton's name together die!

Upon a young Gentleman refusing to walk with the Author in the Park, because he was not dressed well. GARRICK.

FRIEND Col. and I, both full of whim,
To shun each other oft agree;
For I'm not beau enough for him,
And he's too much a beau for me.

Then let us from each other fly,
And arm in arm no more appear;
That I may ne'er offend your eye,
That you may ne'er offend my ear.

Written soon after Dr. Hill's Farce, called The Rout, was acted. GARRICK.

FOR physic and farces
His equal there scarce is;
His farces are physic,
His physic a farce is.

To Dr. Hill, upon his Petition of the Letter I to Mr. Garrick. GARRICK.

IF 'tis true, as you say, that I've injur'd a letter, [better;
I'll change my note soon, and I hope for the
May the right use of letters, as well as of men,
Hereafter be fixed by the tongue and the pen;
Most devoutly I wish they both had their due,
And that *I* may be never mistaken for *U*.

To the Author of the Farmer's Letters, which were written in Ireland, in the Year of the Rebellion, by Henry Brooke, Esq. 1745. GARRICK.

O THOU, whose artless, free-born genius charms,
Whose rustic zeal each patriot bosom warms;
Pursue the glorious task, the pleasing toil;
Forsake the field, and till a nobler soil;
Extend the Farmer's care to human kind;
Manure the heart, and cultivate the mind:
There plant religion, reason, freedom, truth,
And sow the seeds of virtue in our youth:
Let no rank weeds corrupt, or brambles choke,
And shake the vermin from the British oak:
From northern blasts protect the vernal bloom,
And guard our pastures from the wolves of Rome:
On Britain's liberty ingraft thy name,
And reap the harvest of immortal fame!

Death and the Doctor. Occasioned by a Physician's lampooning a Friend of the Author. GARRICK.

As Doctor —— musing sat,
Death saw, and came without delay;
Enters the room, begins the chat,
With "Doctor, why so thoughtful, pray?"

The doctor started from his place;
But soon they more familiar grew;
And then he told his piteous case,
How trade was low, and friends were few.

"Away with fear," the phantom said,
As soon as he had heard his tale:
"Take my advice, and mend your trade:
We both are losers if you fail.

"Go, write; your wit in satire show,
No matter whether smart or true;
Call —— names, the greatest foe
To dulness, folly, pride, and you.

"Then copies spread,—there lies the trick,—
Among your friends be sure you send 'em;
For all who read will soon grow sick;
And, when you're call'd upon, attend 'em.

"Thus, trade increasing by degrees,
Doctor, we both shall have our ends;
For you are sure to have your fees,
And I am sure to have your friends."

Upon seeing Mr. Taylor's Pictures of Bath, and hearing a Connoisseur declare that "they were finely painted for a Gentleman." GARRICK.

TELL me the meaning, you who can,
Of "finely for a gentleman!"
Is genius, rarest gift of Heaven,
To the hired artist only given?
Or, like the Catholic salvation,
Paled in for any class or station?
Is it bound 'prentice to the trade,
Which works, and as it works is paid?
Is there no skill to build, invent,
Unless inspir'd by *five per cent.*?
And shalt thou, Taylor, paint in vain,
Unless impell'd by hopes of gain?
Be wise, my friend, and take thy fee,
That Claude Lorraine may yield to thee.

From the Spanish. GARRICK.

FOR me my fair a wreath has wove,
Where rival flow'rs in union meet;

As oft she kiss'd the gift of love,
Her breath gave sweetness to the sweet.

A bee within a damask rose
Had crept, the nectar'd dew to sip;
But lesser sweets the thief foregoes,
And fixes on Louisa's lip;

Where, tasting all the bloom of spring,
Waked by the ripening breath of May,
Th' ungrateful spoiler left his sting,
And with the honey flew away.

An Epitaph upon the celebrated Claudius Philips, Musician, who died very poor.* GARRICK.

PHILIPS, whose touch harmonious could remove
The pangs of guilty pow'r and hapless love,
Rest here, distress'd by poverty no more;
Here find that calm thou gav'st so oft before;
Sleep undisturb'd within this peaceful shrine,
Till angels wake thee with a note like thine.

Epitaph on William Hogarth,† in Chiswick Church-Yard. GARRICK.

FAREWELL, great painter of mankind,
Who reach'd the noblest point of art;
Whose pictur'd morals charm the mind,
And through the eye correct the heart!

If genius fire thee, reader, stay;
If nature touch thee, drop a tear:—
If neither move thee, turn away;
For Hogarth's honor'd dust lies here.

Epitaph on Paul Whitehead, Esq.

HERE lies a man misfortune could not bend;
Prais'd as a poet, honor'd as a friend.
Though his youth kindled with the love of fame,
Within his bosom glow'd a brighter flame:
Whene'er his friends with sharp affliction bled,
And from the wounded deer the herd was fled,
Whitehead stood forth, the healing balm applied,
Nor quitted their distresses till he died.

Inscription on a Grotto of Shells, at Crux-Easton,‡ the Work of nine young Ladies.§ POPE.

HERE, shunning idleness at once and praise,
This radiant pile nine rural sisters raise;
The glittering emblem of each spotless dame,
Clear as her soul, and shining as her frame;
Beauty which nature only can impart,
And such a polish as disgraces art;
But fate dispos'd them in this humble sort,
And hid in deserts what would charm a court.

* This epitaph has been ascribed to Dr. Johnson, but was really written by Mr. Garrick. See European Magazine, January, 1785.

† He died October 26, 1764.

‡ In the county of Hants, the seat of Edward Lisle, Esq.

§ Miss Lisles, daughters of Edward Lisle, Esq. and sisters to Dr. Lisle.

Verses occasioned by seeing a Grotto built by nine Sisters. HERBERT.

So much this building entertains my sight,
Nought but the builders can give more delight:
In them the masterpiece of Nature's shown;
In this I see Art's masterpiece in stone.
O Nature, Nature! thou hast conquer'd Art;
She charms the sight alone, but you the heart.

Lines written by the celebrated THOMSON, *to his Amanda; with a Copy of the Seasons.*

ACCEPT, dear Nymph! a tribute due
To sacred friendship, and to you:
But with it take, what breath'd the whole,
O! take to thine the Poet's soul!
If fancy here her pow'r displays,
Or if a heart exalts these lays,
You fairest in that fancy shine,
And all that heart is fondly thine!

An Epigram.

A MEMBER of the modern great
Pass'd Sawney with his budget;
The peer was in a car of state,
The tinker forc'd to trudge it.

But Sawney shall receive the praise
His lordship would parade for:
One's debtor for his dapple grays,
And th' other's shoes are paid for.

On a Bowl of Punch.

WHENE'ER a bowl of punch we make,
Four striking opposites we take;
The strong, the small, the sharp, the sweet
Together mix'd, most kindly meet;
And, when they happily unite,
The bowl "is pregnant with delight."
In conversation thus we find,
That four men, diff'rently inclin'd;
With talents each distinct, and each
Mark'd by peculiar pow'rs of speech;
With tempers, too, as much the same
As milk and verjuice, frost and flame;
Their parts by properly sustaining,
May all prove highly entertaining.

A Description of London.

HOUSES, churches, mix'd together;
Streets unpleasant in all weather;
Prisons, palaces contiguous,
Gates, a bridge, the Thames irriguous;
Gaudy things enough to tempt ye;
Showy outsides, insides empty;
Bubbles, trades, mechanic arts,
Coaches, wheelbarrows, and carts;
Warrants, bailiffs, bills unpaid,
Lords of laundresses afraid;
Rogues that nightly rob and shoot men,
Hangmen, aldermen, and footmen;
Lawyers, poets, priests, physicians,
Noble, simple, all conditions;
Worth beneath a threadbare cover,
Villany bedaub'd all over;
Women black, red, fair, and gray;
Prudes, and such as never pray;

Handsome, ugly, noisy, still,
Some that will not, some that will;
Many a beau without a shilling,
Many a widow not unwilling,
Many a bargain if you strike it:
This is London:—how d'ye like it?

Reflections over a Pipe of Tobacco and a Pinch of Snuff.

WHILST smoke arises from my pipe,
Thus to myself I say:
"Why should I anxious be for life,
Which vanishes away?"

Our social snuff-boxes convey
The same ideas just;
As if they silently would say,
"Let's mingle dust to dust."

Epigram.

CRIES Ned to his neighbors, as onward they press'd,
Conveying his wife to her place of long rest;
"Take, friends, I beseech you, a little more leisure, [pleasure?"
For why should we thus make a toil of a

On six Sorts of People who keep Fasts.

THE miser fasts because he will not eat;
The poor man fasts because he has no meat;
The rich man fasts with greedy mind to spare;
The glutton fasts to eat the greater share;
The hypocrite he fasts to seem more holy,
The righteous man to punish sin and folly.

Epitaph on a Blacksmith.

MY sledge and hammer lie declin'd,
My bellows, too, have lost their wind;
My fire's extinct, my forge decay'd;
My vice is in the dust all laid;
My coal is spent, my iron gone,
My nails are drove, my work is done.
My fire-dried corpse here lies at rest,
My soul, smoke-like, soars to be blest.

A whimsical Epitaph, taken from a Stone in a Church.

HERE lies the body of Sarah Sexton,
Who as a wife did never vex one;
We can't say that for her at th' next stone.

To-morrow. An Epigram.

TO-MORROW you will live, you always cry:
In what far country does to-morrow lie,
That 'tis so mighty long ere it arrive?
Beyond the Indies doth this morrow live?
'Tis so far-fetch'd, this morrow, that I fear
'Twill be both very old, and very dear.
"To-morrow I will live," the fool does say.
To-day's too late: the wise liv'd yesterday.

Spoken extempore by the Earl of Rochester to a parish Clerk.

STERNHOLD and Hopkins had great qualms,
When they translated David's Psalms,
To make the heart full glad:
But had it been poor David's fate
To hear thee sing, and them translate,
By Jove, 'twould have made him mad.

Rhyme to Lisbon. By the same.

HERE'S a health to Kate,
Our Sovereign's mate,
Of the Royal House of Lisbon:
But the devil take Hyde,
And the Bishop beside
That made her bone of his bone.

The disappointed Husband.

A SCOLDING wife so long a sleep possess'd,
Her spouse presum'd her soul was now at rest;
Sable was call'd to hang the room with black,
And all their cheer was sugar, rolls, and sack;
Two mourning staffs stood sentry at the door,
And Silence reign'd, who ne'er was there before; [par'd,
The cloaks, and tears, and handkerchiefs pre-
They march'd in woeful pomp to the church-yard, [come!
When, see, of narrow streets what mischiefs
The very dead can't pass in quiet home;
By some rude jolt the coffin lid was broke,
And madam from her dream of death awoke.
Now all was spoil'd! The undertaker's pay,
Sour faces, cakes and wine, quite thrown away.
But, some years after, when the former scene
Was acted, and the coffin nail'd again,
The tender husband took especial care
To keep the passage from disturbance clear,
Charging the bearers that they tread aright,
Nor put his dear in such another fright.

Epigram by the Rev. Francis Blackburne, M. A. late Archdeacon of Cleveland.

LYCIDAS *to* PRUDENTIA.

DESCEND, fair Stoic, from thy flights;
From Nature learn to know,
Our passions are the needful weights
That make our virtues go.

PRUDENTIA *to* LYCIDAS.

TRUE, Lycidas; but think not so
Another truth to shun;
Our passions make our virtues go,
But make our vices run.

The Biter bit.

A CERTAIN priest had hoarded up
A secret mass of gold;
But where he might bestow it safe,
By fancy was not told.

At last it came into his head
To lock it in a chest
Within the chancel; and he wrote
Thereon, *Hic Deus est.*

A merry grig, whose greedy mind
Long wish'd for such a prey,
Respecting not the sacred words
That on the casket lay,

Took out the gold; and, blotting out
The priest's inscript thereon,
Wrote, *Resurrexit, non est hic,*
"Your god is ris'n and gone."

Epigram, occasioned by the Words "One Prior," in Burnet's History.

One Prior!—and is this, this all the fame
The poet from th' historian can claim?
No; Prior's verse posterity shall quote,
When 'tis forgot *one Burnet* ever wrote.

The First Pair.

Adam alone could not be easy,
So he must have a wife, an' please ye;
And how did he procure this wife,
To cheer his solitary life?
Out of a rib, sir, from his side,
Was form'd this necessary bride.
But how did he the pain beguile?
How!—he slept sweetly all the while.
And when this rib was re-applied,
In woman's form, to Adam's side,
How then, I pray you, did it answer?—
He never slept so sweet again, sir.

Similes to Molly.

My passion is as mustard strong;
I sit all sober sad;
Drunk as a piper all day long,
Or like a March hare mad.

Round as a hoop the bumpers flow,
I drink, yet can't forget her;
For, though as drunk as David's sow,
I love her still the better.

Pert as a pear-monger I'd be,
If Molly were but kind;
Cool as a cucumber could see
The rest of womankind.

Like a stuck pig I gaping stare,
And eye her o'er and o'er;
Lean as a rake with sighs and care,
Sleek as a mouse before.

Plump as a partridge was I known,
And soft as silk my skin;
My cheeks as fat as butter grown;
But as a groat now thin!

I, melancholy as a cat,
Am kept awake to weep;
But she, insensible of that,
Sound as a top can sleep.

Hard is her heart as flint or stone,
She laughs to see me pale;
And merry as a grig is grown,
And brisk as bottled ale.

The god of love, at her approach,
Is busy as a bee;
Hearts sound as any bell or roach
Are smit, and sigh like me.

Ah me! as thick as hops or hail
The fine men crowd about her;
But soon as dead as a door-nail
Shall I be, if without her.

Straight as my leg her shape appears;
O! were we join'd together,
My heart would be scot-free from cares,
And lighter than a feather.

As fine as fivepence is her mien,
No drum was ever tighter;
Her glance is as a razor keen,
And not the sun is brighter.

As soft as pap her kisses are,
Methinks I taste them yet;
Brown as a berry is her hair,
Her eyes as black as jet.

As smooth as glass, as white as curds,
Her pretty hand invites;
Sharp as a needle are her words,
Her wit like pepper bites.

Brisk as a body-louse she trips,
Clean as a penny dress'd;
Sweet as a rose her breath and lips,
Round as a globe her breast.

Full as an egg was I with glee,
And happy as a king!
Good Lord! how all men envied me!
She lov'd like any thing:

But, false as hell, she, like the wind,
Chang'd as her sex must do;
Though seeming as the turtle kind,
And like the gospel true.

If I and Molly could agree,
Let who would take Peru;
Great as an emperor should I be,
And richer than a Jew.

Till you grow tender as a chick,
I'm dull as any post;
Let us like burrs together stick,
And warm as any toast.

You'll find me truer than a die;
And wish me better sped,
Flat as a flounder when I lie,
And as a herring dead.

Sure as a gun she'll drop a tear,
And sigh, perhaps, and wish,
When I am rotten as a pear,
And mute as any fish.

On the Word Representative.

To represent is but to personate,
Which should be truly done at any rate.
Thus they who're fairly chose without a fee
Should give their votes, no doubt, with liberty.
But when a seat is sold by th' venal tribe,
He represents them best—who takes a bribe.

On the Shortness of Human Life.

Like as a damask rose you see,
Or like the blossom on a tree;
Or like the dainty flower in May,
Or like the morning to the day;
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonas had;
E'en such is man, whose thread is spun,
Drawn out, and cut, and so is done:

Withers the rose, the blossom blasts,
The flower fades, the morning hastes;
The sun doth set, the shadows fly,
The gourd consumes, and mortals die.

Like to the grass that's newly sprung,
Or like a tale that's new begun;
Or like a bird that's here to-day,
Or like the pearled dew of May;
Or like an hour, or like a span,
Or like the singing of a swan;
E'en such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death:
The grass decays, the tale doth end,
The bird is flown, the dews ascend;
The hour is short, the span not long,
The swan's near death, man's life is done.

Like to the bubble in the brook,
Or in a glass much like a look:
Or like the shuttle in the hand,
Or like the writing in the sand;
Or like a thought, or like a dream,
Or like the gliding of the stream;
E'en such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death:
The bubble's burst, the look's forgot,
The shuttle's flung, the writing's blot;
The thought is past, the dream is gone,
The water glides, man's life is done.

Epitaph on Captain Jones, who published some marvellous Accounts of his Travels, the Truth of all which he thought proper to testify by affidavit.

TREAD softly, mortals, o'er the bones
Of the world's wonder, Captain Jones!
Who told his glorious deeds to many,
But never was believ'd by any.
Posterity, let this suffice:
He swore all's true, yet here he *lies*.

An Epigram, on seeing a young Lady writing Verses with a Hole in her Stocking.

To see a lady of such grace,
With so much sense, and such a face,
So slatternly, is shocking:
O! if you would with Venus vie,
Your pen and poetry lay by,
And learn to mend your stocking.

On Time.

SAY, is there aught that can convey
An image of its transient stay?
'Tis a hand's breadth; 'tis a tale;
'Tis a vessel under sail;
'Tis a courser's straining steed;
'Tis a shuttle in its speed;
'Tis an eagle in its way,
Darting down upon its prey;
'Tis an arrow in its flight,
Mocking the pursuing sight;
'Tis a vapour in the air;
'Tis a whirlwind rushing there;
'Tis a short-liv'd, fading flow'r;
'Tis a rainbow on a show'r;
'Tis a momentary ray
Smiling in a winter's day;
'Tis a torrent's rapid stream;
'Tis a shadow; 'tis a dream;
'Tis the closing watch of night;
Dying at approaching light;
'Tis a landscape vainly gay,
Painted upon crumbling clay;
'Tis a lamp that wastes its fires;
'Tis a smoke that quick expires;
'Tis a bubble, 'tis a sigh:
Be prepar'd, O Man! to die.

An Anatomical Epitaph on an Invalid. Written by HIMSELF.

HERE lies a head that often ach'd;
Here lie two hands that always shak'd;
Here lies a brain of odd conceit;
Here lies a heart that often beat;
Here lie two eyes that daily wept,
And in the night but seldom slept;
Here lies a tongue that whining talk'd,
Here lie two feet that feebly walk'd;
Here lie the midriff and the breast,
With loads of indigestion press'd;
Here lies the liver, full of bile,
That ne'er secreted proper chyle;
Here lie the bowels, human tripes,
Tortur'd with wind and twisting gripes;
Here lies the livid dab, the spleen,
The source of life's sad tragic scene,
That left-side weight that clogs the blood,
And stagnates nature's circling flood;
Here lie the nerves, so often twitch'd
With painful cramps and poignant stitch;
Here lies the back, oft rack'd with pains,
Corroding kidneys, loins, and reins;
Here lies the skin by scurvy fed,
With pimples and eruptions red;
Here lies the man, from top to toe,
That fabric fram'd for pain and woe.

A Poem. Sir WALTER RALEIGH.

SHALL I like a hermit dwell
On a rock or in a cell,
Calling home the smallest part
That is missing of my heart,
To bestow it where I may
Meet a rival ev'ry day?
If she undervalue me,
What care I how fair she be?

Were her tresses angel-gold;
If a stranger may be bold,
Unrebuked, unafraid,
To convert them to a brayde,
And, with little more ado,
Work them into bracelets too;
If the mine be grown so free,
What care I how rich it be?

Were her hands as rich a prize
As her hair, or precious eyes;
If she laid them out to take
Kisses, for good manners' sake,
And let ev'ry lover skip
From her hand unto her lip;

If she seem not chaste to me,
What care I how chaste she be?

No; she must be perfect snow
In effect, as well as show;
Warming but as snow-balls do,
Not like fire by burning too;
But when she by change hath got
To her heart a second lot,
Then, if others share with me,
Farewell her whate'er she be!

A Poem, occasioned by the foregoing.

PAINT, paint no more, no more with blots,
Or chequer so thy face with spots,
That I must view thee, as men strive
To see eclipses, through a sieve;
Be thou but pleasing unto me,
What care I what else thou be?

Be thou fatter than a hog,
A butcher's doublet, or his dog;
Be thy cheeks butter, thy nose grease;
May we make brewis on thy face;
Yet if thou do not melt to me,
What care I how fat thou be?

Be thy nose like fiery coals,
Or a grater, full of holes,
Let it turn up, or else hook in,
And so be clasp'd unto thy chin;
Yet, if it turn not unto me,
What care I how crook'd it be?

Though reading, thou must look so close,
As thou wert reading with thy nose;
From thine eyes let filth run more
Than broken bile, or plaguy sore;
Yet if they do not look on me,
What care I how foul they be?

Canst thou outscold a butter wench,
Or a fresh lawyer at the bench;
Canst thou the noise of thunder drown,
Sour all the beer about the town?
Yet, if thou wilt not speak to me,
What care I how loud thou be?

Be thy mouth like jaws of death,
That they who kiss, must kiss thy teeth;
And hold by th' handle of thy chin,
Lest their foot slip, and they fall in;
Yet, if thou wilt not gape on me,
What care I how broad it be?

Smells thy breath like nurse's clout,
Or a candle just burnt out;
Or so, that men mistake the place,
And untruss, coming near thy face!
Yet, if it smell not so to me,
What care I how strong it be?

Women, like paper, whilst they're white,
Are fit for every man to write;
I'd have a mistress such a one,
I might be sure she was my own;
Be thou, then, but such to me,
What care I what else thou be?

The Stage Coach.

RESOLV'D to visit a far-distant friend,
A porter to the Bull-and-Gate I send,
And bid the slave at all events engage.
Some place or other in the Chester stage
The slave returns—'tis done as soon as said—
Your honor's sure when once the money's paid;
My brother whip, impatient of delay,
Puts to at three, and swears he cannot stay;
(Four dismal hours ere the break of day.)
Rous'd from sound sleep, thrice call'd, at length I rise,
Yawning, stretch out my arms, half close my eyes;
By steps and lantern enter the machine,
And take my place, how cordially! between
Two aged matrons of excessive bulk,
To mend the matter, too, of meaner folk;
While, in like mode, jamm'd in on th' other side
A bullying captain and a fair one ride;
Foolish as fair, and in whose lap a boy—
Our plague eternal, but her only joy;
At last, the glorious number to complete,
Steps in my landlord for that bodkin seat:
When soon, by ev'ry hillock, rut, and stone,
Into each other's face by turns we're thrown;
This grannam scolds, that coughs, and captain swears,
The fair one screams, and has a thousand fears;
While our plump landlord, train'd in other lore,
Slumbers at ease, nor yet asham'd to snore;
And master Dicky, on his mother's lap,
Squalling, brings up at once three meals of pap.
Sweet company! next time, I do protest, sir,
I'll walk to Dublin, ere I ride to Chester.

The Thought; or, a Song of Similes.

I'VE thought, the fair Narcissa cries,
What is it like, sir?—"Like your eyes—
'Tis like a chair—'tis like a key—
'Tis like a purge—'tis like a flea—
'Tis like a beggar—like the sun—
'Tis like the Dutch—'tis like the moon—
'Tis like a kilderkin of ale—
'Tis like a doctor—like a whale—"
Why are my eyes, sir, like a SWORD?
For that's the Thought, upon my word.
"Ah! witness every pang I feel,
The deaths they give the likeness tell.
A sword is like a chair, you'll find,
Because 'tis most on end behind.
'Tis like a key, for 'twill undo one:
'Tis like a purge, for 'twill run through one;
'Tis like a flea, and reason good,
'Tis often drawing human blood."
Why like a beggar?—"You shall hear;
'Tis often carried 'fore the May'r.
'Tis like the sun, because 'tis gilt;
Besides, it travels in a *belt*.
'Tis like the Dutch we plainly see,
Because that state, whenever we
A push for our own int'rest make,
Does instantly our sides forsake."
The moon?—"Why, when all's said and done,
A sword is very like the moon;

For if his Majesty, (God bless him,)
When Country Sheriff comes t' address him,
Is pleas'd his favors to bestow
On him, before him kneeling low,
This o'er his shoulders glitters bright,
And gives the glory to the Knight (night).
'Tis like a kilderkin, no doubt,
For 'tis not long in drawing out.
'Tis like a doctor, for who will
Dispute a doctor's power to kill ?"
But why a Sword is like a whale
Is no such easy thing to tell.
"But since all Swords are Swords, d'ye see,
Why, let it then a backsword be;
Which, if well us'd, will seldom fail
To raise up somewhat like a *whale.*"

An original Epitaph.

HERE lies fast asleep,—awake me who can,—
That medley of passions and follies, *a Man,*
Who sometimes lov'd license, and sometimes restraint,
Too much of the sinner, too little of saint;
From quarter to quarter I shifted my tack;
'Gainst the evils of life a most notable quack;
But, alas! I soon found the defects of my skill,
And my nostrums in practice prov'd treacherous still; [ease,
From life's certain ills 'twas in vain to seek
The remedy oft prov'd another disease;
What in rapture began often ended in sorrow,
And the pleasure to-day brought reflection to-morrow; [seen,
When each action was o'er, and its errors were
Then I view'd with surprise the strange thing I had been;
My body and mind were so oddly contriv'd,
That at each other's failing both parties conniv'd; [pain,
Imprudence of mind brought on sickness and
The body diseas'd paid the debt back again:
Thus coupled together life's journey they pass'd,
Till they wrangled and jangled, and parted at last;
Thus tir'd and weary, I've finish'd my course,
And glad it is bed-time, and things are no worse.

Epitaph on an honest Sailor.

WHETHER sailor or not, for a moment avast!
Poor Tom's mizzen top-sail is laid to the mast;
He'll never turn out, or more heave the lead;
He's now all aback, nor will sails shoot ahead;
He ever was brisk, and, though now gone to wreck,
When he hears the last whistle he'll jump upon deck.

A Rhapsody.

As I walk'd by myself, I said to myself,
And myself said again to me;
Look to thyself, take care of thyself,
For nobody cares for thee.
Then I said to myself, and thus answer'd myself,
With the self-same repartee;
Look to thyself, or look not to thyself,
'Tis the self-same thing to me.

To-day and To-morrow.

TO-DAY man's dress'd in gold and silver bright,
Wrapp'd in a shroud before to-morrow night;
To-day he's feeding on delicious food,
To-morrow dead, unable to do good;
To-day he's nice, and scorns to feed on crums,
To-morrow he's himself a dish for worms;
To-day he's honor'd and in vast esteem,
To-morrow not a beggar values him;
To-day he rises from the velvet bed,
To-morrow lies in one that's made of lead;
To-day his house, though large, he thinks but small,
To-morrow, no command, no house at all;
To-day has forty servants at his gate,
To-morrow scorn'd,—not one of them will wait;
To-day perfum'd as sweet as any rose,
To-morrow stinks in every body's nose;
To-day he's grand, majestic, all delight,
Ghastful and pale before to-morrow night.
True, as the Scripture says, "man's life's a span,"
The present moment is the life of man.

An Inscription over a Gentleman's Chimney-Piece near Barnsley.

To my best my friends are free;
Free with that, and free with me;
Free to pass the harmless joke,
And the tube sedately smoke;
Free to drink just what they please,
As at home, and at their ease;
Free to speak, and free to think—
No informers with me drink;
Free to stay a night, or so;
When uneasy, free to go.

The Character.

AN easy mien, engaging in address,
Looks which at once each winning grace express,
A life where love and truth are ever join'd,
A nature ever great and ever kind;
A wisdom solid, and a judgment clear,
The smile indulgent, and a soul sincere;
Meek without meanness, gentle and humane;
Fond of improving, but yet never vain;
So justly good, so faithful to his friend,
Ever obliging, cautious to offend;
A mind where gen'rous pity stands confess'd,
Ready to ease and succor the distress'd:
If these respect and admiration raise,
They surely must demand our greatest praise;
In one bright view th' accomplish'd youth we see,
These virtues all are thine—and thou art he.

Poverty and Poetry.

'TWAS sung of old, how one Amphion
Could by his verses tame a lion,
And, by his strange enchanting tunes,
Make bears and wolves dance rigadoons;
His songs could call the timber down,
And form it into house or town.
But it is plain, now, in these times,
No house is rais'd by poets' rhymes;
They for themselves can only rear
A few old castles in the air.
Poor are the Brethren of the Bays,
Down from high strains to ekes and ayes:
The muses too are virgins yet,
And may be till they portions get:
Yet still the doating rhymer dreams,
And sings of Helicon's bright streams:
But Helicon, for all his clatter,
Yields nothing but insipid water!
Yet, even athirst, he sweetly sings
Of Nectar and Elysian springs.
The grave physician, who, by physic,
Like death, despatches him that is sick,
Pursues a sure and thriving trade;
Though patients die, the doctor's paid:
Licens'd to kill, he gains a palace
For what another mounts a gallows.
In shady groves the muses play,
And love in flow'ry meads to stray;
Pleas'd with a bleaky, barren ground,
Where rip'ning fruits are never found.
But then, some say, you purchase fame,
And gain a never-dying name;
Great recompense for real trouble,
To be rewarded with a bubble!
Thus soldiers, who in many battles [else,
Get bangs and blows, and God knows what
Are paid with fame and wooden leg,
And gain a pass, with leave to beg.

Queen Elizabeth, being asked her Opinion concerning the real Presence in the Sacrament, gave the following artful and solid Answer:

CHRIST was the word that spake it;
He took the bread and brake it;
And what the Word did make it,
That I believe, and take it.

Epigram.

IT blew a hard storm, and in utmost confusion,
The sailors all hurried to get absolution;
Which done, and the weight of the sins they confess'd
Transferr'd, as they thought, from themselves to the priest,
To lighten the ship, and conclude their devotion, [ocean.
They toss'd the poor parson souse into the

Dialogue between Harry, who had a large Library, and Dick, who had more Understanding than Books.

QUOTH Harry to his friend one day,
"Would, Richard, I'd *thy* head!"
"What wilt thou give for't?" Dick replied.
"The bargain's quickly made."
"*My* head and all my books I'd give,
With readiness and freedom."
"I'd take thy books, but with thy head,
Gadzooks! I ne'er could read them."

True Benevolence.

THE other day, says Ned to Joe,
Near Bedlam's confines groping,
"Whene'er I hear the cries of woe,
My hand is always open."
"I own," says Joe, "that, to the poor,
(You prove it ev'ry minute,)
Your hand is open, to be sure,
But then there's nothing in it."

Written under a Lady's Name in a Window.

THREE brilliants fair Celinda grac'd
(There love's artillery lies:)
One from her snowy finger blaz'd,
Two sparkled in her eyes.
The first, which shone with fainter rays,
Could here her name impart;
The others drew her charming face
More deeply on my heart.

On the Death of Dean Swift.

WHEN Gay breath'd his last, we in silence complain'd,
But yet we'd a Pope and a Swift who remain'd;
Pope falls! all Parnassus resounds with our cries, [skies:
And pray'rs daily made to keep Swift from the
Vain wishes! vain pray'rs! to the wind they are given, [heaven.
For death comes relentless, and takes him to
At little misfortunes we're soberly sad,
But it's time, now we've lost all our wits, to run mad.

Quod petis hic est.

A THOUSAND objects of desire
On foreign coasts you'll view;
Now Art, now Nature's works admire,
Here splendor, there virtù.
But blessings, which at home you see,
Sublimer joy suggest:
Old England gives you liberty,
And that gives—*all the rest.*

French Cooking.

To make a plum-pudding a French count once took
An authentic receipt from an English lord's cook; [spice,
Mix suet, milk, eggs, sugar, meal, fruit and
Of such numbers, such measure, and weight, and such price;
Drop a spoonful of brandy to quicken the mess,
And boil it for so many hours, more or less.
These directions were tried, but, when tried, had no good in,
'Twas all wash, and all squash, but 'twas not English pudding;

And monsieur, in a pet, sent a second request
For the cook that prescrib'd to assist when
'twas dress'd,
Who, of course, to comply with his honor's
beseeching,
Like an old cook of Colbrook, march'd into
the kitchen.
The French cooks, when they saw him, talk'd
loud and talk'd long,
They were sure all was right, he could find
nothing wrong;
Till, just as the mixture was rais'd to the pot,
"Hold your hands! hold your hands!" scream'd
astonish'd John Trot:
"Don't you see you want one thing, like fools
as you are?"
"Vone ting, Sare! Vat ting, Sare?"—"A
pudding-cloth, Sare!"

The Decanter.

O THOU, that high thy head dost bear,
With round, smooth neck, and simple ear,
With well-turn'd narrow mouth, from whence
Flow streams of noblest eloquence:
'Tis thou that fir'st the bard divine,
Sacred to Phœbus and the nine;
That mirth and soft delight canst move,
Sacred to Venus and to Love;
Yet, spite of all thy virtues rare,
Thou'rt not a boon companion fair;
Thou'rt full of wine when thirsty I,
And when I'm drunk, then thou art dry.

Qualis ab Incepto.

CURIO, whose hat a nimble knave had snatch'd,
Fat, clumsy, gouty, and asthmatic, old,
Panting against a post, his noddle scratch'd,
And his sad story to a stranger told:—
"Follow the thief," replied the stander-by;
"Ah, sir!" said he, "these legs will wag no
more."
"Alarm the neighborhood with a hue and cry."
"Alas, I've roar'd as long as lungs could
roar."
"Then," quoth the stranger, "vain is all en-
deavor,
Sans voice to call, *sans* vigor to pursue;
And since your *hat*, of course, is gone for ever,
I'll e'en make bold to take your *wig*—adieu!"

How to make Fools scarce.

MANKIND, though satirists with jobations
weary us,
Has only two weak parts, if fairly reckon'd;
The first of which is, trifling with things serious,
And seriousness in trifles is the second.
Remove these little rubs, whoe'er knows how,
And fools will be as scarce as wise men now.

Mental Optics.

To a noted optician, a simple grave man
In these terms his address for assistance began:
"If with me, like my neighbors, you think
'twould succeed,
I would purchase a glass that would help me
to read."
Number this, number that, no effect could pro-
duce,
Concave, and convex, are alike of no use;
The shop was all rummag'd for old ware and
new,
But nothing came of it, for nothing would do.
"'Tis strange," said the artist, "you see none
the better;
Cannot all these varieties show you a letter?"
"Show a letter?" quoth he, "yes, by hun-
dreds they show 'em; ['em."
I can *see* fast enough: what I want is, to know

On Howard's dying in Russia.

THOUGH far from Britain, Britain's worthiest
pride, [died,
The world's great patriot, generous Howard,
Let not our sorrow blame his wish to roam:
With such a heart, as such a life display'd;
A heart, which all mankind one family made;
To travel was but to enlarge his home!

Magna est Veritas et prævalebit.

FALSEHOOD and Truth, in rival race,
Eternal contrast prove;
Falsehood speeds on with rapid pace,
Truth scarce appears to move.

Falsehood finds numbers in her course,
Who prompt assistance lend;
Ill-nature loves to aid her force,
And Folly stands her friend.

Guilt, Envy, Cunning, all make shift
To help her on her way,
And Fortune gives her many a lift;
No matter for foul play.

Yet, after all her efforts tried,
And all her circuit run,
When Time the vict'ry shall decide,
She'll *end* where Truth *begun!*

Fati valet Hora benigna.

WHEN Tom call'd in, one day, on Ned,
His wife was plastering dearee's head,
Who sigh'd, but dar'd not shake it!
'Tis well Tom's pace is something slower,
For, had he come an hour before,
He'd seen the vixen break it.

Brevis esse laboro.

ON Folly's lips eternal tattlings dwell;
Wisdom speaks little, but that little well;
So lengthening shades the sun's decline betray,
But shorter shadows mark meridian day.

*Latin Learning of little Use.**

YOUR venerable chaplain once
(Though now with age he bend)
Train'd *here* the scholar, lash'd the dunce,
A master and a friend.

To profit by his well-known care,
His child a butcher brought;
And, all the needful to prepare,
A dictionary bought.

* Spoken at Merchant Taylors' School.

Before a week its course had run,
The butcher came again:
"Take back your book, give back my son,"
He cried with might and main.

"*Larning!*" 'tis money thrown away,
Such *larning* to procure;
The book don't show, the boy can't say,
What's Latin—for a *skewer*."

Nothing new under the Sun.

THERE'S nothing new beneath the sun,
So ancient wits' decisions run:
But wit no match for facts is;
For I know things, and so do you,
Though everlasting, ever new!
What think you, sirs, of taxes?

Ancient and Modern Poets distinguished.

'TWIXT those poets of old, and our poets of late,
One perpetual distinction holds true:
The new, in a twinkling, are all out of date,
The old—will *for ever be new!*

The Progress of Wigs.

WHEN Charles the First the sceptre bore,
Each grave divine, I trow,
A silken cap all sable wore,
With nine straight hairs below.

The Restoration's jovial day
Chang'd, with the men, the mode,
And orth'dox heads, in broad display,
The flaxen buckle show'd.

In Anna's reign, from general view
Th' enormous flaxens fled:
And, lo! perukes of milk-white hue
Succeeded in their stead.

These too incurr'd, by lapse of years,
Disuse, though not disgrace;
New clerical brows requir'd new gears,
And grizzles took their place.

Yet still the wig's full form retain'd
The feather'd foretop's peak:
Yet still the solemn bush remain'd
To flank the rosy cheek.

But *now!* forgive the conscious muse,
That feels her verse too bold:
What fashions *modern* reverends use,
You need not here be told.

Though new their taste, while they adopt
Their good forefathers' ways;
The frizz'd, the curl'd, the bald, the cropt,
Have all their claim to praise.

The Effect of Pulpit Eloquence.

A VETERAN gambler, in a tempest caught,
Once in his life a church's shelter sought,
Where many a hint, pathetically grave,
On life's precarious lot, the preacher gave.
The sermon ended, and the storm all spent,
Home trudg'd old Cog-die, reasoning as he went. [declar'd;
"Strict truth," quoth he, "this rev'rend sage
I feel conviction, and will be prepar'd;
Nor e'er henceforth, since life thus steals away,
Give credit for a bet—beyond a day!"

Case in the Constitutional Court.

A FARMER, as records report,
Most hugely discontented,
His vicar at the Bishop's Court
For gross neglect presented.

"Our former priest, my Lord," he said,
"Each Sunday the year round,
Some Greek in his discourses read,
And charming was the sound!

"Not such our present parson's phrase,
No Greek does he apply;
But says in English all he says,
As you might speak, or I.

"And yet for this so simple style,
He claims each tithe and due;
Pigs, pippins, poultry, all the while,
And Easter off'rings too!"

"You're skill'd in languages, I guess,"
Th' amaz'd diocesan cry'd:
"I know no language, more nor less,"
The surly clown reply'd:

"But Greek, I've heard the learned say,
Surpasses all the rest;
And since 'tis for the best we *pay*,
We ought to *have* the best."

On Hope. ANON.

HOPE, heav'n-born cherub, still appears,
Howe'er misfortune seems to lower:
Her smile the threat'ning tempest clears,
And is the rainbow of the shower.

A LONG way off Lucinda strikes the men;
As she draws near,
And one sees clear,
A long way off—one wishes her again.

On a Person not celebrated for his Veracity.

"ON Tuesday next," says Tom to Ned,
"I'll dine with you, and take a bed."
"You may believe him," Will replies,
"Where'er Tom dines he always LIES."

On a natural Grotto, near a deep Stream.

HEALTH, rose-lipp'd cherub, haunts this spot;
She slumbers oft in yonder nook:
If in the shade you find her not,
Plunge—and you 'll find her in the brook!

On a Lady who beat her Husband.

COME hither, Sir George, my picture is here;
What think you, my love? don't it strike you?
"I can't say it does, just at present, my dear,
But I think it soon will, it 's so like you."

What is an Epigram.

WHAT is an epigram? a dwarfish whole:
Its body brevity, and wit its soul.

To a living Author.

YOUR comedy I 've read, my friend,
And like the half you pilfer'd best;
But sure the piece you yet may mend:
Take courage, man! and steal the rest.

Imitated from the French.
By Mr. P. DODD.

HIS last great debt is paid—poor Tom 's no more,
Last debt? Tom never paid a debt before.

Bargains.

NED'S thrifty spouse, her taste to please,
With rival dames at auctions vies;
Is charm'd with ev'ry thing she sees,
And ev'ry thing she sees she buys.
Ned feels at ev'ry sale enchanted;
Such costly wares! so wisely sought!
Bought because they may be wanted,
Wanted because they may be bought.

On a bad Singer.

SWANS sing before they die—'twere no bad thing
Should certain persons die before they sing.

From the Greek.

BUT five years old—sweet babe, adieu!
Beneath thy sod repose;
Little of life poor Henry knew,
Yet 'scap'd from all its woes.

From the Greek.

BUSY, thoughtless, playful, I,
Little dreaming danger nigh,
Was plac'd, ere twice three years had gone,
By cruel death, beneath this stone.
Yet weep not, weep not, parents dear,
No pains nor cares shall enter here;
If little of life's joys I knew,
So little of its sorrows too.

From the Greek.

To the happy and prosperous life's but a span,
So quickly the years pass away; [man,
To the wretched, forsaken, disease-tortur'd
An age is involv'd in a day.

From the Greek.

BLAME not love, as fraught with care,
Cease, ye lovers, thus to moan;
Light and Joy Love's daughters are,
The Woes from Folly spring alone.

The Thief.

I TELL, with equal truth and grief,
That little Kitt's an arrant thief.
Before the urchin well could go,
She stole the whiteness of the snow;
And more—that whiteness to adorn,
She stole the blushes of the morn;
Stole all the softness Æther pours
On primrose buds, in vernal show'rs.
There's no repeating all her wiles:
She stole the Graces' winning smiles;
'Twas quickly seen she robb'd the sky,
To plant a star in either eye;
She pilfer'd orient pearl for teeth,
And stole the cow's ambrosial breath;
The cherry, steep'd in morning dew,
Gave moisture to her lips and hue.
These were her infant spoils; a store
To which, in time, she added more:
At twelve she stole from Cyprus' Queen
Her air and love-commanding mien;
Stole Juno's dignity; and stole,
From Pallas, sense to charm the soul;
She sung—amaz'd the Sirens heard,
And to assert their voice appear'd;
She play'd—the Muses from their hill
Wonder'd who thus had stole their skill;
Apollo's wit was next her prey;
And then rise beams that light the day;
While Jove, her pilfering threats to crown,
Pronounc'd these beauties all her own,
Pardon'd her crimes, and prais'd her art;
And t' other day she stole my heart.
Cupid! if lovers are thy care,
Revenge thy votary on the fair;
Do justice on her stolen charms,
And let her prison be—my arms.

Beauty's Value. SHAKSPEARE.

BEAUTY is but a vain, a fleeting good,
A shining gloss, that fadeth suddenly;
A flow'r that dies when almost in the bud,
A brittle glass that breaketh presently.
A fleeting good, a gloss, a glass, a flow'r,
Lost, faded, broken, dead, within an hour.

As goods when lost, we know, are seldom found,
As fading gloss no rubbing can excite;
As flow'rs when dead are trampled on the ground,
As broken glass no cement can unite;
So beauty, blemish'd once, is ever lost,
In spite of physic, painting, pains, and cost.

Epitaph on a Scolding Wife.

HERE lies my wife; poor Molly! let her lie:
She finds repose at last—and so do *I*.

A Sailor, having been sentenced to the Cat o' Nine Tails, when tied ready for Punishment, spoke the following Lines to his Commander, who had an aversion to a Cat.

BY your honor's command, an example I stand
Of your justice to all the ship's crew;
I am hamper'd and stripp'd, and, if I am whipp'd,
'Tis no more than I own is my due.

In this scurvy condition, I humbly petition
To offer some lines to your eye:
Merry Tom by such trash once avoided the lash,
And, if fate and you please, so may I.

There is nothing you hate, I'm inform'd, like a cat;
Why, your honor's aversion is mine: [fail,
If puss then with one tail can make your heart
O save me from that which has nine!

N. B. He was pardoned.

On a certain Lady's Study.

To Chloe's study shall we go?
(For ladies have their studies now.)
O what a splendid sight is there!
'Twould make the dullest hermit stare:
There stand, all rang'd in proud array,
Each French romance, and modern play;
Love's magazine of flames and darts,
Whole histories of eyes and hearts:
But, O! view well the outward scene,
You'll never need to look within;
What Chloe loves she plainly shows,
For, lo! her very books are beaus.

The modern Courtier.

"PRAY say what's that which smirking trips this way."
"That powder'd thing, so neat, so trim, so gay,
Adorn'd with tambour'd vest, and spangled sword; [Lord!"
That supple, servile thing?—O! that's a
"You jest—that thing a Peer? an English Peer? [clear)
Who ought (with head, estate, and conscience
Either in grave debate, or hardy fight,
Firmly maintain a free-born people's right:
Surely those Lords were of another breed
Who met their monarch John at Runnemede;
And, clad in steel, there, in a glorious hour,
Made the curs'd tyrant feel the people's pow'r;
Made him confess, beneath that awful rod,
Their voice united is the voice of God."

Epitaph on a beautiful and virtuous young Lady.

SLEEP soft in dust, wait the Almighty's will,
Then rise unchang'd, and be an angel still.

An Epitaph on a poor but honest Man.

STOP, reader, here, and deign to look
On one without a name,
Ne'er enter'd in the ample book
Of fortune or of fame.

Studious of peace, he hated strife;
Meek virtues fill'd his breast;
His coat of arms, "a spotless life,"
"An honest heart" his crest.

Quarter'd therewith was innocence,
And thus his motto ran:
"A conscience void of all offence,
Before both God and man."

In the great day of wrath, though pride
Now scorns his pedigree,
Thousands shall wish they'd been allied
To this great family.

An Epitaph on a very idle Fellow.
From CAMDEN.

HERE lieth one that once was born and cried, [died.
Liv'd several years, and then—and then—he

Epigram to a pretended Friend, and real Enemy.

THY hesitating tongue and doubtful face
Show all thy kindness to be mere grimace.
Throw off the mask; at once be foe or friend;
'Tis base to soothe, when malice is the end.
The rock that's seen gives the poor sailor dread,
But double terror that which hides its head.

To Lady Mary Wortley Montague. POPE.

IN beauty or wit, no mortal as yet
To question your empire has dar'd;
But men of discerning have thought that in learning
To yield to a lady was hard.

Impertinent schools, with musty, dull rules,
Have reading to females denied;
So papists refuse the Bible to use,
Lest flocks should be wise as their guide.

'Twas woman at first (indeed she was curst)
In knowledge that tasted delight;
And sages agree, the laws should decree
To the first of possessors the right.

Then bravely, fair dame, resume the old claim,
Which to your whole sex does belong:
And let men receive from a second bright Eve
The knowledge of right and of wrong.

But if the first Eve hard doom did receive,
When only one apple had she; [you,
What punishment new shall be found out for
Who, tasting, have robb'd the whole tree?

On the Death of a Wife, a notable Scold and a Shrew. By the Husband.

WE liv'd one-and-twenty year
As man and wife together;
I could no longer keep her here;
She's gone, I know not whither.

Could I but guess, I do protest
I speak it not to flatter;
Of all the women in the world
I never would come at her.

Her body is bestowed well,
A handsome grave doth hide her;
And, sure, her soul is not in hell,—
The devil would ne'er abide her.

I rather think she's soar'd aloft;
For, in the last great thunder,
Methought I heard her very voice
Rending the clouds in sunder.

The Rose. PHILIPS.

THE rose's age is but a day,
Its bloom the pledge of its decay;

Sweet in scent, in color bright,
It blows at morn, and fades at night.

Imitated by Dr. SWIFT.

MY age is not a moment's stay,
My birth the same with my decay;
I savor ill; no color know;
And fade the instant that I blow.

A Boston Epigram—written in 1774.
To the Ministry.

YOU'VE sent a rod to Massachuset,
Thinking the Americans will buss it;
But much I fear, for Britain's sake,
That this same rod will prove a snake.

On Matrimony. An Epigram.

TOM prais'd his friend, who chang'd his state,
For binding fast himself and Kate
In union so divine;
"Wedlock's the end of life," he cried.
"Too true, alas!" said Jack, and sigh'd:
"'Twill be the end of mine."

Verses supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk, during his solitary Abode in the Island of Juan Fernandez. COWPER.

I AM monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute;
From the centre all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
O solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone,
Never hear the sweet music of speech;
I start at the sound of my own.
The beasts that roam over the plain
My form with indifference see;
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,
Divinely bestow'd upon man,
O, had I the wings of a dove,
How soon would I taste you again!
My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of religion and truth,
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth.

Religion! what treasure untold
Resides in that heavenly word!
More precious than silver and gold,
Or all that this earth can afford:
But the sound of the church-going bell
These valleys and rocks never heard,
Ne'er sigh'd at the sound of a knell,
Or smil'd when a sabbath appear'd.

Ye winds, that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial, endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more.

My friends, do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me?
O tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind!
Compar'd with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-winged arrows of light.
When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there;
But, alas! recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
The beast is laid down in his lair:
E'en here is a season of rest,
And I to my cabin repair.
There is mercy in every place,
And mercy, encouraging thought!
Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot.

Ode to Peace. COWPER.

COME, peace of mind, delightful guest!
Return, and make thy downy nest
Once more in this sad heart:
Nor riches I nor pow'r pursue,
Nor hold forbidden joys in view;
We therefore need not part.

Where wilt thou dwell, if not with me,
From av'rice and ambition free,
And pleasure's fatal wiles?
For whom, alas! dost thou prepare
The sweets that I was wont to share,—
The banquet of thy smiles?

The great, the gay, shall they partake
The heaven that thou alone canst make?
And wilt thou quit the stream
That murmurs through the dewy mead,
The grove and the sequester'd shed,
To be a guest with them?

For thee I panted, thee I priz'd,
For thee I gladly sacrific'd
Whate'er I lov'd before;
And shall I see thee start away,
And, helpless, hopeless, hear thee say,
Farewell! we meet no more?

Human Frailty. COWPER.

WEAK and irresolute is man;
The purpose of to-day,
Woven with pains into his plan,
To-morrow rends away.

The bow well bent, and smart the spring,
Vice seems already slain;
But passion rudely snaps the string,
And it revives again.

Some foe to his upright intent
Finds out his weaker part;
Virtue engages his assent,
But pleasure wins his heart.

'Tis here the folly of the wise
Through all his art we view;
And, while his tongue the charge denies,
His conscience owns it true.

Bound on a voyage of awful length,
And dangers little known,
A stranger to superior strength,
Man vainly trusts his own.
But oars alone can ne'er prevail
To reach the distant coast;
The breath of heaven must swell the sail,
Or all the toil is lost.

On observing some Names of little Note recorded in the Biographia Britannica. COWPER.

O FOND attempt to give a deathless lot
To names ignoble, born to be forgot!
In vain recorded in historic page,
They court the notice of a future age:
Those twinkling tiny lustres of the land
Drop one by one from Fame's neglecting hand!
Lethæan gulfs receive them as they fall,
And dark oblivion soon absorbs them all.
So when a child, as playful children use,
Has burnt to tinder a stale last-year's news,
The flame extinct, he views the roving fire:
There goes my lady, and there goes the squire;
There goes the parson, O illustrious spark!
And there, scarce less illustrious, goes the clerk.

The Nightingale and Glow-Worm. COWPER.

A NIGHTINGALE, that all day long
Had cheer'd the village with his song,
Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
Nor yet when even-tide was ended,
Began to feel, as well he might,
The keen demands of appetite;
When, looking eagerly around,
He spied far off, upon the ground,
A something shining in the dark,
And knew the glow-worm by his spark:
So, stooping down from hawthorn top,
He thought to put him in his crop.
The worm, aware of his intent,
Harangu'd him thus, right eloquent:
"Did you admire my lamp," quoth he,
"As much as I your minstrelsy,
You would abhor to do me wrong,
As much as I to spoil your song;
For 'twas the self-same Pow'r divine
Taught you to sing, and me to shine,
That you with music, I with light,
Might beautify and cheer the night."
The songster heard his short oration,
And, warbling out his approbation,
Releas'd him, as my story tells,
And found a supper somewhere else.
Hence jarring sectaries may learn
Their real interest to discern:
That brother should not war with brother,
And worry and devour each other,
But sing and shine by sweet consent,
Till life's poor transient night is spent,
Respecting in each other's case
The gifts of nature and of grace.
Those Christians best deserve the name
Who studiously make peace their aim;
Peace, both the duty and the prize
Of him that creeps, and him that flies.

On a Goldfinch starved to Death in his Cage. COWPER.

TIME was when I was free as air,
The thistle's downy seed my fare,
My drink the morning dew;
I perch'd at will on ev'ry spray,
My form genteel, my plumage gay,
My strains for ever new.

But gaudy plumage, sprightly strain,
And form genteel, were all in vain,
And of a transient date;
For caught and cag'd, and starv'd to death,
In dying sighs my little breath
Soon pass'd the wiry grate.

Thanks, gentle swain, for all my woes,
And thanks for this effectual close
And cure of every ill!
More cruelty could none express;
And I, if you had shown me less,
Had been your prisoner still.

The Pine-Apple and the Bee. COWPER.

THE pine-apples in triple row
Were basking hot and all in blow:
A bee, of most discerning taste,
Perceiv'd the fragrance as he pass'd.
On eager wing the spoiler came,
And search'd for crannies in the frame;
Urg'd his attempt on ev'ry side,
To ev'ry pane his trunk applied—
But still in vain; the frame was tight,
And only pervious to the light.
Thus having wasted half the day,
He trimm'd his flight another way.
Methinks, I said, in thee I find
The sin and madness of mankind;
To joys forbidden man aspires,
Consumes his soul with vain desires;
Folly the spring of his pursuit,
And disappointment all the fruit.
While Cynthio ogles as she passes
The nymph between two chariot-glasses,
She is the pine-apple, and he
The silly, unsuccessful bee.
The maid, who views with pensive air
The show-glass fraught with glitt'ring ware,
Sees watches, bracelets, rings, and lockets,
But sighs at thought of empty pockets;
Like thine her appetite is keen,
But, ah, the cruel glass between!
Our dear delights are often such,
Expos'd to view, but not to touch;
The sight our foolish heart inflames;
We long for pine-apples in frames.
With hopeless wish one looks and lingers,
One breaks the glass, and cuts his fingers;
But they whom truth and wisdom lead,
Can gather honey from a weed.

The Poet, the Oyster, and Sensitive Plant. COWPER.

AN oyster, cast upon the shore,
Was heard, though never heard before,

Complaining in a speech well worded,
And worthy thus to be recorded:
"Ah, hapless wretch! condemn'd to dwell
For ever in my native shell,
Ordain'd to move when others please,
Not for my own content or ease,
But toss'd and buffeted about,
Now in the water, and now out.
'Twere better to be born a stone
Of ruder shape and feeling none,
Than with a tenderness like mine,
And sensibility so fine:
I envy that unfeeling shrub,
Fast-rooted against ev'ry rub."
The plant he meant grew not far off,
And felt the sneer with scorn enough;
Was hurt, disgusted, mortified,
And with asperity replied.
(When, cry the botanists, and stare,
Did plants call'd sensitive grow there?
No matter when, a poet's muse is
To make them grow where just she chooses.)
"You shapeless nothing in a dish,
You that are but almost a fish,
I scorn your coarse insinuation,
And have most plentiful occasion
To wish myself the rock I view,
Or such another dolt as you.
For many a grave and learned clerk,
And many a gay, unletter'd spark,
With curious touch examines me,
If I can feel as well as he;
And when I bend, retire, and shrink,
Says, 'Well, 'tis more than one would think.'
Thus life is spent, O fie upon 't!
In being touch'd, and crying, 'Don't!'"
A poet, in his evening walk,
O'erheard, and check'd this idle talk.
And, "Your fine sense," he said, "and yours,
Whatever evil it endures,
Deserves not, if so soon offended,
Much to be pitied or commended.
Disputes, though short, are far too long,
Where both alike are in the wrong;
Your feelings, in their full amount,
Are all upon your own account.
"You, in your grotto-work enclos'd,
Complain of being thus expos'd,
Yet nothing feel in that rough coat,
Save when the knife is at your throat:
Wherever driven by wind or tide,
Exempt from ev'ry ill beside.
"And as for you, my Lady Squeamish,
Who reckon ev'ry touch a blemish,
If all the plants that can be found
Embellishing the scene around
Should droop and wither where they grow,
You would not feel at all, not you.
The noblest minds their virtue prove
By pity, sympathy, and love.
These, these are feelings truly fine,
And prove their owner half divine."
His censure reach'd them as he dealt it,
And each, by shrinking, show'd he felt it.

A Fable. COWPER.

A RAVEN, while with glassy breast
Her new-laid eggs she fondly press'd,
And on her wicker-work high mounted
Her chickens prematurely counted,
(A fault philosophers might blame,
If quite exempted from the same,)
Enjoy'd at ease the genial day;
'Twas April, as the bumpkins say,
The legislature call'd it May.
But suddenly a wind, as high
As ever swept a winter sky,
Shook the young leaves about her ears,
And fill'd her with a thousand fears,
Lest the rude blast should snap the bough,
And spread her golden hopes below.
But just at eve the blowing weather,
And all her fears were hush'd together:
"And now," quoth poor unthinking Ralph,
"'Tis over, and the brood is safe;"
(For ravens, though as birds of omen
They teach both conj'rors and old women
To tell us what is to befall,
Can't prophesy themselves at all.)
The morning came, when neighbor Hodge,
Who long had mark'd her airy lodge,
And destin'd all the treasure there
A gift to his expecting fair,
Climb'd like a squirrel to his prey,
And bore the worthless prize away.

MORAL.

'Tis Providence alone secures,
In ev'ry change, both mine and yours.
Safety consists not in escape
From dangers of a frightful shape:
An earthquake may be bid to spare
The man that's strangled by a hair.
Fate steals along with silent tread,
Found oft'nest in what least we dread,
Frowns in the storm with angry brow,
And in the sunshine strikes the blow.

The Love of the World detected. COWPER.

THUS says the prophet of the Turk:
"Good Mussulman, abstain from pork;
There is a part in ev'ry swine
No friend or follower of mine
May taste, whate'er his inclination,
On pain of excommunication."
Such Mahomet's mysterious charge,
And thus he left the point at large.
Had he the sinful part express'd,
They might with safety eat the rest:
But for one piece, they thought it hard
From the whole hog to be debarr'd,
And set their wit at work to find
What joint the prophet had in mind.
Much controversy straight arose;
These choose the back, the belly those;
By some 'tis confidently said
He meant not to forbid the head;
While others at that doctrine rail,
And piously prefer the tail:
Thus, conscience freed from ev'ry clog,
Mahometans eat up the hog.

You laugh—'tis well; the tale applied
May make you laugh on t' other side.
"Renounce the world," the preacher cries:
"We do," a multitude replies.
While one as innocent regards
A snug and friendly game at cards;
And one, whatever you may say,
Can see no evil in a play;
Some love a concert, or a race,
And others, shooting, and the chase.
Revil'd and lov'd, renounc'd and follow'd,
Thus bit by bit the world is swallow'd:
Each thinks his neighbor makes too free,
Yet likes a slice as well as he:
With sophistry their sauce they sweeten,
Till quite from tail to snout 'tis eaten.

The Jackdaw. COWPER.

THERE is a bird who by his coat,
And by the hoarseness of his note,
Might be suppos'd a crow;
A great frequenter of the church,
Where, bishop-like, he finds a perch
And dormitory too.

About the steeple shines a plate,
That turns and turns, to indicate
From what point blows the weather;
Look up, your brains begin to swim;
'Tis in the clouds: that pleases him,
He chooses it the rather.

Fond of the speculative height,
Thither he wings his airy flight,
And thence securely sees
The bustle and the rareshow
That occupies mankind below,
Secure and at his ease.

You think, no doubt, he sits and muses
On future broken bones and bruises,
If he should chance to fall;
No, not a single thought like that
Employs his philosophic pate,
Or troubles it at all.

He sees that this great roundabout,
The world, with all its motley rout,
Church, army, physic, law,
Its customs and its businesses
Are no concern at all of his,
And says—What says he? "Caw."

Thrice happy bird! I too have seen
Much of the vanities of men,
And, sick of having seen 'em,
Would cheerfully these limbs resign
For such a pair of wings as thine,
And such a head between 'em.

We are Seven. WORDSWORTH.

——A SIMPLE child
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl:
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;
—Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many? Seven in all," she said,
And wondering look'd at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."
She answer'd, "Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the church-yard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And, in the church-yard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven!—I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be?"

Then did the little maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the church-yard lie,
Beneath the church-yard tree."

"You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the church-yard laid,
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little maid replied,
"Twelve steps or more from mother's door,
And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit—
I sit and sing to them.

"And often after sun-set, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was little Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God releas'd her of her pain;
And then she went away.

"So in the church-yard she was laid;
And, all the summer dry,
Together round her grave we play'd,
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forc'd to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you then," said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"
The little maiden did reply,
"O, master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven!"
'Twas throwing words away: for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

Rural Architecture. WORDSWORTH.

THERE's George Fisher, Charles Fleming,
and Reginald Shore, [not more
Three rosy cheek'd school-boys, the highest
Than the height of a counsellor's bag;
To the top of GREAT HOW* did it please
them to climb; [lime,
And there they built up, without mortar or
A man on the peak of the crag.

They built him of stones gather'd up as they
lay; [day,
They built him and christen'd him all in one
An urchin both vigorous and hale;
And so without scruple they call'd him Ralph
Jones.
Now Ralph is renown'd for the length of his
bones;
The Magog of Legberthwaite dale.

Just half a week after, the wind sallied forth,
And, in anger or merriment, out of the north
Coming on with a terrible pother,
From the peak of the crag blew the giant away.
And what did these school-boys?—The very
next day
They went and they built up another.

Some little I've seen of blind boisterous works
By Christian disturbers, more savage than
Spirits busy to do and undo; [Turks,
At remembrance whereof my blood sometimes
will flag— [crag!
Then, light-hearted boys, to the top of the
And I'll build up a giant with you.

Goody Blake and Harry Gill.—A true Story.
WORDSWORTH.

OH! what's the matter? what's the matter?
What is't that ails young Harry Gill?
That evermore his teeth they chatter,
Chatter, chatter, chatter still!
Of waistcoats Harry has no lack,
Good duffle gray, and flannel fine;
He has a blanket on his back,
And coats enough to smother nine.

In March, December, and in July,
'Tis all the same with Harry Gill;
The neighbours tell and tell you truly,
His teeth they chatter, chatter still.
At night, at morning, and at noon,
'Tis all the same with Harry Gill;
Beneath the sun, beneath the moon,
His teeth they chatter, chatter still!

Young Harry was a lusty drover,
And who so stout of limb as he?
His cheeks were red as ruddy clover;
His voice was like the voice of three.
Old Goody Blake was old and poor;
Ill fed she was, and thinly clad;
And any man who pass'd her door
Might see how poor a hut she had.

All day she spun in her poor dwelling:
And then her three hours' work at night!
Alas! 'twas hardly worth the telling,
It would not pay for candle-light.
Remote from sheltering village green,
Upon a bleak hill-side, she dwelt,
Where from sea-blasts the hawthorns lean,
And hoary dews are slow to melt.

By the same fire to boil their pottage,
Two poor old dames, as I have known,
Will often live in one small cottage;
But she, poor woman! housed alone.
'Twas well enough when summer came,
The long, warm, lightsome summer-day,
Then at her door the *canty* dame
Would sit, as any linnet gay.

But when the ice our streams did fetter,
Oh! then how her old bones would shake!
You would have said, if you had met her,
'Twas a hard time for Goody Blake.
Her evenings then were dull and dead!
Sad case it was, as you may think,
For very cold to go to bed;
And then for cold not sleep a wink.

Oh joy for her! whene'er in winter
The winds at night had made a rout;
And scatter'd many a lusty splinter
And many a rotten bough about.
Yet never had she, well or sick,
As every man who knew her says,
A pile beforehand, wood or stick,
Enough to warm her for three days.

Now, when the frost was past enduring,
And made her poor old bones to ache,
Could any thing be more alluring
Than an old hedge to Goody Blake?
And, now and then, it must be said,
When her old bones were cold and chill,
She left her fire, or left her bed,
To seek the hedge of Harry Gill.

Now Harry he had long suspected
This trespass of old Goody Blake;
And vow'd that she should be detected,
And he on her would vengeance take.
And oft from his warm fire he 'd go,
And to the fields his road would take;
And there, at night, in frost and snow,
He watch'd to seize old Goody Blake.

And once, behind a rick of barley,
Thus looking out did Harry stand:
The moon was full and shining clearly,
And crisp with frost the stubble land.
He hears a noise—he's all awake—
Again? on tip-toe down the hill
He softly creeps—'Tis Goody Blake,
She's at the hedge of Harry Gill.

Right glad was he when he beheld her:
Stick after stick did Goody pull:
He stood behind a bush of elder,
Till she had fill'd her apron full.
When with her load she turn'd about,
The by-road back again to take,

* Great How is a single and conspicuous hill, which rises towards the foot of Thirl-mere, on the western side of the beautiful dale of Legberthwaite, along the high road between Keswick and Ambleside.

He started forward with a shout,
And sprang upon poor Goody Blake.

And fiercely by the arm he took her,
And by the arm he held her fast,
And fiercely by the arm he shook her,
And cried, "I've caught you then at last!"
Then Goody, who had nothing said,
Her bundle from her lap let fall;
And, kneeling on the sticks, she prayed
To God, that is the judge of all.

She prayed, her withered hand uprearing,
While Harry held her by the arm—
"God! who art never out of hearing,
O may he never more be warm!"
The cold, cold moon above her head,
Thus on her knees did Goody pray;
Young Harry heard what she had said,
And icy cold he turned away.

He went complaining all the morrow
That he was cold and very chill:
His face was gloom, his heart was sorrow,
Alas! that day for Harry Gill!
That day he wore a riding-coat,
But not a whit the warmer he:
Another was on Thursday brought,
And ere the Sabbath he had three.

'Twas all in vain, a useless matter,—
And blankets were about him pinned;
Yet still his jaws and teeth they clatter,
Like a loose casement in the wind.
And Harry's flesh it fell away;
And all who see him say, 'tis plain,
That, live as long as live he may,
He never will be warm again.

No word to any man he utters,
Abed or up, to young or old;
But ever to himself he mutters,
"Poor Harry Gill is very cold."

Abed or up, by night or day,
His teeth they chatter, chatter still.
Now think, ye farmers all, I pray,
Of Goody Blake and Harry Gill.

On hearing of a Gentleman's Pocket being picked of his Watch.

He that a watch would wear, this he must do;
Pocket his watch, and watch his pocket too.

The Happy Fire-Side.

The hearth was clean, the fire was clear,
The kettle on for tea;
Palemon, in his elbow chair,
As blest as man could be.

Clarinda, who his heart possess'd,
And was his new made bride,
With head reclin'd upon his breast,
Sat toying by his side.

Stretch'd at his feet, in happy state,
A fav'rite dog was laid;
By whom a little sportive cat
In wanton humor play'd.

Clarinda's hand he gently press'd;
She stole an am'rous kiss,
And, blushing, modestly confess'd
The fulness of her bliss.

Palemon, with a heart elate,
Pray'd to Almighty Jove,
That it might ever be his fate,
Just so to live and love.

"Be this eternity," he cried,
"And let no more be given;
Continue thus my lov'd fire-side,
I ask no other heaven."

Address to a Nightingale. THOMSON.

O NIGHTINGALE! best poet of the grove,
That plaintive strain can ne'er belong to thee,
Bless'd in the full possession of thy love:
O lend that strain, sweet nightingale! to me.

'Tis mine, alas! to mourn my wretched fate;
I love a maid who all my bosom charms,
Yet lose my days without this lovely mate;
Inhuman Fortune keeps her from my arms.

You, happy birds! by nature's simple laws
Lead your soft lives, sustain'd by nature's fare;
You dwell wherever roving fancy draws,
And love and song is all your pleasing care:

But we, vain slaves of int'rest and of pride,
Dare not be blest, lest envious tongues should blame;
And hence in vain I languish for my bride:
O mourn with me, sweet bird! my hapless flame.

Retaliation. GOLDSMITH.

The title and nature of this Poem show that it owed its birth to some preceding circumstances of festive merriment, which, from the wit of the company and the very ingenious author's peculiar oddities, were probably enlivened by some strokes of humor. This piece was only intended for the Doctor's private amusement, and that of the particular friends who were its subject; and he unfortunately did not live to revise, or even finish it, in the manner which he intended. The public have, however, already shown how much they were pleased with its appearance, even in its present form.

OF old, when Scarron his companions invited,
Each guest brought his dish, and the feast was united;
If our landlord* supplies us with beef and with fish,
Let each guest bring himself, and he brings the best dish:
Our Dean† shall be venison, just fresh from the plains;
Our Burke‡ shall be tongue, with a garnish of brains;

* The master of the St. James's Coffee-house, where the Doctor and the friends he has characterized in this poem held an occasional club.

† Doctor Barnard, Dean of Derry in Ireland, author of many ingenious pieces.

‡ Mr. Edmund Burke, member for Wendover, and one of the greatest orators in this kingdom.

Our Will* shall be wild-fowl, of excellent fla-
vor; [savor:
And Dick† with his pepper shall heighten their
Our Cumberland's‡ sweet-bread its place shall
obtain,
And Douglas§ is pudding substantial and plain;
Our Garrick's|| a salad, for in him we see
Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltness agree:
To make out the dinner full certain I am
That Ridge¶ is anchovy, and Reynolds** is
lamb; [rule,
That Hickey's†† a capon: and, by the same
Magnanimous Goldsmith a gooseberry-fool.
At a dinner so various, at such a repast,
Who'd not be a glutton, and stick to the last?
Here, waiter! more wine; let me sit, while
I'm able,
Till all my companions sink under the table;
Then, with chaos and blunders encircling my
head, [dead.
Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the
Here lies the good Dean, re-united to earth,
Who mix'd reason with pleasure, and wisdom
with mirth:
If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt;
At least in six weeks I could not find 'em out;
Yet some have declar'd, and it can't be denied
'em, ['em.
That sly-boots was cursedly cunning to hide
Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius
was such
We scarcely can praise it or blame it too much;
Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his
mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for
mankind:
Though fraught with all learning, yet straining
his throat
To persuade Tommy Townshend‡‡ to lend
him a vote:
Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on
refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought
of dining;
Though equal to all things, for all things unfit,
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit;
For a patriot too cool; for a drudge disobedi-
ent; [*dient.*
And too fond of the *right* to pursue the *expe-*
In short, 'twas his fate, unemploy'd or in place,
sir, [zor.
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a ra-
Here lies honest William, whose heart was
a mint,
While the owner ne'er knew half the good
that was in't;
The pupil of impulse, it forc'd him along,
His conduct still right, with his argument
wrong;
Still aiming at honor, yet fearing to roam,
The coachman was tipsy, the chariot drove
home:
Would you ask for his merits, alas! he had none:
What was good was spontaneous, his faults
were his own.
Here lies honest Richard, whose fate I must
sigh at,
Alas, that such frolic should now be so quiet!
What spirits were his, what wit and what
whim,
Now breaking a jest, and now breaking a
limb;§§ [ball,
Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up the
Now teasing and vexing, yet laughing at all!
In short, so provoking a devil was Dick,
That we wish'd him full ten times a day at
Old Nick;
But, missing his mirth and agreeable vein,
As often we wish'd to have Dick back again.
Here Cumberland lies, having acted his parts,
The Terence of England, the mender of hearts;
A flattering painter, who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they
are.
His gallants are all faultless, his women divine,
And Comedy wonders at being so fine;
Like a tragedy-queen he has dizen'd her out,
Or rather like Tragedy giving a rout.
His fools have their follies so lost in a crowd
Of virtues and feelings, that Folly grows proud;
And coxcombs, alike in their failings alone,
Adopting his portraits are pleas'd with their
own.
Say, where has our poet this malady caught,
Or wherefore his characters thus without fault?
Say, was it, that, vainly directing his view
To find out men's virtues, and finding them
few,
Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,
He grew lazy at last, and drew from himself?
Here Douglas retires from his toils to relax,
The scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks.
Come, all ye quack bards, and ye quacking
divines, [reclines.
Come and dance on the spot where your tyrant
When Satire and Censure encircled his throne,
I fear'd for your safety, I fear'd for my own;

* Mr. William Burke, late Secretary to General Conway, and member for Bedwin.

† Mr. Richard Burke, Collector of Grenada, no less remarkable, in the walks of wit and humor, than his brother Edmund Burke, is justly distinguished in all the branches of useful and polite literature.

‡ Author of the West Indian, Fashionable Lovers, The Brothers, and other dramatic pieces.

§ Doctor Douglas, Canon of Windsor, an ingenious Scotch gentleman, who has no less distinguished himself as a citizen of the world, than a sound critic, in detecting several literary mistakes, or rather forgeries, of his countrymen; particularly Lauder on Milton, and Bower's History of the Popes.

|| David Garrick, Esq. joint Patentee and acting Manager at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

¶ Counsellor John Ridge, a gentleman belonging to the Irish bar, the relish of whose agreeable and pointed conversation is admitted, by all his acquaintance, to be very properly compared to the above sauce.

** Sir Joshua Reynolds, President of the Royal Academy.

†† An eminent Attorney.

‡‡ Mr. T. Townshend, member for Whitchurch.

§§ Mr. Richard Burke. This gentleman having slightly fractured one of his arms and legs at different times, the Doctor has rallied him on those accidents, as a kind of retributive justice for breaking his jests upon other people.

But now he is gone, and we want a detecter,
Our Dodds shall be pious, our Kenricks shall lecture;
Macpherson write bombast, and call it a style;
Our Townshend make speeches; and I shall compile; [over,
New Lauders and Bowers the Tweed shall cross
No countryman living their tricks to discover:
Detection her taper shall quench to a spark,
And Scotchman meet Scotchman, and cheat in the dark. [can?
Here lies David Garrick, describe him who
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man;
As an actor, confess'd without rival to shine;
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line;
Yet with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
The man had his failings, a dupe to his art;
Like an ill-judging beauty his colors he spread,
And beplaster'd with rouge his own natural red.
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
'Twas only that when he was off he was acting;
With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
He turn'd and he varied full ten times a day;
Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick
If they were not his own by finessing and trick;
He cast off his friends as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew when he pleas'd he could whistle them back. [came,
Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what
And the puff of a dunce he mistook it for fame;
Till, his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
Who pepper'd the highest was sure best to please.
But let us be candid, and speak out our mind:
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys, and Woodfalls so grave,
What a commerce was yours, while you got and you gave! [you rais'd,
How did Grub-street re-echo the shouts that
While he was be-Roscius'd, and you were be-prais'd!
But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
To act as an angel, and mix with the skies!
Those poets who owe their best fame to his skill,
Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will;
Old Shakspeare receive him with praise and with love,
And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.
Here Hickey reclines, a most blunt, pleasant creature,
And slander itself must allow him good-nature:
He cherish'd his friend, and he relish'd a bumper; [per.
Yet one fault he had, and that one was a thum-
Perhaps you may ask if the man was a miser?
I answer, No, no, for he always was wiser.
Too courteous, perhaps, or obligingly flat?
His very worst foe can't accuse him of that.
Perhaps he confided in men as they go,
And so was too foolishly honest?—Ah, no!
Then what was his failing? come, tell it, and burn ye.
He was, could he help it? a special attorney.

Here Reynolds is laid, and to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiser or better behind:
His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand;
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland;
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart:
To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
When they judg'd without skill he was still hard of hearing; [and stuff,
When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Coreggios,
He shifted his trumpet,* and only took snuff.

The Haunch of Venison; a Poetical Epistle to Lord Clare.—1765. GOLDSMITH.

THANKS, my lord, for your venison, for finer or fatter [ter;
Never rang'd in a forest, or smok'd in a plat-
The haunch was a picture for painters to study,
The fat was so white, and the lean was so ruddy;
Though my stomach was sharp, I could scarce help regretting
To spoil such a delicate picture by eating;
I had thoughts, in my chambers, to place it in view,
To be shown to my friends as a piece of virtu;
As in some Irish houses, where things are so so,
One gammon of bacon hangs up for a show:
But, for eating a rasher of what they take pride in, [in.
They'd as soon think of eating the pan it is fry'd
But hold—let me pause—don't I hear you pronounce,
This tale of the bacon's a damnable bounce;
Well, suppose it a bounce—sure a poet may try,
By a bounce now and then, to get courage to fly.
But, my lord, it's no bounce. I protest, in my turn, [Burn.
It's a truth—and your lordship may ask Mr.
To go on with my tale—as I gaz'd on the haunch,
I thought of a friend that was trusty and stanch;
So I cut it, and sent it to Reynolds undrest,
To paint it, or eat it, just as he lik'd best.
Of the neck and the breast I had next to dispose;
'Twas a neck and a breast that might rival Monroe's:
But in parting with these I was puzzled again,
With the how, and the who, and the where, and the when. [H—ff,
There's H—d, and C—y, and H—rth, and
I think they love venison—I know they love beef. [alone
There's my countryman Higgins—Oh! let him
For making a blunder, or picking a bone.
But hang it—to poets who seldom can eat,
Your very good mutton's a very good treat;
Such dainties to them their health it might hurt,
It's like sending them ruffles, when wanting a shirt.
While thus I debated, in reverie centred,
An acquaintance, a friend, as he call'd himself, enter'd;

* Sir Joshua Reynolds was so remarkably deaf as to be under the necessity of using an ear trumpet in company.

An under-bred, fine-spoken fellow was he,
And he smil'd as he look'd at the venison and me.
"What have we got here?—why, this is good eating!
Your own I suppose—or is it in waiting?"
"Why, whose should it be?" cried I with a flounce— [bounce:
"I get these things often;" but that was a
"Some lords, my acquaintance, that settle the nation,
Are pleas'd to be kind; but I hate ostentation."
"If that be the case then," cried he, very gay,
"I'm glad I have taken this house in my way.
To-morrow you take a poor dinner with me;
No words—I insist on't—precisely at three:
We'll have Johnson, and Burke; all the wits will be there; [Clare.
My acquaintance is slight, or I'd ask my Lord
And, now that I think on't, as I am a sinner,
We wanted this venison to make out the dinner!
What say you—a pasty, it shall and it must,
And my wife, little Kitty, is famous for crust.
Here, porter—this venison with me to Mile-end;
No stirring, I beg, my dear friend, my dear friend!" [wind,
Thus snatching his hat, he brush'd off like the
And the porter and eatables follow'd behind.
Left alone to reflect, having emptied my shelf,
And "nobody with me at sea but myself;"
Though I could not help thinking my gentleman hasty, [pasty,
Yet Johnson, and Burke, and a good venison
Were things that I never dislik'd in my life,
Though clogg'd with a coxcomb, and Kitty his wife. [proach,
So next day, in due splendor to make my ap-
I drove to his door in my own hackney coach.
When come to the place where we all were to dine, [nine,)
(A chair-lumber'd closet just twelve feet by
My friend bade me welcome, but struck me quite dumb, [not come;
With tidings that Johnson and Burke would
For "I knew it," he cried, "both eternally fail,
The one with his speeches, and th' other with Thrale; [party,
But no matter, I'll warrant we'll make up the
With two full as clever, and ten times as hearty.
The one is a Scotchman, the other a Jew;
They're both of them merry, and authors like you; [Scourge;
The one writes the Snarler, the other the
Some think he writes Cinna—he owns to Panurge." [name,
While thus he describ'd them by trade and by
They enter'd, and dinner was serv'd as they came.
At the top a fried liver, and bacon were seen,
At the bottom was tripe, in a swinging tureen;
At the sides there was spinage and pudding made hot;
In the middle a place where the pasty—was not.
Now, my lord, as for tripe, its my utter aversion,
And your bacon I hate like a Turk or a Persian—
So there I sat stuck, like a horse in a pound,
While the bacon and liver went merrily round:
But what vex'd me most, was that d—m'd Scottish rogue, [his brogue.
With his long-winded speeches, his smiles, and
And, "madam," quoth he, "may this bit be my poison,
A prettier dinner I never set eyes on;
Pray, a slice of your liver, though may I be curst, [burst."
But I've eat of your tripe, till I'm ready to
"The tripe," quoth the Jew, with his chocolate cheek, [week:
"I could dine on this tripe seven days in the
I like these here dinners so pretty and small;
But your friend there, the doctor, eats nothing at all." [in a trice,
"O—oh!" quoth my friend, "he'll come on
He's keeping a corner for something that's nice: [Jew;
There's a pasty"—"A pasty!" repeated the
"I don't care if I keep a corner for't too."
"What the de'il, mon, a pasty!" re-echo'd the Scot; [that."
"Though splitting, I'll still keep a corner for
"We'll all keep a corner," the lady cried out;
"We'll all keep a corner," was echo'd about.
While thus we resolv'd, and the pasty delay'd,
With looks that quite petrified, enter'd the maid:
A visage so sad, and so pale with affright,
Wak'd Priam in drawing his curtains by night.
But we quickly found out, for who could mistake her?
That she came with some terrible news from the baker:
And so it fell out, for that negligent sloven
Had shut out the pasty on shutting his oven.
Sad Philomel thus—but let similes drop—
And now that I think on't, the story may stop.
To be plain, my good lord, it's but labor misplac'd,
To send such good verses to one of your taste;
You've got an odd something—a kind of discerning—
A relish—a taste—sicken'd over by learning;
At least, it's your temper, as very well known,
That you think very slightly of all that's your own:
So, perhaps, in your habits of thinking amiss,
You may make a mistake, and think slightly of this.

The Double Transformation: A Tale.

GOLDSMITH.

SECLUDED from domestic strife,
Jack Book-worm led a college life;
A fellowship at twenty-five
Made him the happiest man alive;
He drank his glass, and crack'd his joke,
And freshmen wonder'd as he spoke.
Such pleasures, unallay'd with care,
Could any accident impair?
Could Cupid's shaft at length transfix
Our swain, arriv'd at thirty-six?

O had the archer ne'er come down
To ravage in a country town!
Or Flavia been content to stop
At triumphs in a Fleet-street shop.
O had her eyes forgot to blaze!
Or Jack had wanted eyes to gaze;
O!—But let exclamations cease,
Her presence banish'd all his peace.
So with decorum all things carry'd;
Miss frown'd, and blush'd, and then was—married.

Need we expose to vulgar sight
The raptures of the bridal night?
Need we intrude on hallow'd ground,
Or draw the curtains clos'd around?
Let it suffice, that each had charms;
He clasp'd a goddess in his arms;
And, though she felt his usage rough,
Yet in a man 'twas well enough.

The honey-moon like lightning flew;
The second brought its transports too;
A third, a fourth, were not amiss;
The fifth was friendship mix'd with bliss:
But, when a twelvemonth pass'd away,
Jack found his goddess made of clay;
Found half the charms that deck'd her face
Arose from powder, shreds, or lace;
But still the worst remain'd behind,
That very face had robb'd her mind.

Skill'd in no other arts was she,
But dressing, patching, repartee;
And, just as humor rose or fell,
By turns a slattern or a belle;
'Tis true she dress'd with modern grace;
Half naked at a ball or race;
But when at home, at board or bed,
Five greasy night-caps wrapp'd her head.
Could so much beauty condescend
To be a dull domestic friend?
Could any curtain-lectures bring
To decency so fine a thing?
In short, by night, 'twas fits or fretting;
By day, 'twas gadding or coquetting.
Fond to be seen, she kept a bevy
Of powder'd coxcombs at her levee;
The 'squire and captain took their stations,
And twenty other near relations;
Jack suck'd his pipe, and often broke
A sigh in suffocating smoke;
While all their hours were pass'd between
Insulting repartee or spleen.

Thus as her faults each day were known,
He thinks her features coarser grown;
He fancies every vice she shows
Or thins her lip, or points her nose:
Whenever rage or envy rise,
How wide her mouth, how wild her eyes!
He knows not how, but so it is,
Her face is grown a knowing phiz;
And, though her fops are wondrous civil,
He thinks her ugly as the devil.

Now, to perplex the ravell'd noose,
As each a different way pursues,
While sullen or loquacious strife
Promised to hold them on for life,
That dire disease, whose ruthless power
Withers the beauty's transient flower,
Lo! the small-pox, whose horrid glare
Levell'd its terrors at the fair;
And, rifling every youthful grace,
Left but the remnant of a face.

The glass, grown hateful to her sight,
Reflected now a perfect fright:
Each former art she vainly tries
To bring back lustre to her eyes.
In vain she tries her paste and creams,
To smooth her skin, or hide its seams;
Her country beaux and city cousins,
Lovers no more, flew off by dozens:
The 'squire himself was seen to yield,
And ev'n the captain quit the field.

Poor madam now condem'd to hack
The rest of life with anxious Jack,
Perceiving others fairly flown,
Attempted pleasing him alone.
Jack soon was dazzled to behold
Her present face surpass the old;
With modesty her cheeks are dy'd,
Humility displaces pride;
For tawdry finery, is seen
A person ever neatly clean:
No more presuming on her sway,
She learns good-nature every day;
Serenely gay, and strict in duty,
Jack finds his wife a perfect beauty.

The Progress of Discontent.—1746.
T. WARTON.

WHEN now mature in classic knowledge,
The joyful youth is sent to college,
His father comes, a vicar plain,
At Oxford bred—in Anna's reign,
And thus, in form of humble suitor,
Bowing, accosts a reverend tutor.
"Sir, I'm a Glo'stershire divine,
And this my eldest son of nine;
My wife's ambition and my own
Was that this child should wear a gown:
I'll warrant that his good behaviour
Will justify your future favour;
And, for his parts, to tell the truth,
My son 's a very forward youth;
Has Horace all by heart—you'd wonder—
And mouths out Homer's Greek like thunder.
If you'd examine—and admit him,
A scholarship would nicely fit him;
That he succeeds 'tis ten to one;
Your vote and interest, sir!"—'Tis done.

Our pupil's hopes, though twice defeated,
Are with a scholarship completed:
A scholarship but half maintains,
And college-rules are heavy chains:
In garret dark he smokes and puns,
A prey to discipline and duns;
And now, intent on new designs,
Sighs for a fellowship—and fines.

When nine full tedious winters past,
That utmost wish is crown'd at last:
But the rich prize no sooner got,
Again he quarrels with his lot:

"These fellowships are pretty things,
We live indeed like petty kings:
But who can bear to waste his whole age
Amid the dulness of a college,
Debarr'd the common joys of life,
And that prime bliss—a loving wife!
O! what's a table richly spread,
Without a woman at its head?
Would some snug benefice but fall,
Ye feasts, ye dinners! farewell all!
To offices I'd bid adieu,
Of dean, vice pres.—of bursar too;
Come joys, that rural quiet yields,
Come, tithes, and house, and fruitful fields!"
Too fond of freedom and of ease
A patron's vanity to please,
Long time he watches, and by stealth,
Each frail incumbent's doubtful health;
At length, and in his fortieth year,
A living drops—two hundred clear!
With breast elate beyond expression,
He hurries down to take possession,
With rapture views the sweet retreat—
"What a convenient house! how neat!
For fuel here's sufficient wood:
Pray God the cellars may be good!
The garden—that must be new-plann'd—
Shall these old-fashion'd yew-trees stand?
O'er yonder vacant plot shall rise
The flow'ry shrub of thousand dyes:—
Yon wall, that feels the southern ray,
Shall blush with ruddy fruitage gay:
While thick beneath its aspect warm
O'er well-rang'd hives the bees shall swarm,
From which, ere long, of golden gleam
Metheglin's luscious juice shall stream:
This awkward hut, o'ergrown with ivy,
We'll alter to a modern privy:
Up yon green slope, of hazels trim,
An avenue so cool and dim,
Shall to an arbour at the end,
In spite of gout, entice a friend.
My predecessor lov'd devotion—
But of a garden had no notion."
Continuing this fantastic farce on,
He now commences country parson.
To make his character entire,
He weds—a cousin of the 'squire;
Not over-weighty in the purse,
But many doctors have done worse:
And though she boasts no charms divine,
Yet she can carve, and make birch wine.
Thus fix'd, content he taps his barrel,
Exhorts his neighbours not to quarrel;
Finds his church-wardens have discerning
Both in good liquor and good learning;
With tithes his barns replete he sees,
And chuckles o'er his surplice fees;
Studies to find out latent dues,
And regulates the state of pews;
Rides a sleek mare with purple housing,
To share the monthly club's carousing;
Of Oxford pranks facetious tells,
And—but on Sundays—hears no bells;
Sends presents of his choicest fruit,
And prunes himself each sapless shoot;
Plants cauliflowers, and boasts to rear
The earliest melons of the year;
Thinks alteration charming work is,
Keeps bantam cocks, and feeds his turkies;
Builds in his copse a fav'rite bench,
And stores the pond with carp and tench.—
But, ah! too soon his thoughtless breast
By cares domestic is oppress'd;
And a third butcher's bill, and brewing,
Threaten inevitable ruin:
For children fresh expenses yet,
And Dicky now for school is fit.
"Why did I sell my college life,"
He cries, "for benefice and wife?
Return, ye days, when endless pleasure
I found in reading, or in leisure!
When calm around the common room
I puff'd my daily pipe's perfume!
Rode for a stomach, and inspected,
At annual bottlings, corks selected:
And din'd untax'd, untroubled, under
The portrait of our pious founder!
When impositions were supply'd
To light my pipe—or soothe my pride—
No cares were then for forward peas,
A yearly-longing wife to please;
My thoughts no christ'ning dinners crost,
No children cry'd for butter'd toast;
An ev'ry night I went to bed,
Without a modus in my head!"
Oh! trifling head, and fickle heart!
Chagrin'd at whatsoe'er thou art;
A dupe to follies yet untry'd,
And sick of pleasures, scarce enjoy'd!
Each prize possess'd, thy transport ceases,
And in pursuit alone it pleases.

Description of Hudibras. BUTLER.

His tawny beard was th' equal grace
Both of his wisdom and his face;
In cut and die so like a tile,
A sudden view it would beguile;
The upper part whereof was whey,
The nether orange, mix'd with gray.
This hairy meteor did denounce
The fall of sceptres and of crowns;
With grisly type did represent
Declining age of government,
And tell, with hieroglyphic spade,
It's own grave and the state's were made:
Like Samson's heart-breakers, it grew
In time to make a nation rue;
Though it contributed its own fall
To wait upon the public downfall;
It was monastic, and did grow
In holy orders by strict vow;
Of rule as sullen and severe,
As that of rigid Cordelier:
'Twas bound to suffer persecution,
And martyrdom, with resolution;
T' oppose itself against the hate
And vengeance of th' incensed state,

In whose defiance it was worn,
Still ready to be pull'd and torn,
With red-hot irons to be tortur'd,
Revil'd, and spit upon, and martyr'd;
Maugre all which 'twas to stand fast
As long as monarchy should last:
But when the state should hap to reel,
'Twas to submit to fatal steel,
And fall, as it was consecrate,
A sacrifice to fall of state,
Whose thread of life the Fatal Sisters
Did twist together with its whiskers,
And twine so close, that Time should never,
In life or death, their fortunes sever,
But with his rusty sickle mow
Both down together at a blow.
So learned Taliacotius, from
The brawny part of Porter's bum,
Cut supplemental noses, which
Would last as long as parent breech,
But, when the date of Nock was out,
Off dropp'd the sympathetic snout.
His back, or rather burthen, show'd
As if it stoop'd with its own load:
For as Æneas bore his sire
Upon his shoulders through the fire,
Our knight did bear no less a pack
Of his own buttocks on his back;
Which now had almost got the upper-
Hand of his head for want of crupper:
To poise this equally, he bore
A paunch of the same bulk before,
Which still he had a special care
To keep well cramm'd with thrifty fare;
As white-pot, butter-milk, and curds,
Such as a country house affords;
With other victual, which anon
We farther shall dilate upon,
When of his hose we come to treat,
The cupboard where he kept his meat.
His doublet was of sturdy buff,
And though not sword, yet cudgel-proof,
Whereby 'twas fitter for his use,
Who fear'd no blows but such as bruise.
His breeches were of rugged woollen,
And had been at the siege of Bullen;
To old King Harry so well known,
Some writers held they were his own:
Through they were lined with many a piece
Of ammunition bread and cheese,
And fat black puddings, proper food
For warriors that delight in blood:
For, as we said, he always chose
To carry victual in his hose,
That often tempted rats and mice
The ammunition to surprise;
And when he put a hand but in
The one or t' other magazine,
They stoutly on defence on't stood,
And from the wounded foe drew blood,
And till they were storm'd and beaten out,
Ne'er left the fortify'd redoubt:
And though knights errant, as some think,
Of old did neither eat nor drink,
Because when thorough deserts vast,
And regions desolate, they pass'd,
Where belly-timber above ground,
Or under, was not to be found,
Unless they grazed, there's not one word
Of their provision on record;
Which made some confidently write,
They had no stomachs but to fight.
'Tis false; for Arthur wore in hall
Round table like a farthingale,
On which, with shirt pull'd out behind,
And eke before, his good knights dined;
Though 'twas no table some suppose,
But a huge pair of round trunk hose,
In which he carry'd as much meat
As he and all the knights could eat,
When laying by their swords and truncheons,
They took their breakfasts, or their luncheons.
But let that pass at present, lest
We should forget where we digress'd,
As learned authors use, to whom
We leave it, and to the purpose come.
His puissant sword unto his side,
Near his undaunted heart, was ty'd,
With basket hilt that would hold broth,
And served for fight and dinner both;
In it he melted lead for bullets
To shoot at foes, and sometimes pullets,
To whom he bore so fell a grutch,
He ne'er gave quarter to any such.
The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,
For want of fighting was grown rusty,
And ate into itself, for lack
Of somebody to hew and hack:
The peaceful scabbard, where it dwelt,
The rancor of its edge had felt;
For of the lower end two handful
It had devour'd, 'twas so manful,
And so much scorn'd to lurk in case,
As if it durst not shew its face.
In many desperate attempts
Of warrants, exigents, contempts,
It had appear'd with courage bolder
Than Sergeant Bum invading shoulder:
Oft had it ta'en possession,
And pris'ners too, or made them run.
This sword a dagger had, his page,
That was but little for his age,
And therefore waited on him so,
As dwarfs upon knights errant do:
It was a serviceable dudgeon,
Either for fighting or for drudging:
When it had stabb'd, or broke a head,
It would scrape trenchers, or chip bread;
Toast cheese or bacon, though it were
To bait a mouse-trap, 'twould not care;
'Twould make clean shoes, and in the earth
Set leeks and onions, and so forth:
It had been 'prentice to a brewer,
Where this and more it did endure,
But left the trade, as many more
Have lately done on the same score.
In th' holsters, at his saddle-bow,
Two aged pistols he did stow,

Among the surplus of such meat
As in his hose he could not get:
These would inveigle rats with th' scent,
To forage when the cocks were bent,
And sometimes catch 'em with a snap,
As cleverly as the ablest trap:
They were upon hard duty still,
And ev'ry night stood sentinel,
To guard the magazine i' th' hose
From two-legg'd and from four-legg'd foes.
Thus clad and fortify'd, Sir Knight,
From peaceful home, set forth to fight:
But first, with nimble, active force,
He got on th' outside of his horse!
For having but one stirrup ty'd
T' his saddle on the further side,
It was so short h' had much ado
To reach it with his desp'rate toe;
But after many strains and heaves,
He got up to the saddle-eaves,
From whence he vaulted into th' seat
With so much vigor, strength, and heat,
That he had almost tumbled over
With his own weight, but did recover,
By laying hold on tail and mane,
Which oft he used instead of rein.

Baucis and Philemon.—1708. *On the ever-lamented loss of the two Yew-Trees, in the Parish of Chilthorne, Somerset. Imitated from the eighth Book of Ovid.* SWIFT.

IN ancient times, as story tells,
The saints would often leave their cells,
And stroll about, but hide their quality,
To try good people's hospitality.
It happen'd on a winter's night,
As authors of the legend write,
Two brother-hermits, saints by trade,
Taking their *tour* in masquerade,
Disguis'd in tatter'd habits, went
To a small village down in Kent;
Where, in the strollers' canting strain,
They begg'd from door to door in vain,
Tried every tone might pity win;
But not a soul would let them in.
Our wandering saints, in woful state,
Treated at this ungodly rate,
Having through all the village pass'd,
To a small cottage came at last!
Where dwelt a good, old, honest ye'man,
Call'd, in the neighborhood, Philemon;
Who kindly did these saints invite
In his poor hut to pass the night;
And then the hospitable sire
Bid goody Baucis mend the fire;
While he from out the chimney took
A flitch of bacon off the hook,
And freely from the fattest side
Cut out large slices to be fry'd;
Then stepp'd aside to fetch them drink,
Fill'd a large jug up to the brink,
And saw it fairly twice go round;
Yet (what is wonderful!) they found,
'Twas still replenish'd to the top,
As if they ne'er had touch'd a drop.
The good old couple were amaz'd,
And often on each other gaz'd;
For both were frighten'd to the heart,
And just began to cry,—"What ar't?"
Then softly turn'd aside to view
Whether the lights were burning blue.
The gentle pilgrims, soon aware on't,
Told them their calling, and their errand:
"Good folks, you need not be afraid,
We are but saints," the hermits said;
"No hurt shall come to you or yours:
But for that pack of churlish boors,
Not fit to live on Christian ground,
They and their houses shall be drown'd;
Whilst you shall see your cottage rise,
And grow a church before your eyes."
They scarce had spoke, when fair and soft
The roof began to mount aloft;
Aloft rose every beam and rafter;
The heavy wall climb'd slowly after.
The chimney widen'd, and grew higher,
Became a steeple with a spire.
The kettle to the top was hoist,
And there stood fasten'd to a joist,
But with the upside down, to show
Its inclination for below:
In vain; for a superior force,
Apply'd at bottom, stops its course:
Doom'd ever in suspense to dwell,
'Tis now no kettle, but a bell.
A wooden jack, which had almost
Lost by disuse the art to roast,
A sudden alteration feels,
Increas'd by new intestine wheels;
And, what exalts the wonder more,
The number made the motion slower:
The flier, though 't had leaden feet,
Turn'd round so quick, you scarce could see 't;
But, slacken'd by some secret power,
Now hardly moves an inch an hour.
The jack and chimney, near ally'd,
Have never left each other's side:
The chimney to the steeple grown,
The jack would not be left alone;
But, up against the steeple rear'd,
Became a clock, and still adher'd;
And still its love to household cares,
By a shrill voice at noon, declares,
Warning the cook-maid not to burn
That roast-meat which it cannot turn.
The groaning-chair began to crawl,
Like a huge snail, along the wall;
There stuck aloft in public view,
And, with small change, a pulpit grew.
The porringers, that in a row
Hung high, and made a glittering show,
To a less noble substance chang'd,
Were now but leathern buckets rang'd.
The ballads, pasted on the wall,
Of Joan of France, and English Moll,
Fair Rosamond, and Robin Hood,
The Little Children in the Wood,
Now seem'd to look abundance better,
Improv'd in picture, size, and letter;

And, high in order plac'd, describe
The heraldry of every tribe.
A bedstead of the antique mode,
Compact of timber many a load,
Such as our ancestors did use,
Was metamorphos'd into pews;
Which still their ancient nature keep
By lodging folks dispos'd to sleep.
The cottage by such feats as these
Grown to a church by just degrees,
The hermits then desir'd their host
To ask for what he fancy'd most.
Philemon, having paus'd a while,
Return'd them thanks in homely style:
Then said, "My house is grown so fine,
Methinks I still would call it mine;
I'm old, and fain would live at ease;
Make me the parson, if you please."
He spoke, and presently he feels
His grazier's coat fall down his heels:
He sees, yet hardly can believe,
About each arm a pudding-sleeve;
His waistcoat to a cassock grew,
And both assum'd a sable hue;
But, being old, continued just
As thread-bare, and as full of dust.
His talk was now of tithes and dues:
He smok'd his pipe, and read the news;
Knew how to preach old sermons next,
Vamp'd in the preface and the text;
At christenings well could act his part,
And had the service all by heart;
Wish'd women might have children fast,
And thought whose sow had farrow'd last;
Against dissenters would repine,
And stood up firm for right divine;
Found his head fill'd with many a system;
But classic authors,—he ne'er miss'd 'em.
Thus having furbish'd up a parson,
Dame Baucis next they play'd their farce on.
Instead of home-spun coifs, were seen
Good pinners edg'd with colberteen;
Her petticoat, transform'd apace,
Became black satin, flounc'd with lace.
Plain Goody would no longer down;
'Twas Madam, in her grogram gown.
Philemon was in great surprise,
And hardly could believe his eyes,
Amaz'd to see her look so prim;
And she admir'd as much at him.
Thus happy in their change of life
Were several years this man and wife;
When, on a day, which prov'd their last,
Discoursing o'er old stories past,
They went by chance, amidst their talk,
To the church-yard to take a walk;
When Baucis hastily cry'd out,
"My dear, I see your forehead sprout!"
"Sprout!" quoth the man; "what's this you tell us?
I hope you don't believe me jealous?
But yet, methinks, I feel it true;
And really yours is budding too:—
Nay—now I cannot stir my foot;
It feels as if 'twere taking root."

Description would but tire my muse;
In short, they both were turn'd to yews.
Old Goodman Dobson of the green
Remembers, he the trees has seen:
He'll talk of them from noon till night,
And goes with folks to show the sight:
On Sundays, after evening prayer,
He gathers all the parish there;
Points out the place of either yew;
Here Baucis, there Philemon, grew:
Till once a parson of our town,
To mend his barn, cut Baucis down;
At which, 'tis hard to be believ'd
How much the other tree was griev'd,
Grew scrubbed, dy'd a-top, was stunted;
So the next parson stubb'd and burnt it.

To the Earl of Peterborow, who commanded the British forces in Spain. SWIFT.

MORDANTO fills the trump of fame,
The Christian world his deeds proclaim,
And prints are crowded with his name.

In journeys he outrides the post,
Sits up till midnight with his host,
Talks politics, and gives the toast;

Knows every prince in Europe's face,
Flies like a squib from place to place,
And travels not, but runs a race.

From Paris gazette à-la-main,
This day arriv'd, without his train,
Mordanto in a week from Spain.

A messenger comes all a-reek,
Mordanto at Madrid to seek;
He left the town above a week.

Next day the post-boy winds his horn,
And rides through Dover in the morn:
Mordanto 's landed from Leghorn.

Mordanto gallops on alone;
The roads are with his followers strown;
This breaks a girth and that a bone.

His body active as his mind,
Returning sound in limb and wind,
Except some leather lost behind.

A skeleton in outward figure,
His meager corpse, though full of vigor,
Would halt behind him, were it bigger.

So wonderful his expedition,
When you have not the least suspicion,
He 's with you like an apparition:

Shines in all climates like a star;
In senates bold, and fierce in war;
A land commander, and a tar:

Heroic actions early bred in,
Ne'er to be match'd in modern reading,
But by his name-sake, Charles of Sweden.

Upon Nothing. ROCHESTER.

NOTHING! thou elder brother ev'n to shade,
That hadst a being ere the world was made,
And (well fix'd) art alone of ending not afraid.

Ere Time and Place were, Time and Place were not, [begot,
When primitive Nothing Something straight
Then all proceeded from the great united—What.

Something, the general attribute of all,
Sever'd from thee, its sole original, [fall.
Into thy boundless self must undistinguish'd

Yet Something did thy mighty power command,
And from thy fruitful emptiness's hand
Snatch'd men, beasts, birds, fire, air, and land.

Matter, the wicked'st offspring of thy race,
By Form assisted, flew from thy embrace;
And rebel Light obscur'd thy reverend, dusky face.

With Form and Matter, Time and Place did join;
Body, thy foe, with these did leagues combine,
To spoil thy peaceful realm, and ruin all thy line.

But turn-coat Time assists the foe in vain,
And, brib'd by thee, asserts thy short-liv'd reign, [again.
And to thy hungry womb drives back thy slaves

Though mysteries are barr'd from laic eyes,
And the divine alone, with warrant, pries
Into thy bosom, where the truth in private lies;

Yet this of thee the wise may freely say,
Thou from the virtuous Nothing tak'st away,
And to be part with thee the wicked wisely pray.

Great Negative! how vainly would the wise
Inquire, define, distinguish, teach, devise,
Didst thou not stand to point their dull philosophies!

Is, or *is not*, the two great ends of Fate,
And, true or false, the subject of debate,
That perfect or destroy the vast designs of Fate;

When they have rack'd the politician's breast,
Within thy bosom most securely rest, [best.
And, when reduc'd to thee, are least unsafe and

But Nothing, why does Something still permit,
That sacred monarchs should at council sit
With persons highly thought at best for nothing fit?

While weighty Something modestly abstains
From princes' coffers, and from statesmen's brains,
And nothing there like stately Nothing reigns.

Nothing, who dwell'st with fools in grave disguise, [vise,
For whom they reverend shapes and forms de-
Lawn sleeves, and furs, and gowns, when they like thee look wise.

French truth, Dutch prowess, British policy,
Hibernian learning, Scotch civility,
Spaniards' despatch, Danes' wit, are mainly seen in thee.

The great man's gratitude to his best friend,
Kings' promises, whores' vows, towards thee they tend,
Flow swiftly into thee, and in thee ever end.

The Secular Masque. DRYDEN.

Enter Janus.

Janus. CHRONOS, Chronos, mend thy pace.
A hundred times the rolling sun
Around the radiant belt has run
In his revolving race.
Behold, behold the goal in sight,
Spread thy fans and wing thy flight.

Enter Chronos with a sithe in his hand, and a globe on his back; which he sets down at his entrance.

Chronos. Weary, weary of my weight,
Let me, let me drop my freight,
And leave the world behind.
I could not bear
Another year
The load of human-kind.

Enter Momus, laughing.

Momus. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! well hast thou done,
To lay down thy pack,
And lighten thy back;
The world was a fool, e'er since it begun: [nos, nor I,
And since neither Janus, nor Chro-
Can hinder the crimes,
Or mend the bad times,
'Tis better to laugh than to cry.

Cho. of all three. 'Tis better to laugh than to cry.

Janus. Since Momus comes to laugh below,
Old Time begin the show,
That he may see, in every scene,
What changes in this age have been.

Chronos. Then, Goddess of the silver bow, begin. [*Horns, or hunting [music, within.*

Enter Diana.

Diana. With horns and with hounds I awaken the day,
And hie to the woodland walks away; [soon,
I tuck up my robe, and am buskin'd
And tie to my forehead a wexing moon. [fox,
I course the fleet stag, unkennel the
And chase the wild goats o'er summits of rocks.
With shouting and hooting we pierce through the sky, [the cry.
And Echo turns hunter, and doubles

Cho. of all. With shouting and hooting we pierce through the sky,
And Echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry.

Janus. Then our age was in it's prime,

Chronos. Free from rage,

Diana. ——— And free from crime.

Momus. A very merry, dancing, drinking,
Laughing, quaffing, and unthinking time.

Cho. of all. Then our age was in its prime,
Free from rage, and free from crime.
A very merry, dancing, drinking,
Laughing, quaffing, and unthinking time.

[*Dance of Diana's attendants.*]

Enter Mars.

Mars. Inspire the vocal brass, inspire;
The world is past its infant age:
Arms and honor,
Arms and honor,
Set the martial mind on fire,
And kindle manly rage.
Mars has look'd the sky to red;
And Peace, the lazy good, is fled.
Plenty, peace, and pleasure fly;
The sprightly green
In woodland walks no more is seen;
The sprightly green has drunk the
Cho. of all. Plenty, peace, &c. [Tyrian dye.
Mars. Sound the trumpet, beat the drum;
Through all the world around
Sound a reveille, sound, sound,
The warrior god is come.
Cho. of all. Sound the trumpet, &c.
Momus. Thy sword within the scabbard keep,
And let mankind agree;
Better the world were fast asleep,
Than kept awake by thee.
The fools are only thinner,
With all our cost and care;
But neither side a winner,
For things are as they were.
Cho. of all. The fools are only, &c.

Enter Venus.

Venus. Calms appear, when storms are past;
Love will have his hour at last:
Nature is my kindly care;
Mars destroys, and I repair:
Take me, take me, while you may,
Venus comes not every day.
Cho. of all. Take her, take her, &c.
Chronos. The world was then so light,
I scarcely felt the weight;
Joy rul'd the day, and love the night.
But since the Queen of Pleasure left
I faint, I lag, [the ground,
And feebly drag
The ponderous orb around.
Momus. All, all of a piece throughout;
Pointing to Diana. } Thy chase had a beast in view;
[To Mars.] Thy wars brought nothing about;
[To Venus.] Thy lovers were all untrue.
Janus. 'Tis well an old age is out,
Chronos. And time to begin anew.
Cho. of all. All, all of a piece throughout:
Thy chase had a beast in view;
Thy wars brought nothing about;
Thy lovers were all untrue.
'Tis well an old age is out,
And time to begin anew.

[*Dance of huntsmen, nymphs, warriors and lovers.*]

A Session of the Poets. SUCKLING.

A SESSION was held the other day,
And Apollo himself was at it, they say;
The laurel, that had been so long reserv'd,
Was now to be given to him best deserv'd.

And therefore the wits of the town came thither;
'Twas strange to see how they flock'd together;
Each, strongly confident of his own way,
Thought to gain the laurel away that day.

There was Selden, and he sat close by the chair;
Wainman not far off, which was very fair;
Sands with Townsend, for they kept the order;
Digby and Shillingsworth a little further:

There was Lucan's translator too, and he
That makes God so big in's poetry:
Selwin and Waller, and Bartlets both the brothers;
Jack Vaughan and Porter, and divers others.

The first that broke silence was good old Ben,
Prepar'd with Canary wine,
And he told them plainly he deserv'd the bays,
For his were call'd works, where others were but plays.

And bid them remember how he had purg'd the stage
Of errors that had lasted many an age,
And he hop'd they did not think the Silent Woman, [man.
The Fox and the Alchymist outdone by no

Apollo stopp'd him there, and bid him not go on;
'Twas merit, he said, and not presumption,
Must carry't; at which Ben turn'd about,
And in great choler offer'd to go out:

But those that were there thought it not fit
To discontent so ancient a wit:
And therefore Apollo call'd him back again,
And made him mine host of his own New Inn.

Tom Carew was next, but he had a fault
That would not well stand with a laureat;
His Muse was hard bound, and the issue of's brain [and pain.
Was seldom brought forth but with trouble

And all that were present there did agree,
A Laureat-Muse should be easy and free,
Yet sure 'twas not that, but 'twas thought that his Grace [place.
Consider'd he was well he had a cup-bearer's

Will Davenant, asham'd of a foolish mischance
That he had got lately travelling in France,
Modestly hop'd the handsomeness of's Muse
Might any deformity about him excuse.

And surely the company would have been con-
If they could have found any precedent; [tent,
But in all their records, either in verse or prose,
There was not one Laureat without a nose.

To Will Bartlet sure all the wits meant well,
But first they would see how his show would sell:

Will smil'd, and swore in their judgments they went less,
That concluded of merit upon success.

Suddenly taking his place again, [in;
He gave way to Selwin, who straight stepp'd
But alas! he had been so lately a wit,
That Apollo himself scarce knew him yet.

Toby Matthews, (pox on him!) how came he there?
Was whispering nothing in somebody's ear,
When he had the honor to be nam'd in court,
But, sir, you may thank my Lady Carlisle for't:

For had not her characters furnish'd you out
With something of handsome, without all doubt
You and your sorry Lady-Muse had been
In the number of those that were not let in.

In haste from the court two or three came in,
And they brought letters, forsooth, from the Queen,
'Twas discreetly done too, for if th' had come
Without them, th' had scarce been let into the room.

This made a dispute; for 'twas plain to be seen
Each man had a mind to gratify the Queen:
But Apollo himself could not think it fit;
There was difference, he said, betwixt fooling and wit.

Suckling next was call'd, but did not appear,
But straight one whisper'd Apollo i' th' ear,
That of all men living he car'd not for't,
He lov'd not the Muses so well as his sport;

And priz'd black eyes, or a lucky hit
At bowls, above all the trophies of wit;
But Apollo was angry, and publicly said
'Twere fit that a fine were set upon 's head.

Wat Montague now stood forth to his trial,
And did not so much as suspect a denial;
But witty Apollo ask'd him first of all
If he understood his own pastoral.

For if he could do it, 'twould plainly appear
He understood more than any man there,
And did merit the bays above all the rest,
But the Monsieur was modest; and silence confest.

During these troubles in the court was hid
One that Apollo soon miss'd, little Cid;
And having spy'd him, call'd him out of the throng,
And advis'd him in his ear not to write so strong.

Murrey was summon'd, but 'twas urg'd, that he
Was chief already of another company.

Hales set by himself most gravely did smile
To see them about nothing keep such a coil;
Apollo had spy'd him, but knowing his mind
Pass'd by, and call'd Falkland, that sate just behind:

But he was of late so gone with divinity,
That he had almost forgot his poetry,
Though, to say the truth, and Apollo did know it, [poet.
He might have been both his priest and his

At length who but an Alderman did appear,
At which Will Davenant began to swear;
But wiser Apollo bade him draw nigher,
And, when he was mounted a little higher,

He openly declar'd, that the best sign [coin,
Of good store of wit 's to have good store of
And without a syllable more or less said,
He put the laurel on the Alderman's head.

At this all the wits were in such amaze [gaze
That, for a good while, they did nothing but
One upon another; not a man in the place
But had discontent writ at large in his face.

Only the small poets cheer'd up again,
Out of hope, as 'twas thought, of borrowing;
But sure they were out, for he forfeits his crown
When he lends to any poet about the town.

The Sale of the Tools. MOORE.

HERE's a choice set of Tools for you, Ge'mmen and Ladies, [trade is;
They'll fit you quite handy, whatever your
(Except it be *Cabinet-making*—I doubt [out;
In that delicate service they're rather worn
Though their owner, bright youth! if he'd had his own will, [still.)
Would have bungled away with them joyously
You can see they've been pretty well *hack'd*—and alack!
What tool is there job after job will not hack?
Their edge is but dullish, it must be confess'd,
And their temper, like E———nb'r——h's, none of the best, [upon trying,
But you'll find them good hard-working Tools
Wer't but for their *brass*, they are well worth the buying; [*screens*,
They're famous for making *blinds*, *sliders*, and
And they're, some of them, excellent *turning* machines!

The first Tool I'll put up (they call it a *Chancellor*)
Heavy concern to both purchaser and seller—
Though made of pig iron, yet worthy of note 'tis,
'Tis ready to *melt* at a half minute's notice.
Who bids? Gentle buyer! 'twill turn as thou shapest— [Papist;
'Twill make a good thumb-screw to torture a
Or else a cramp-iron to stick in the wall [fall;
Of some church that old women are fearful will
Or better, perhaps, (for I'm guessing at random,)
A heavy *drag-chain* for some Lawyer's old *Tandem!*
Will nobody bid? It is cheap, I am sure, sir—
Once, twice, going, going, thrice, gone!—it is yours, sir.
To pay ready money you sha'n't be distress'd;
As a *bill* at *long date* suits the Chancellor best.

Come, where's the next Tool ?—Oh ! 'tis here in a trice— [*Vice ;*
This implement, Ge'mmen ! at first was a
(A tenacious and close sort of tool, that will let
Nothing out of its grasp it once happens to get,)
But it since has receiv'd a new coating of *Tin*,
Bright enough for a Prince to behold himself in ! [on,
Come, what shall we say for it ? briskly ! bid
We'll the sooner get rid of it—going—quite gone ! [knock'd down,
God be with it ; such tools, if not quickly
Might at last cost their owner—how much ? why, a *Crown !*
The next Tool I'll set up has hardly had hansel or
Trial as yet, and is *also* a Chancellor—
Such dull things as these should be sold by the gross ; [*close*,
Yet, dull as it is, 'twould be found to *shave*
And, like *other* close shavers, some courage to gather,
This *blade* first began by a flourish on *leather !*
You shall have it for nothing—then, marvel with me
At the terrible *tinkering* work there must be,
Where a Tool such as this is (I'll leave you to judge it)
Is plac'd by ill luck at the top of *the Budget !*

A Receipt for stewing Veal. GAY

TAKE a knuckle of veal ;
You may buy it or steal :
In a few pieces cut it,
In a stewing-pan put it,
Salt, pepper, and mace,
Must season this knuckle ;
Then what's join'd to a place,*
With other herbs muckle ;
That which kill'd king Will ;†
And what never stands still,‡
Some sprigs of that bed§
Where children are bred ;
Which much you will mend, if
Both spinach and endive,
And lettuce and beet,
With marygold meet.
Put no water at all,
For it maketh things small ;
Which lest it should happen,
A close cover clap on.
Put this pot of Wood's metal‖
In a hot boiling kettle,
And there let it be
(Mark the doctrine I teach)
About—let me see—
Thrice as long as you preach.¶

So skimming the fat off,
Say grace with your hat off.
O, then with what rapture
Will it fill Dean and Chapter !

An Evening Ode. To Stella.
DR. JOHNSON.

EVENING now from purple wings
Sheds the grateful gifts she brings ;
Brilliant drops bedeck the mead ;
Cooling breezes shake the reed,
Shake the reed, and curl the stream
Silver'd o'er with Cynthia's beam ;
Near the chequer'd lonely grove,
Hears and keeps thy secrets, Love.
Stella, thither let us stray
Lightly o'er the dewy way.
Phœbus drives his burning car
Hence, my lovely Stella, far ;
In his stead, the queen of night
Round us pours a lambent light ;
Light that seems but just to show
Breasts that beat, and cheeks that glow.
Let us now, in whisper'd joy,
Evening's silent hours employ ;
Silence best, and conscious shades,
Please the hearts that love invades ;
Other pleasures give them pain,
Lovers all but love disdain.

The natural Beauty. To Stella.
DR. JOHNSON.

WHETHER Stella's eyes are found
Fix'd on earth or glancing round,
If her face with pleasure glow,
If she sigh at others' woe,
If her easy air express
Conscious worth or soft distress,
Stella's eyes, and air, and face,
Charm with undiminish'd grace.
If on her we see display'd
Pendent gems, and rich brocade ;
If her chints with less expense
Flows in easy negligence ;
Still she lights the conscious flame,
Still her charms appear the same :
If she strikes the vocal strings,
If she's silent, speaks, or sings,
If she sit, or if she move,
Still we love, and still approve.
Vain the casual, transient glance,
Which alone can please by chance,
Beauty which depends on art,
Changing with the changing heart,
Which demands the toilet's aid,
Pendent gems and rich brocade.
I those charms alone can prize
Which from constant nature rise,
Which nor circumstance nor dress
E'er can make or more or less.

To LYCE, *an elderly Lady.* DR. JOHNSON.

YE nymphs whom starry rays invest.
By flattering poets given,

* Vulgo, salary.
† Supposed sorrel.
‡ This is by Dr. Bentley thought to be time, or thyme.
§ Parsley. Vide Chamberlayne.
‖ Of this composition, see the works of the Copper-farthing Dean.
¶ Which we suppose to be near four hours.

Who shine by lavish lovers dress'd
In all the pomp of heaven!

Engross not all the beams on high
Which gild a lover's lays;
But, as your sister of the sky,
Let Lyce share the praise.

Her silver locks display the moon,
Her brows a cloud do show:
Strip'd rainbows round her eyes are seen,
And show'rs from either flow.

Her teeth the night with darkness dyes,
She's starr'd with pimples o'er;
Her tongue like nimble lightning plies,
And can with thunder roar.

But some Zelinda, while I sing,
Denies my Lyce shines:
And all the pens of Cupid's wing
Attack my gentle lines.

Yet spite of fair Zelinda's eye,
And all her bards express,
My Lyce makes as good a sky,
And I but flatter less.

Epitaph on Sir Thomas Hanmer.

DR. JOHNSON.

THOU who survey'st these walls with curious eye,
Pause at this tomb where HANMER'S ashes lie:
His various worth through varied life attend,
And learn his virtues while thou mourn'st his end.
His force of genius burn'd in early youth
With thirst of knowledge and with love of truth;
His learning, join'd with each endearing art,
Charm'd every ear, and gain'd on every heart.
Thus early wise, th' endanger'd realm to aid,
His country call'd him from the studious shade:
In life's first bloom his public toils began,
At once commenc'd the senator and man.
In business dext'rous, weighty in debate,
Thrice ten long years he labor'd for the state.
In every speech persuasive wisdom flow'd,
In every act refulgent virtue glow'd;
Suspended faction ceas'd from rage and strife,
To hear his eloquence, and praise his life.
Resistless merit fix'd the Senate's choice,
Who hail'd him Speaker with united voice.
Illustrious age! how bright thy glories shone,
When HANMER fill'd the chair and ANNE the throne! [debate,
Then when dark arts obscur'd each fierce
When mutual frauds perplex'd the maze of
The Moderator firmly mild appear'd, [state,
Beheld with love, with veneration heard.
This task perform'd, he sought no gainful post,
Nor wish'd to glitter at his country's cost:
Strict on the right he fix'd his steadfast eye,
With temperate zeal, and wise anxiety;
Nor e'er from Virtue's paths was lur'd aside,
To pluck the flow'rs of pleasure or of pride.
Her gifts despis'd, Corruption blush'd and fled,
And Fame pursu'd him where Conviction led.
Age call'd at length his active mind to rest,
With honors sated, and with cares oppress'd:
To letter'd ease retir'd, and honest mirth,
To rural grandeur, and domestic worth,
Delighted still to please mankind, or mend,
The patriot's fire yet sparkled in the friend.
Calm Conscience then his former life survey'd,
And recollected toils endear'd the shade;
Till Nature call'd him to the general doom,
And Virtue's sorrow dignified his tomb.

SONNETS BY WARTON.

Written at Wynslade, in Hampshire.

WYNSLADE, thy beech-capt hills, with waving grain
Mantled, thy chequer'd views of wood and lawn,
Whilom could charm, or when the gradual dawn
'Gan the gray mist with orient purple stain,
Or evening glimmer'd o'er the folded train:
Her fairest landscapes whence my Muse has drawn,
Too free with servile courtly phrase to fawn,
Too weak to try the buskin's stately strain.
Yet now no more thy slopes of beech and corn,
Nor views invite, since he far distant strays
With whom I trac'd their sweets at eve and morn,
From Albion far, to cull Hesperian bays;
In this alone they please, howe'er forlorn,
That still they can recall those happier days.

On Bathing.

WHEN late the trees were stripp'd by winter pale,
Young Health, a dryad-maid in vesture green,
Or like the forest's silver-quiver'd queen,
On early uplands met the piercing gale;
And, ere its earliest echo shook the vale,
Watching the hunter's joyous horn was seen.
But since, gay-thron'd in fiery chariot sheen,
Summer has smote each daisy-dappled dale;
She to the cave retires high-arch'd, beneath
The fount that laves proud Isis' tow'red brim.
And now all glad the temperate air to breathe,
While cooling drops distil from arches dim,
Binding her dewy locks with sedgy wreath,
She sits amid the quire of Naiads trim.

Written in a blank Leaf of Dugdale's Monasticon.

DEEM not devoid of elegance the sage,
By Fancy's genuine feelings unbeguil'd,
Of painful Pedantry the poring child,
Who turns of those proud domes th' historic page,
Now sunk by Time and Henry's fiercer rage.
Think'st thou the warbling Muses ever smil'd
On his lone hours? Ingenious views engage
His thought, on themes, unclassic falsely styl'd,
Intent. While cloister'd Piety displays
Her mouldering roll, the piercing eye explores

New manners, and the pomp of elder days,
Whence culls the pensive bard his pictur'd stores.
Nor rough nor barren are the winding ways
Of hoar Antiquity, but strewn with flow'rs.

Written at Stonehenge.

THOU noblest monument of Albion's isle!
Whether by Merlin's aid, from Scythia's shore
To Amber's fatal plain Pendragon bore,
Huge frame of giant hands, the mighty pile,
T' entomb his Britons slain by Hengist's guile:*
Or Druid priests, sprinkled with human gore,
Taught 'mid thy massy maze their mystic lore:
Or Danish chiefs, enrich'd with savage spoil,
To Victory's idol vast, an unhewn shrine,
Rear'd the rude heap; or, in thy hallow'd round,
Repose the kings of Brutus' genuine line:
Or here those kings in solemn state were crown'd:
Studious to trace thy wondrous origin,
We muse on many an ancient tale renown'd.

Written after seeing Wilton-House.

FROM Pembroke's princely dome, where mimic Art
Decks with a magic hand the dazzling bow'rs,
Its living hues where the warm pencil pours,
And breathing forms from the rude marble start,
How to life's humbler scene can I depart?
My breast all glowing from those gorgeous tow'rs,
In my low cell how cheat the sullen hours?
Vain the complaint: for Fancy can impart
(To Fate superior, and to Fortune's doom)
Whate'er adorns the stately storied hall:
She, 'mid the dungeon's solitary gloom,
Can dress the Graces in their Attic pall;
Bid the green landscape's vernal beauty gloom;
And in bright trophies clothe the twilight wall.

To Mr. Gray.

NOT that her blooms are mark'd with beauty's hue,
My rustic Muse her votive chaplet brings;
Unseen, unheard, O Gray, to thee she sings,
While slowly pacing through the church-yard dew,
At curfew-time, beneath the dark green yew,
Thy pensive Genius strikes the moral strings;
Or, borne sublime on Inspiration's wings,
Hears Cambria's bards devote the dreadful clue
Of Edward's race, with murders foul defil'd.
Can aught my pipe to reach thine ear essay?
No, bard divine! For many a care beguil'd
By the sweet magic of thy soothing lay,
For many a raptur'd thought, and vision wild,
To thee this strain of gratitude I pay.

Sonnet.

WHILE summer-suns o'er the gay prospect play'd,
Through Surrey's verdant scenes, where Epsom spreads,
'Mid intermingling elms, her flow'ry meads;
And Hascombe's hill, in tow'ring groves array'd,
Rear'd its romantic steep—with mind serene
I journey'd blithe. Full pensive I return'd:
For now my breast with hopeless passion burn'd.
Wet with hoar mists appear'd the gaudy scene
Which late in careless indolence I pass'd;
And Autumn all around those hues had cast
Where past delight my recent grief might trace.
Sad change! that Nature a congenial gloom
Should wear, when most, my cheerless mood to chase,
I wish'd her green attire, and wonted bloom!

On King Arthur's Round Table at Winchester.

WHERE Venta's Norman castle still uprears
Its rafter'd hall, that o'er the grassy foss
And scatter'd flinty fragrants, clad in moss,
On yonder steep in naked state appears:
High-hung remains, the pride of warlike years,
Old Arthur's Board: on the capacious round
Some British pen has sketch'd the names renown'd,
In marks obscure, of his immortal peers.
Though join'd by magic skill, with many a rhyme,
The Druid frame unhonor'd falls a prey
To the slow vengeance of the wizard Time,
And fade the British characters away;
Yet Spenser's page, that chants in verse sublime
Those chiefs, shall live unconscious of decay.

To the River Lodon.

AH! what a weary race my feet have run,
Since first I trod thy banks with alders crown'd,
And thought my way was all through fairy ground,
Beneath the azure sky, and golden sun,
Where first my muse to lisp her notes begun!
While pensive memory traces back the round
Which fills the varied interval between,
Much pleasure, more of sorrow, marks the scene. [pure
Sweet native stream! those skies and sun so
No more return to cheer my evening road!
Yet still one joy remains, that not obscure
Nor useless all my vacant days have flow'd,
From youth's gay dawn to manhood's prime mature;
Nor with the Muse's laurel unbestow'd.

The Bald-pated Welshman and the Fly.
SOMERVILLE.

A SQUIRE of Wales, whose blood ran higher
Than that of any other squire,
Hasty and hot; whose peevish honor
Reveng'd each slight was put upon her;
Upon a mountain's top one day,
Expos'd to Sol's meridian ray,
He fum'd, he rav'd, he curs'd, he swore,
Exhal'd a sea at ev'ry pore;
At last, such insults to evade,
Sought the next tree's protecting shade;
Where as he lay dissolv'd in sweat,
And wip'd off many a rivulet,
Off in a pet the beaver flies,
And flaxen wig, time's best disguise,

* One of the bardish traditions about Stonehenge.

By which folks of maturer ages
Vie with smooth beaux, and ladies' pages;
Though 'twas a secret rarely known,
Ill-natur'd age had cropp'd his crown,
Grubb'd all the covert up, and now
A large, smooth plain extends his brow.
Thus as he lay with numskull bare,
And courted the refreshing air,
New persecutions still appear;
A noisy fly offends his ear.
Alas! what man of parts and sense
Could bear such vile impertinence?
Yet, so discourteous is our fate,
Fools always buzz about the great.
This insect now, whose active spite
Teas'd him with never-ceasing bite,
With so much judgment play'd his part,
He had him both in tierce and carte:
In vain with open hands he tries
To guard his ears, his nose, his eyes;
For now at last, familiar grown,
He perch'd upon his worship's crown,
With teeth and claws his skin he tore,
And stuff'd himself with human gore:
At last, in manners to excel,
Untruss'd a point, some authors tell.
But now what rhetoric could assuage
The furious squire, stark mad with rage?
Impatient at the foul disgrace
From insect of so mean a race,
And plotting vengeance on his foe,
With double fist he aims a blow.
The nimble fly escaped by flight,
And skipp'd from this unequal fight.
Th' impending stroke with all its weight
Fell on his own beloved pate.
Thus much he gain'd by this adventurous deed;
He foul'd his fingers, and he broke his head.

MORAL.

Let senates hence learn to preserve their state,
And scorn the fool below their grave debate,
Who by the unequal strife grows popular and great.
Let him buzz on, with senseless rant defy
The wise, the good, yet still 'tis but a fly.
With puny foes the toil's not worth the cost;
Where nothing can be gain'd, much may be lost:
Let cranes and pigmies in mock-war engage,
A prey beneath the gen'rous eagle's rage,
True honor o'er the clouds sublimely wings;
Young Ammon scorns to run with less than kings.

The Frog's Choice. SOMERVILLE.

IN a wild state of nature, long
The frogs at random liv'd,
The weak a prey unto the strong,
With anarchy oppress'd and griev'd.
At length the lawless rout,
Taught by their suff'rings, grew devout:
An embassy to Jove they sent,
And begg'd his highness would bestow
Some settled form of government,
A king to rule the fens below.
Jove, smiling, grants their odd request:
A king th' indulgent pow'r bestow'd,
Such as might suit their genius best:
A beam of a prodigious size,
With all its cumbrous load,
Came tumbling from the skies.
The waters dash against the shore,
The hollow caverns roar:
The rocks return the dreadful sound,
Convulsions shake the ground.
The multitude with horror fled,
And in his oozy bed
Each skulking coward hid his head.

When all is now grown calm again,
And smoothly glides the liquid plain,
A frog more resolute and bold,
Peeping with caution from his hold,
Recover'd from his first surprise,
As o'er the wave his head he popp'd,
He saw, but scarce believ'd his eyes.
On the same bank where first he dropp'd,
Th' imperial lubber lies
Stretch'd at his ease, careless, content.
"Is this the monarch Jove has sent,"
Said he, "our warlike troops to lead?
Ah, 'tis a glorious prince indeed!
By such an active general led,
The routed mice our arms shall dread,
Subdued shall quit their claim:
Old Homer shall recant his lays,
For us new trophies raise, [fame!"
Sing our victorious arms, and justify our
Then, laughing impudently loud,
He soon alarm'd the dastard crowd.
The croaking nations with contempt
Behold the worthless indolent.
On wings of winds swift scandal flies,
Libels, lampoons, and lies,
Hoarse treasons, tuneless blasphemies.
With active leap at last upon his back they stride,
And on the royal loggerhead in triumph ride.

Once more to Jove they prayers address'd,
And once more Jove grants their request:
A stork he sends, of monstrous size,
Red lightning flashes in his eyes.
Rul'd by no block, as heretofore,
The gazing crowds press'd to his court;
Admire his stately mien, his haughty port,
And only not adore.
Addresses of congratulation,
Sent from each loyal corporation,
Full fraught with truth and sense,
Exhausted all their eloquence. [meat:
But now, alas! 'twas night; kings must have
The Grand Vizier first goes to pot;
Three Bassas next, happy their lot!
Gain'd Paradise by being eat.
"And this," said he, "and this is mine,
And this by right divine:"
In short, 'twas all for public weal,
He swallow'd half a nation at a meal.

Again they beg Almighty Jove
This cruel tyrant to remove.
With fierce resentment in his eyes,
The frowning Thunderer replies:
"Those evils which yourselves create,
Rash fools! ye now repent too late;
Made wretched by the public voice,
Not through necessity, but choice! [curse:
Begone! nor wrest from Heaven some heavier
Better bear this, this Stork, than worse."

MORAL.

Oppress'd with happiness, and sick with ease,
Not Heaven itself our fickle minds can please.
Fondly we wish, cloy'd with celestial store,
The leeks and onions which we loath'd before:
Still roving, still desiring, never pleas'd,
With plenty starv'd, and e'en with health diseas'd,
With partial eyes each present good we view,
Nor covet what is best, but what is new.
Ye pow'rs above, who make mankind your care,
To bless the supplicant, reject his pray'r!

Epitaph on Miss Basnet, in St. Pancras Church-yard.

Go, spotless Honor, and unsullied Truth;
Go, smiling Innocence and blooming Youth;
Go, female Sweetness, join'd with manly Sense;
Go, winning Wit, that never gave offence;
Go, soft Humanity, that bless'd the poor;
Go, saint-eyed Patience, from Affliction's door;
Go, Modesty, that never wore a frown;
Go, Virtue, and receive thy heavenly crown.
Not from a stranger came this heart-felt verse;
The friend inscribes thy tomb whose tears bedew'd thy hearse.

Ode. THOMSON.

TELL me, thou soul of her I love,
Ah! tell me whither art thou fled?
To what delightful world above,
Appointed for the happy dead?

Or dost thou free at pleasure roam,
And sometimes share the lover's woe;
Where, void of thee, his cheerless home
Can now, alas! no comfort know?

O! if thou hov'rest round my walk,
While, under every well-known tree,
I to thy fancied shadow talk,
And every tear is full of thee:

Should then the weary eye of grief,
Beside some sympathetic stream,
In slumber find a short relief,
O visit thou my soothing dream!

My Mother.

WHO fed me from her gentle breast,
And hush'd me in her arms to rest,
And on my cheek sweet kisses press'd?
My Mother.

When sleep forsook my open eye,
Who was it sung sweet lullaby,
And rock'd me that I should not cry?
My Mother.

Who sat and watch'd my infant head,
When sleeping on my cradle bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed?
My Mother.

When pain and sickness made me cry,
Who gaz'd upon my heavy eye,
And wept for fear that I should die?
My Mother.

Who dress'd my doll in clothes so gay,
And taught me pretty how to play,
And minded all I had to say?
My Mother.

Who ran to help me when I fell,
And would some pretty story tell,
Or kiss the place to make it well?
My Mother.

Who taught my infant lips to pray,
To love God's holy Word and day,
And walk in Wisdom's pleasant way?
My Mother.

And can I ever cease to be
Affectionate and kind to thee,
Who wast so very kind to me,
My Mother?

Oh no! The thought I cannot bear,
And, if God please my life to spare,
I hope I shall reward thy care,
My Mother.

When thou art feeble, old, and gray,
My healthy arm shall be thy stay,
And I will soothe thy pains away,
My Mother.

And when I see thee hang thy head,
'Twill be my turn to watch thy bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed,
My Mother.

For God, who lives above the skies,
Would look with vengeance in his eyes,
If I should ever dare despise
My Mother.

The Butterfly's Ball. ROSCOE.

COME take up your hats, and away let us haste
To the *Butterfly's* ball, and the *Grasshopper's* feast. [crew,
The trumpeter, *Gad-fly*, has summon'd the
And the revels are now only waiting for you.

So said little Robert, and, pacing along,
His merry companions came forth in a throng.
And on the smooth grass, by the side of a wood,
Beneath a broad oak that for ages had stood,

Saw the children of earth, and the tenants of air,
For an evening's amusement together repair.
And there came the *Beetle*, so blind and so black,
Who carried the *Emmet*, his friend, on his back.

And there was the *Gnat* and the *Dragon-fly* too,
With all their relations, green, orange, and blue.

And there came the *Moth*, with his plumage of down,
And the *Hornet* in jacket of yellow and brown;

Who with him the *Wasp*, his companion, did bring, [sting.
But they promis'd that evening to lay by their
And the sly little *Dormouse* crept out of his hole,
And brought to the feast his blind brother, the *Mole*.

And the *Snail*, with his horns peeping out of his shell, [ell.
Came from a great distance, the length of an
A mushroom their table, and on it was laid
A water-dock leaf, which a table-cloth made.

The viands were various, to each of their taste,
And the *Bee* brought her honey to crown the repast.
Then close on his haunches, so solemn and wise,
The *Frog* from a corner look'd up to the skies.

And the *Squirrel*, well pleas'd such diversions to see, [a tree.
Mounted high over head, and look'd down from
Then out came the *Spider*, with finger so fine,
To shew his dexterity on the tight line.

From one branch to another, his cobwebs he slung,
Then quick as an arrow he darted along.
But, just in the middle,—Oh! shocking to tell,—
From his rope, in an instant, poor harlequin fell.

Yet he touch'd not the ground, but with talons outspread,
Hung suspended in air, at the end of a thread.
Then the *Grasshopper* came with a jerk and a spring, [his wing;
Very long was his leg, though but short was

He took but three leaps, and was soon out of sight, [night.
Then chirp'd his own praises the rest of the
With step so majestic the *Snail* did advance,
And promis'd the gazers a minuet to dance.

But they all laugh'd so loud that he pull'd in his head,
And went in his own little chamber to bed.
Then, as evening gave way to the shadows of night,
Their watchman, the *Glow-worm*, came out with a light.

Then home let us hasten, while yet we can see,
For no Watchman is waiting for you and for me.
So said little Robert, and, pacing along,
His merry companions return'd in a throng.

The Paint King. W. ALLSTON.

FAIR Ellen was long the delight of the young,
No damsel could with her compare;
Her charms were the theme of the heart and the tongue,
And bards without number in ecstasies sung
The beauties of Ellen the fair.

Yet cold was the maid; and though legions advanc'd,
All drill'd by Ovidean art, [danc'd,
And languish'd, and ogled, protested and
Like shadows they came, and like shadows they glanc'd
From the hard polish'd ice of her heart.

Yet still did the heart of fair Ellen implore
A something that could not be found;
Like a sailor she seem'd on a desolate shore,
With nor house, nor a tree, nor a sound but the roar
Of breakers high dashing around.

From object to object still, still would she veer,
Though nothing, alas! could she find;
Like the moon, without atmosphere, brilliant and clear, [cheer
Yet doom'd, like the moon, with no being to
The bright barren waste of her mind.

But rather than sit like a statue so still
When the rain made her mansion a *pound*,
Up and down would she go, like the sails of a mill,
And pat every stair, like a woodpecker's bill,
From the tiles of the roof to the ground.

One morn, as the maid from her casement inclin'd,
Pass'd a youth, with a frame in his hand.
The casement she clos'd—not the eye of her mind;
For, do all she could, no, she could not be blind;
Still before her she saw the youth stand.

"Ah, what can he do?" said the languishing maid,
"Ah, what with that frame can he do?"
And she knelt to the Goddess of Secrets, and pray'd; [play'd
When the youth pass'd again: and again he dis-
The frame and a picture to view.

"Oh, beautiful picture!" the fair Ellen cried,
"I must see thee again or I die."
Then under her white chin her bonnet she tied,
And after the youth and the picture she hied,
When the youth, looking back, met her eye.

"Fair damsel," said he, (and he chuckled the while,)
"This picture I see you admire:
Then take it, I pray you; perhaps 'twill beguile
Some moments of sorrow, (nay, pardon my smile,)
Or, at least, keep you home by the fire."

Then Ellen the gift with delight and surprise
From the cunning young stripling receiv'd.
But she knew not the poison that enter'd her eyes, [prize—
When sparkling with rapture they gaz'd on her
Thus, alas! are fair maidens deceiv'd!

'Twas a youth o'er the form of a statue inclin'd,
And the sculptor he seem'd of the stone;
Yet he languish'd as though for its beauty he pin'd,

And gaz'd as the eyes of the statue so blind
Reflected the beams of his own.

'Twas the tale of the sculptor Pygmalion of old;
Fair Ellen remember'd and sigh'd; [cold,
"Ah, could'st thou but lift from that marble so
Thine eyes too imploring, thy arms should enfold,
And press me this day as thy bride."

She said: when, behold, from the canvass arose
The youth, and he stepp'd from the frame:
With a furious transport his arms did enclose
The love-plighted Ellen: and, clasping, he froze
The blood of the maid with his flame!

She turn'd and beheld on each shoulder a wing.
"Oh, heaven! cried she, who art thou?"
From the roof to the ground did his fierce answer ring, [KING!
As, frowning, he thunder'd, "I am the PAINT-
And mine, lovely maid, thou art now!"

Then high from the ground did the grim monster lift
The loud-screaming maid like a blast;
And he sped through the air like a meteor swift,
While the clouds, wand'ring by him, did fearfully drift
To the right and the left as he pass'd.

Now suddenly sloping his hurricane flight,
With an eddying whirl he descends;
The air all below him becomes black as night,
And the ground where he treads, as if mov'd with affright,
Like the surge of the Caspian bends.

"I am here!" said the Fiend, and he thundering knock'd
At the gates of a mountainous cave;
The gates open flew, as by magic unlock'd,
While the peaks of the mount, reeling to and fro, rock'd
Like an island of ice on the wave.

"Oh, mercy!" cried Ellen, and swoon'd in his arms;
But the PAINT-KING, he scoff'd at her pain.
"Prithee, love!" said the monster, "what mean these alarms?"
She hears not, she sees not the terrible charms,
That work her to horror again.

She opens her lids, but no longer her eyes
Behold the fair youth she would woo;
Now appears the PAINT-KING in his natural guise;
His face, like a palette of villanous dyes,
Black and white, red, and yellow, and blue.

On the skull of a Titan, that Heaven defied,
Sat the fiend, like the grim Giant Gog,
While aloft to his mouth a huge pipe he applied,
Twice as big as the Eddystone Lighthouse, descried
As it looms through an easterly fog.

And anon, as he puff'd the vast volumes, were seen,
In horrid festoons on the wall,

Legs and arms, heads and bodies, emerging between, [ney Beane,
Like the drawing-room grim of the Scotch Saw-
By the Devil dress'd out for a ball.

"Ah me!" cried the damsel, and fell at his feet,
"Must I hang on these walls to be dried?"
"Oh, no!" said the fiend, while he sprung from his seat,
"A far nobler fortune thy person shall meet;
Into paint will I grind thee, my bride!"

Then, seizing the maid by her dark auburn hair,
An oil jug he plung'd her within.
Seven days, seven nights, with the shrieks of despair,
Did Ellen, in torment, convulse the dun air,
All covered with oil to the chin!

On the morn of the eighth, on a huge sable stone,
Then Ellen, all reeking, he laid;
With a rock for his muller he crush'd every bone, [groan;
But, though ground to jelly, still, still did she
For life had forsook not the maid.

Now reaching his palette, with masterly care
Each tint on its surface he spread;
The blue of her eyes, and the brown of her hair,
And the pearl and the white of her forehead so fair,
And her lips' and her cheeks' rosy red.

Then, stamping his foot, did the monster exclaim,
"Now I brave, cruel Fairy, thy scorn!"
When, lo! from a chasm, wide-yawning, there came
A light, tiny chariot, of rose-color'd flame,
By a team of ten glow-worms upborne.

Enthron'd in the midst, on an emerald bright,
Fair Geraldine sat without peer;
Her robe was a gleam of the first blush of light,
And her mantle the fleece of a noon-cloud white,
And a beam of the moon was her spear.

In an accent that stole on the still charmed air
Like the first gentle language of Eve,
Thus spake from her chariot the Fairy so fair:
"I come at thy call; but, oh, PAINT-KING! beware,
Beware! if again you deceive."

"'Tis true!" said the monster, "thou queen of my heart,
Thy portrait I oft have essay'd;
Yet ne'er to the canvass could I with my art
The least of thy wonderful beauties impart;
And my failure with scorn you repaid.

"Now I swear by the light of the Comet-King's tail!"
And he tower'd with pride as he spoke,
"If again with these magical colors I fail,
The crater of Etna shall hence be my jail,
And my food shall be sulphur and smoke.

"But if I succeed, then, oh, fair Geraldine!
Thy promise with justice I claim,

And thou, queen of Fairies, shalt ever be mine,
The bride of my bed; and thy portrait divine
Shall fill all the earth with my fame."

He spake; when, behold, the fair Geraldine's form
On the canvass enchantingly glow'd;
His touches—they flew like the leaves in a storm; [warm
And the pure pearly white and the carnation
Contending in harmony flow'd.

And now did the portrait a twin-sister seem
To the figure of Geraldine fair:
With the same sweet expression did faithfully teem
Each muscle, each feature; in short, not a gleam
Was lost of her beautiful hair.

'Twas the Fairy herself! but, alas, her blue eyes
Still a pupil did ruefully lack;
And who shall describe the terrific surprise
That seiz'd the PAINT-KING when, behold, he descries
Not a speck on his palette of black!

"I am lost!" said the Fiend, and he shook like a leaf;
When, casting his eyes to the ground,
He saw the lost pupils of Ellen with grief
In the jaws of a mouse, and the sly little thief
Whisk away from his sight with a bound.

"I am lost!" said the Fiend, and he fell like a stone;
Then rising the Fairy in ire,
With a touch of her finger she loosen'd her zone,
(While the limbs on the wall gave a terrible groan,)
And she swelled to a column of fire.

Her spear, now a thunder-bolt, flash'd in the air,
And sulphur the vault fill'd around:
She smote the grim monster; and now by the hair, [spair
High-lifting, she hurl'd him in speechless de-
Down the depths of the chasm profound.

Then over the picture thrice waving her spear,
"Come forth!" said the good Geraldine;
When, behold, from the canvass descending, appear
Fair Ellen, in person more lovely than e'er,
With grace more than ever divine!

The Hypocrite's Hope. I. HOPKINS.

BLEST is the man, who, from the womb,
To saintship him betakes,
And when too soon his child shall come,
A long confession makes.

When next in Broad Church-alley, he
Shall take his former place,
Relates his past iniquity,
And consequential grace;

Declares how long, by Satan vex'd,
From truth he did depart,
And tells the time, and tells the text,
That smote his flinty heart.

He stands in half-way cov'nant sure;
Full five long years or more,
One foot in church's pale secure,
The other out of door.

Then, riper grown in gifts and grace,
With ev'ry rite complies,
And deeper lengthens down his face,
And higher rolls his eyes.

He tones, like Pharisee sublime,
Two lengthy prayers a day,
The fame that he from early prime
Had heard his father say.

Each Sunday, perch'd on bench of pew,
To passing priest he bows,
Then, loudly, 'mid the quav'ring crew,
Attunes his vocal nose.

With awful look then rises slow,
And pray'rful visage sour,
More fit to fright the apostate foe,
Than seek a pard'ning power.

Then nodding hears the sermon next,
From priest haranguing loud;
And doubles down each quoted text,
From Genesis to Jude.

And when the priest holds forth address,
To old ones born anew,
With holy pride and wrinkled face,
He rises in his pew.

Good works he careth not about,
But *faith* alone will seek,
While Sunday's pieties blot out
The knaveries of the week.

He makes the poor his daily pray'r,
Yet drives them from his board:
And, though to his own good he swear,
Through habit breaks his word.

This man, advancing fresh and fair,
Shall all his race complete;
And wave at last his hoary hair,
Arrived in Deacon's seat.

There shall he all church honors have,
By joyous brethren given—
Till priest, in fun'ral sermon grave,
Shall send him straight to heaven.

The Liberty Pole. TRUMBULL.

WHEN now the mob in lucky hour
Had got their en'mies in their power,
They first proceed, by grave command,
To take the Constable in hand.
Then from the pole's sublimest top
The active crew let down the rope,
At once its other end in haste bind,
And make it fast upon his waistband:
Till, like the earth, as stretch'd on tenter,
He hung self-balanced on his centre.*
Then upwards, all hands hoisting sail,
They swung him, like a keg of ale,
Till to the pinnacle in height
He vaulted, like balloon or kite.

* And earth self-balanced on her centre hung.
Milton.

As Socrates* of old at first did
To aid Philosophy get hoisted,
And found his thoughts flow strangely clear,
Swung in a basket in mid air:
Our culprit thus, in purer sky,
With like advantage raised his eye,
And, looking forth in prospect wide,
His Tory errors clearly spied,
And from his elevated station,
With bawling voice, began addressing.
"Good Gentlemen, and friends, and kin,
For Heaven's sake hear, if not for mine!
I here renounce the Pope, the Turks,
The King, the Devil, and all their works;
And will, set me but once at ease,
Turn Whig or Christian, what you please;
And always mind your rules so justly,
Should I live long as old Methus'lah,
I'll never join in British rage,
Nor help Lord North, nor Gen'ral Gage;
Nor lift my gun in future fights,
Nor take away your Charter-rights;
Nor overcome your new-raised levies,
Destroy your towns, nor burn your navies;
Nor cut your poles down while I've breath,
Though raised more thick than hatchel-teeth:
But leave King George and all his elves
To do their conq'ring work themselves."
This said, they lower'd him down in state,
Spread at all points, like falling cat;
But took a vote first on the question,
That they'd accept this full confession,
And to their fellowship and favor,
Restore him on his good behavior.
Not so our 'Squire submits to rule,
But stood, heroic as a mule.
"You'll find it all in vain," quoth he,
"To play your rebel tricks on me.
All punishments the world can render,
Serve only to provoke th' offender;
The will gains strength from treatment horrid,
As hides grow harder when they're curried.
No man e'er felt the halter draw,
With good opinion of the law;
Or held in method orthodox
His love of justice, in the stocks;
Or fail'd to lose by sheriff's shears
At once his loyalty and ears.
Have you made Murray† look less big,
Or smoked old Williams‡ to a Whig?
Did our mobb'd Ol'ver‡ quit his station,
Or heed his vows of resignation?
Has Rivington,§ in dread of stripes,
Ceased lying since you stole his types?
And can you think my faith will alter,
By tarring, whipping, or the halter?
I'll stand the worst; for recompense
I trust King George and Providence.
And when with conquest gain'd I come,
Array'd in law and terror, home,
Ye'll rue this inauspicious morn,
And curse the day when ye were born,
In Job's high style of imprecations,
With all his plagues, without his patience."
Meanwhile beside the pole, the guard
A Bench of Justice had prepared,‖
Where sitting round in awful sort
The grand Committee hold their Court;
While all the crew, in silent awe,
Wait from their lips the lore of law.
Few moments with deliberation
They hold the solemn consultation;
When soon in judgment all agree,
And Clerk proclaims the dread decree:
"That 'Squire M'Fingal having grown
The vilest Tory in the town,
And now in full examination
Convicted by his own confession,
Finding no tokens of repentance,
This Court proceeds to render sentence:
That, first, the Mob a slip-knot single
Tie round the neck of said M'Fingal,
And in due form do tar him next,
And feather, as the law directs;
Then through the town attendant ride him
In cart with Constable beside him,
And, having held him up to shame,
Bring to the pole, from whence he came."
Forthwith the crowd proceed to deck
With halter'd noose M'Fingal's neck,
While he, in peril of his soul,
Stood tied half-hanging to the pole;
Then lifting high the ponderous jar,
Pour'd o'er his head the smoking tar.
With less profusion once was spread
Oil on the Jewish monarch's head,
That down his beard and vestments ran,
And cover'd all his outward man.
As when (so Claudian¶ sings) the Gods
And earth-born Giants fell at odds,
The stout Enceladus in malice
Tore mountains up to throw at Pallas;
And while he held them o'er his head,
The river, from their fountains fed,
Pour'd down his back its copious tide,
And wore its channels in his hide:
So from the high-raised urn the torrents
Spread down his side their various currents;
His flowing wig, as next the brim,
First met and drank the sable stream;
Adown his visage stern and grave
Roll'd and adhered the viscid wave;

* In Aristophanes' Comedy of the Clouds, Socrates is represented as hoisted in a basket to aid contemplation.

† Members of the Mandamus Council in Massachusetts. The operation of smoking Tories was thus performed: the victim was confined in a close room before a large fire of green wood, and a cover applied to the top of the chimney.

‡ Thomas Oliver, Esq., Lieut. Gov. of Massachusetts. He was surrounded at his seat in the country, and intimidated by the mob into the signing of his resignation.

§ Rivington was a Tory printer in New-York. Just before the commencement of the war, a party from New-Haven attacked his press, and carried off, or destroyed the types.

‖ An imitation of legal forms was universally practised, by the mobs in New-England, in the trial and condemnation of Tories. This marks a curious trait of national character.

¶ Claudian's Gigantomachia.

With arms depending as he stood,
Each cuff capacious holds the flood;
From nose and chin's remotest end,
The tarry icicles descend;
Till all o'erspread, with colors gay,
He glitter'd to the western ray,
Like sleet-bound trees in wintry skies,
Or Lapland idol carved in ice.
And now the feather-bag display'd
Is waved in triumph o'er his head,
And clouds him o'er with feathers missive,
And down, upon the tar, adhesive:
Not Maia's* son, with wings for ears,
Such plumage round his visage wears;
Nor Milton's six-wing'd† angel gathers
Such superfluity of feathers.
Now all complete appears our 'Squire,
Like Gorgon or Chimæra dire;
Nor more could boast on Plato's‡ plan
To rank among the race of man,
Or prove his claim to human nature,
As a two-legg'd, unfeather'd creature.
Then, on the fatal cart, in state
They raised our grand Duumvirate.
And as at Rome§ a like committee,
Who found an owl within their city,
With solemn rites and grave processions
At every shrine perform'd lustrations;
And, lest infection might take place
From such grim fowl with feather'd face,
All Rome attends him through the street
In triumph to his country seat:
With like devotion all the choir
Paraded round our awful 'Squire;
In front the martial music comes
Of horns and fiddles, fifes and drums,
With jingling sound of carriage bells,
And treble creak of rusted wheels.
Behind, the crowd, in lengthen'd row
With proud procession, closed the show.
And at fit periods every throat
Combined in universal shout;
And hail'd great Liberty in chorus,
Or bawl'd confusion to the Tories.'
Not louder storm the welkin braves
From clamors of conflicting waves;
Less dire in Lybian wilds the noise
When rav'ning lions lift their voice;
Or triumphs at town-meetings made,
On passing votes to regulate trade.‖

Thus having borne them round the town,
Last at the pole they set them down;
And to the tavern take their way,
To end in mirth the festal day.
And now the Mob, dispersed and gone,
Left 'Squire and Constable alone.
The constable with rueful face
Lean'd sad and solemn o'er a brace;
And fast beside him, cheek by jowl,
Stuck 'Squire M'Fingal 'gainst the pole,
Glued by the tar t' his rear applied,
Like barnacle on vessel's side.
But though his body lack'd physician,
His spirit was in worse condition.
He found his fears of whips and ropes
By many a drachm outweigh'd his hopes.
As men in jail without mainprise
View every thing with other eyes,
And all goes wrong in church and state,
Seen through perspective of the grate:
So now M'Fingal's Second-sight
Beheld all things in gloomier light;
His visual nerve, well purged with tar,
Saw all the coming scenes of war.
As his prophetic soul grew stronger,
He found he could hold in no longer.
First from the pole, as fierce he shook,
His wig from pitchy durance broke,
His mouth unglued, his feathers flutter'd,
His tarr'd skirts crack'd, and thus he utter'd:
"Ah, Mr. Constable, in vain
We strive 'gainst wind and tide and rain!
Behold my doom! this feathery omen
Portends what dismal times are coming.
Now future scenes, before my eyes,
And second-sighted forms arise.
I hear a voice,¶ that calls away,
And cries 'The Whigs will win the day.'
My beck'ning Genius gives command,
And bids me fly the fatal land;
Where changing name and constitution,
Rebellion turns to Revolution,
While Loyalty, oppress'd, in tears,
Stands trembling for its neck and ears.
"Go, summon all our brethren, greeting,
To muster at our usual meeting;
There my prophetic voice shall warn 'em
Of all things future that concern 'em,
And scenes disclose on which, my friend,
Their conduct and their lives depend.
There I**—but first 'tis more of use,
From this vile pole to set me loose;
Then go with cautious steps and steady,
While I steer home and make all ready."

* Mercury, described by the Poets with wings on his head and feet.

† And angel wing'd—six wings he wore. *Milton.*

‡ Alluding to Plato's famous definition of Man, *Animal bipes implume*—a two-legged animal without feathers.

§ Livy's History.

‖ Such votes were frequently passed at town-meetings, with a view to prevent the augmentation of prices, and stop the depreciation of the paper money.

¶ I hear a voice you cannot hear,
That says, I must not stay. *Tickell's Ballad.*

** Quos Ego—sed motos præstat componere fluctus *Virgil.*

ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

POETICAL.

BOOK THE SIXTH.

SONGS, BALLADS, &c. &c.

§ 1. *Song.* LORD LYTTELTON.

SAY, Mira, why is gentle love
A stranger to that mind,
Which pity and esteem can move,
Which can be just and kind?

Is it because you fear to share
The ills that love molest,
The jealous doubt, the tender care,
That rack the am'rous breast?

Alas! by some degree of woe
We ev'ry bliss must gain:
The heart can ne'er a transport know,
That never feels a pain.

§ 2. *Song.* WALLER.

Go, lovely rose!
Tell her that wastes her time, and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That, hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty, from the light retir'd;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desir'd,
And not blush so to be admir'd.

Then die! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee:
How small a part of time they share,
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

§ 3. *Song. L'Amour Timide.* MOORE.

IF in that breast so good, so pure,
Compassion ever lov'd to dwell,
Pity the sorrows I endure,
The cause I must not, dare not tell.

That grief that on my quiet preys,
That rends my heart, that checks my tongue,
I fear will last me all my days,
But feel it will not last me long.

§ 4. *Song.* EARL OF DORSET.*

To all you ladies now at land
We men at sea indite;
But first would have you understand
How hard it is to write;
The Muses now, and Neptune too,
We must implore, to write to you,
With a fa la, la, la, la, la.

For though the Muses should prove kind,
And fill our empty brain;
Yet, if rough Neptune rouse the wind
To wave the azure main,
Our paper, pen, and ink, and we,
Roll up and down our ships at sea,
With a fa, &c.

* Written at sea, the first Dutch war, 1665, the night before an engagement.

Then, if we write not by each post,
Think not we are unkind;
Nor yet conclude our ships are lost
By Dutchmen or by wind;
Our tears we'll send a speedier way,
The tide shall bring them twice a day,
With a fa, &c.

The king, with wonder and surprise,
Will swear the seas grow bold;
Because the tide will higher rise,
Than e'er it did of old:
But let him know it is our tears
Bring floods of tears to Whitehall stairs,
With a fa, &c.

Should foggy Opdam chance to know
Our sad and dismal story,
The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe,
And quit their fort at Goree:
For what resistance can they find
From men who've left their hearts behind?
With a fa, &c.

Let wind and weather do its worst,
Be you to us but kind,
Let Dutchmen vapor, Spaniards curse,
No sorrow we shall find:
'Tis then no matter how things go,
Or who's our friend, or who's our foe,
With a fa, &c.

To pass our tedious hours away,
We throw a merry main;
Or else at serious ombre play;
But why should we in vain
Each other's ruin thus pursue?
We were undone when we left you,
With a fa, &c.

But now our fears tempestuous grow,
And cast our hopes away;
Whilst you, regardless of our woe,
Sit careless at a play;
Perhaps permit some happier man
To kiss your hand, or flirt your fan,
With a fa, &c.

When any mournful tune you hear,
That dies in ev'ry note;
As if it sigh'd with each man's care
For being so remote:
Think then how often love we've made
To you, when all those tunes were play'd,
With a fa, &c.

In justice you cannot refuse
To think of our distress,
When we for hopes of honor lose
Our certain happiness;
All those designs are but to prove
Ourselves more worthy of your love,
With a fa, &c.

And now we've told you all our loves,
And likewise all our fears;
In hopes this declaration moves
Some pity for our tears;
Let's hear of no inconstancy,
We have too much of that at sea,
With a fa, &c.

§5. *Song.* MOORE.

HARK! hark! 'tis a voice from the tomb!
"Come, Lucy," it cries, "come away!
The grave of thy Colin has room
To rest thee beside his cold clay."
"I come, my dear shepherd, I come;
Ye friends and companions, adieu!
I haste to my Colin's dark home,
To die on his bosom so true."

All mournful the midnight bell rung,
When Lucy, sad Lucy, arose;
And forth to the green turf she sprung,
Where Colin's pale ashes repose.
All wet with the night's chilling dew,
Her bosom embrac'd the cold ground;
While stormy winds over her blew,
And night-ravens croak'd all around.

"How long, my lov'd Colin," she cried,
"How long must thy Lucy complain?
How long shall the grave my love hide?
How long ere it join us again?
For thee thy fond shepherdess liv'd,
With thee o'er the world would she fly;
For thee has she sorrow'd and griev'd,
For thee would she lie down and die.

"Alas! what avails it how dear
Thy Lucy was once to her swain!
Her face like the lily so fair,
And eyes that gave light to the plain!
The shepherd that lov'd her is gone,
That face and those eyes charm no more;
And Lucy, forgot and alone,
To death shall her Colin deplore."

While thus she lay sunk in despair,
And mourn'd to the echoes around,
Inflam'd all at once grew the air,
And thunder shook dreadful the ground!
"I hear the kind call, and obey;
O Colin, receive me," she cried:
Then, breathing a groan o'er his clay,
She hung on his tomb-stone, and died.

§6. *Song.* GAY.

'TWAS when the seas were roaring
With hollow blasts of wind,
A damsel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclin'd.
Wide o'er the foaming billows
She cast a wistful look;
Her head was crown'd with willows
That trembled o'er the brook.

"Twelve months are gone and over,
And nine long, tedious days;
Why didst thou, vent'rous lover,
Why didst thou trust the seas?
Cease, cease, thou cruel ocean,
And let my lover rest:
Ah! what's thy troubled motion
To that within my breast!

"The merchant, robb'd of pleasure,
Views tempests in despair;
But what's the loss of treasure
To losing of my dear!

Should you some coast be laid on
Where gold and di'monds grow,
You'll find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you so.

"How can they say that nature
Has nothing made in vain?
Why then beneath the water
Do hideous rocks remain?
No eyes these rocks discover,
That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wand'ring lover,
And leave the maid to weep."

All melancholy lying,
Thus wail'd she for her dear;
Repaid each blast with sighing,
Each billow with a tear:
When, o'er the white wave stooping,
His floating corpse she spied;
Then, like a lily drooping,
She bow'd her head, and died.

§ 7. *A Persian Song of Hafiz.*
SIR WILLIAM JONES.

SWEET maid, if thou wouldst charm my sight,
And bid these arms thy neck enfold,
That rosy cheek, that lily hand,
Would give thy poet more delight
Than all Bocara's vaunted gold,
Than all the gems of Samarcand.

Boy, let yon liquid ruby flow,
And bid thy pensive heart be glad,
Whate'er the frowning zealots say:
Tell them their Eden cannot show
A stream so clear as Rocnabad,
A bower so sweet as Mosellay.

O! when these fair, perfidious maids,
Whose eyes our secret haunts infest,
Their dear destructive charms display,
Each glance my tender breast invades,
And robs my wounded soul of rest,
As Tartars seize their destin'd prey.

In vain with love our bosoms glow:
Can all our tears, can all our sighs,
New lustre to those charms impart?
Can cheeks where living roses blow,
Where Nature spreads her richest dyes,
Require the borrow'd gloss of art?

Speak not of fate:—ah! change the theme,
And talk of odors, talk of wine,
Talk of the flowers that round us bloom:
'Tis all a cloud, 'tis all a dream!
To love and joy thy thoughts confine,
Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom.

Beauty has such resistless power,
That e'en the chaste Egyptian dame
Sigh'd for the blooming Hebrew boy;
For her how fatal was the hour,
When to the banks of Nilus came
A youth so lovely and so coy!

But ah! sweet maid, my counsel hear:
(Youth should attend when those advise
Whom long experience renders sage:)
While music charms the ravish'd ear;
While sparkling cups delight our eyes;
Be gay, and scorn the frowns of age.

What cruel answer have I heard!
And yet, by heaven, I love thee still:
Can aught be cruel from thy lip?
Yet say, how fell that bitter word
From lips which streams of sweetness fill,
Which nought but drops of honey sip?

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
Whose accents flow with artless ease,
Like orient pearls at random strung:
Thy notes are sweet, the damsels say;
But O! far sweeter, if they please
The nymph for whom these notes are sung.

§ 8. *Song. Jemmy Dawson.** SHENSTONE.

COME listen to my mournful tale,
Ye tender hearts and lovers dear;
Nor will you scorn to heave a sigh,
Nor will you blush to shed a tear.

And thou, dear Kitty, peerless maid!
Do thou a pensive ear incline;
For thou canst weep at every woe,
And pity every plaint but mine.

Young Dawson was a gallant youth,
A brighter never trod the plain;
And well he lov'd one charming maid,
And dearly was he lov'd again.

One tender maid she lov'd him dear,
Of gentle blood the damsel came:
And faultless was her beauteous form,
And spotless was her virgin fame.

But curse on party's hateful strife,
That led the favor'd youth astray!
The day the rebel clans appear'd,
O had he never seen that day!

Their colors and their sash he wore,
And in that fatal dress was found;
And now he must that death endure
Which gives the brave the keenest wound.

How pale was then his true-love's cheek,
When Jemmy's sentence reach'd her ear!
For never yet did Alpine snows
So pale, or yet so chill appear.

With faltering voice she weeping said,
"O Dawson, monarch of my heart,
Think not thy death shall end our loves,
For thou and I will never part.

"Yet, might sweet mercy find a place,
And bring relief to Jemmy's woes,
O George! without a pray'r for thee
My orisons should never close.

* Captain James Dawson, the amiable and unfortunate subject of these beautiful stanzas, was one of the eight officers belonging to the Manchester regiment of volunteers, in the service of the young Chevalier, who were hanged, drawn, and quartered, on Kennington Common, in 1746: and this ballad, written about the time, is founded on a remarkable circumstance which actually happened at his execution. Just before his death he wrote a song on his own misfortunes, which is supposed to be still extant.

"The gracious prince that gave him life
Would crown a never-dying flame;
And every tender babe I bore
Should learn to lisp the giver's name.

"But though, dear youth, thou shouldst be
To yonder ignominious tree; [dragg'd
Thou shalt not want a faithful friend
To share thy bitter fate with thee."

O then her mourning-coach was call'd;
The sledge mov'd slowly on before;
Though borne in his triumphal car,
She had not lov'd her favorite more.

She follow'd him, prepar'd to view
The terrible behests of law;
And the last scene of Jemmy's woes
With calm and steadfast eye she saw.

Distorted was that blooming face,
Which she had fondly lov'd so long;
And stifled was that tuneful breath,
Which in her praise had sweetly sung;

And sever'd was that beauteous neck,
Round which her arms had fondly clos'd;
And mangled was the beauteous breast
On which her love-sick head repos'd;

And ravish'd was that constant heart,
She did to every heart prefer;
For, though it could its king forget,
'Twas true and loyal still to her.

Amid those unrelenting flames
She bore this constant heart to see;
But when 'twas moulder'd into dust,
"Now, now," she cried, "I follow thee!

"My death, my death alone, can show
The pure and lasting love I bore:
Accept, O Heaven! of woes like ours,
And let us, let us weep no more."

The dismal scene was o'er and past,
The lover's mournful hearse retir'd;
The maid threw back her languid head,
And, sighing forth his name, expir'd!

Though justice ever must prevail,
The tear my Kitty sheds is due;
For seldom shall she hear a tale
So sad, so tender, and so true.

§ 9. *Song. A Morning Piece: or, a Hymn for the Hay-makers.* SMART.

BRISK chanticleer his matins had begun,
And broke the silence of the night;
And thrice he call'd aloud the tardy sun,
And thrice he hail'd the dawn's ambiguous light; [run.
Back to their graves the fear-begotten phantoms
Strong Labor got up with his pipe in his mouth,
And stoutly strode over the dale;
He lent new perfume to the breath of the south,
On his back hung his wallet and flail.
Behind him came Health, from her cottage of thatch,
Where never physician had lifted the latch.

First of the village Colin was awake,
And thus he sung, reclining on his rake:

"Now the rural Graces three
Dance beneath yon maple-tree!
First the vestal Virtue, known
By her adamantine zone;
Next to her, in rosy pride,
Sweet Society, the bride;
Last Honesty, full seemly drest
In her cleanly homespun vest.

"The abbey-bells, in wak'ning rounds,
The warning peal have given;
And pious Gratitude resounds
Her morning hymn to Heaven. [throats,
All nature wakes; the birds unlock their
And mock the shepherd's rustic notes.
All alive o'er the lawn,
Full glad of the dawn,
The little lambkins play:
Sylvia and Sol arise, and all is day!

"Come, my mates, let us work,
And all hands to the fork,
While the sun shines, our haycocks to make;
So fine is the day,
And so fragrant the hay,
That the meadow's as blithe as the wake!

"Our voice let us raise
In Phœbus's praise:
Inspir'd by so glorious a theme,
Our musical words
Shall be join'd by the birds,
And we'll dance to the tune of the stream!"

§ 10. *Song.* SUCKLING.

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover?
Pr'ythee why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Pr'ythee why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Pr'ythee why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Pr'ythee why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame! this will not move,
This cannot take her;
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her;
The devil take her.

§ 11. *Song. Humphrey Gubbin's Courtship.*

A COURTING I went to my love,
Who is sweeter than roses in May;
And when I came to her, by Jove,
The devil a word could I say.
I walk'd with her into the garden,
There fully intending to woo her;
But may I be ne'er worth a farthing,
If of love I said any thing to her.

I clasp'd her hand close to my breast,
While my heart was as light as a feather;
Yet nothing I said, I protest,
But—"Madam, 'tis very fine weather."

To an arbor I did her attend,
She ask'd me to come and sit by her;
I crept to the furthermost end,
For I was afraid to come nigh her.

I ask'd her which way was the wind,
For I thought in some talk we must enter:
"Why, sir, (she answer'd and grinn'd,)
Have you just sent your wits for a venture?"
Then I follow'd her into her house;
There I vow'd I my passion would try;
But there I was still as a mouse;
O what a dull booby was I!

§ 12. *Song. The Despairing Lover.* WALSH.

DISTRACTED with care,
For Phillis the fair,
Since nothing could move her,
Poor Damon, her lover,
Resolves in despair
No longer to languish,
Nor bear so much anguish;
But, mad with his love,
To a precipice goes,
Where a leap from above
Would soon finish his woes.

When, in rage, he came there,
Beholding how steep
The sides did appear,
And the bottom how deep;
His torments projecting,
And sadly reflecting,
That a lover forsaken,
A new love may get;
But a neck, when once broken,
Can never be set:

And that he could die
Whenever he would;
But that he could live
But as long as he could;
How grievous soever
The torment might grow,
He scorn'd to endeavor
To finish it so.
But bold, unconcern'd,
At thoughts of the pain,
He calmly return'd
To his cottage again.

§ 13. *Song.*

A COBBLER there was, and he liv'd in a stall
Which serv'd him for parlor, for kitchen, and hall;
No coin in his pocket, no care in his pate,
No ambition had he, nor duns at his gate.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Contented he work'd, and he thought himself happy
If at night he could purchase a jug of brown nappy:
How he'd laugh then, and whistle, and sing too, most sweet!
Saying, "Just to a hair I have made both ends meet!"
Derry down, down, &c.

But Love, the disturber of high and of low,
That shoots at the peasant as well as the beau;
He shot the poor cobbler quite through the heart;
I wish he had hit some more ignoble part.
Derry down, down, &c.

It was from a cellar this archer did play,
Where a buxom young damsel continually lay;
Her eyes shone so bright when she rose every day,
That she shot the poor cobbler quite over the way.
Derry down, down, &c.

He sung her love-songs as he sat at his work,
But she was as hard as a Jew or a Turk:
Whenever he spoke she would flounce and would fleer,
Which put the poor cobbler quite into despair.
Derry down, down, &c.

He took up his awl that he had in the world,
And to make away with himself was resolv'd;
He pierc'd through his body instead of the sole,
So the cobbler he died, and the bell it did toll.
Derry down, down, &c.

And now, in good will, I advise, as a friend,
All cobblers take warning by this cobbler's end:
Keep your hearts out of love, for we find, by what's past,
That love brings us all to an end at the last.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

§ 14. *Song. The Lass of the Hill.* Miss MARY JONES.

ON the brow of a hill a young shepherdess dwelt,
Who no pangs of ambition or love had e'er felt:
For a few sober maxims still ran in her head,
That 'twas better to earn ere she ate her brown bread;
That to rise with the lark was conducive to health,
And to folks in a cottage, contentment was wealth.

Now young Roger, who liv'd in the valley below,
Who at church and at market was reckon'd a beau,
Had many times tried o'er her heart to prevail,
And would rest on his pitchfork to tell her his tale:
With his winning behavior he melted her heart;
But, quite artless herself, she suspected no art.

He had sigh'd, and protested, had kneel'd and implor'd,
And could lie with the grandeur and air of a lord:
Then her eyes he commended in language well dress'd,
And enlarg'd on the torments that troubled his breast;
Till his sighs and his tears had so wrought on her mind,
That in downright compassion to love she in-clin'd.

But as soon as he melted the ice of her breast,
All the flames of his love in a moment decreas'd;

And at noon he goes flaunting all over the vale,
Where he boasts of his conquest to Susan and Nell: [in haste,
Though he sees her but seldom, he's always
And, if ever he mentions her, makes her his jest.

All the day she goes sighing, and hanging her head, [earns her bread;
And her thoughts are so pester'd, she scarce
The whole village cries shame, when a-milking she goes,
That so little affection is shown to the cows:
But she heeds not their railing, e'en let them rail on, [gone.
And a fig for the cows now her sweetheart is

Now beware, ye young virgins of Britain's gay isle,
How ye yield up a heart to a look or a smile:
For Cupid is artful, and virgins are frail,
And you'll find a false Roger in every vale,
Who to court you, and tempt you, will try all his skill; [Hill.
But remember The Lass on the brow of the

§ 15. *Song.* PARNELL.

MY days have been so wondrous free,
The little birds that fly
With careless ease from tree to tree
Were but as bless'd as I.

Ask gliding waters, if a tear
Of mine increas'd their stream?
Or ask the flying gales, if e'er
I lent a sigh to them?

But now my former days retire,
And I'm by beauty caught;
The tender chains of sweet desire
Are fix'd upon my thought.

An eager hope within my breast
Does every doubt control;
And lovely Nancy stands confess'd
The fav'rite of my soul.

Ye nightingales, ye twisting pines,
Ye swains that haunt the grove,
Ye gentle echoes, breezy winds,
Ye close retreats of love!

With all of nature, all of art,
Assist the dear design;
O teach a young, unpractis'd heart,
To make her ever mine.

The very thought of change I hate
As much as of despair;
Nor ever covet to be great,
Unless it be for her.

'Tis true, the passion in my mind
Is mix'd with soft distress:
Yet, while the fair I love is kind,
I cannot wish it less.

§ 16. *Song. May Eve: or, Kate of Aberdeen.* CUNNINGHAM.

THE silver moon's enamor'd beam
Steals softly through the night,
To wanton with the winding stream,
And kiss reflected light.
To beds of state, go, balmy sleep,
('Tis where you've seldom been;)
May's vigil while the shepherds keep
With Kate of Aberdeen.

Upon the green the virgins wait,
In rosy chaplets gay,
Till morn unbar her golden gate,
And give the promis'd May.
Methinks I hear the maids declare
The promis'd May, when seen,
Not half so fragrant, half so fair
As Kate of Aberdeen.

Strike up the tabor's boldest notes;
We'll rouse the nodding grove;
The nested birds shall raise their throats,
And hail the maid I love.
And see, the matin lark mistakes;
He quits the tufted green:
Fond bird! 'tis not the morning breaks,
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen!

Now lightsome o'er the level mead,
Where midnight fairies rove,
Like them the jocund dance we'll lead,
Or tune the reed to love.
For see, the rosy May draws nigh!
She claims a virgin queen;
And hark, the happy shepherds cry,
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen!

§ 17. *Song. Sally in our Alley.* CAREY.

OF all the girls that are so smart,
There's none like pretty Sally:
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
There's ne'er a lady in the land,
That's half so sweet as Sally:
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets,
And through the streets does cry 'em:
Her mother she sells laces long,
To such as choose to buy 'em:
But sure such folks could ne'er beget
So sweet a girl as Sally:
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When she is by I leave my work,
I love her so sincerely;
My master comes, like any Turk,
And bangs me most severely;
But let him bang his bellyfull,
I'll bear it all for Sally:
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days that's in the week,
I dearly love but one day;
And that's the day that comes betwixt
A Saturday and Monday;
For then I'm dress'd, all in my best,
To walk abroad with Sally:
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,
And often am I blamed,
Because I leave him in the lurch,
As soon as text is named:
I leave the church in sermon time,
And slink away to Sally:
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again,
Oh! then I shall have money;
I'll hoard it up, and, box and all,
I'll give it to my honey;
And would it were ten thousand pound,
I'd give it all to Sally:
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master, and the neighbors all,
Make game of me and Sally;
And, but for her, I'd better be
A slave, and row a galley.
But, when my seven long years are out,
O then I'll marry Sally:
O then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,—
But not in our alley.

§ 18. *Song. The true Tar. By the same.*

A KNAVE'S a knave,
Though ne'er so brave,
Though diamonds round him shine;
What though he's great,
Takes mighty state,
And thinks himself divine?
His ill-got wealth
Can't give him health,
Or future ills prevent:
An honest tar
Is richer far,
If he enjoys content.

A soul sincere
Scorns fraud or fear,
Within itself secure;
For vice will blast,
But virtue last
While truth and time endure.
Blow high, blow low,
Frown fate or foe,
He scorns to tack about;
But to his trust
Is strictly just,
And nobly stems it out.

§ 19. *Delia. A Pastoral.* CUNNINGHAM.

THE gentle swan, with graceful pride,
Her glossy plumage laves,
And, sailing down the silver tide,
Divides the whispering waves:
The silver tide, that wandering flows,
Sweet to the bird must be!
But not so sweet, blithe Cupid knows,
As Delia is to me.

A parent-bird, in plaintive mood,
On yonder fruit-tree sung,
And still the pendent nest she view'd
That held her callow young:
Dear to the mother's fluttering heart
The genial brood must be;
But not so dear, the thousandth part,
As Delia is to me.

The roses that my brow surround
Were natives of the dale;
Scarce pluck'd, and in a garland bound,
Before their sweets grew pale!
My vital bloom would thus be froze,
If, luckless, torn from thee;
For what the root is to the rose,
My Delia is to me.

Two doves I found, like new-fall'n snow,
So white the beauteous pair;
The birds on Delia I'll bestow,
They're, like her bosom, fair!
When, in their chaste connubial love,
My secret wish she'll see;
Such mutual bliss as turtles prove,
May Delia share with me.

§ 20. *Song.* AKENSIDE.

THE shape alone let others prize,
The features of the fair;
I look for spirit in her eyes,
And meaning in her air.

A damask cheek, and iv'ry arm,
Shall ne'er my wishes win:
Give me an animated form,
That speaks a mind within:

A face where awful honor shines,
Where sense and sweetness move,
And angel innocence refines
The tenderness of love.

These are the soul of beauty's frame,
Without whose vital aid
Unfinish'd all her features seem,
And all her roses dead.

But, ah! where both their charms unite,
How perfect is the view,
With ev'ry image of delight,
With graces ever new!

Of pow'r to charm the greatest woe,
The wildest rage control;
Diffusing mildness o'er the brow,
And rapture through the soul.

Their pow'r but faintly to express
All language must despair;
But go, behold Arpasia's face,
And read it perfect there.

§ 21. *Song. From the Lapland Tongue.* STEELE.

THOU rising sun, whose gladsome ray
Invites my fair to rural play,
Dispel the mist, and clear the skies,
And bring my Orra to my eyes.

O, were I sure my dear to view,
I'd climb that pine-tree's topmost bough,
Aloft in air that quiv'ring plays,
And round and round for ever gaze.

My Orra Moor, where art thou laid?
What wood conceals my sleeping maid?
Fast by the roots, enrag'd, I'd tear
The trees that hide my promis'd fair.

O could I ride on clouds and skies,
Or on the raven's pinions rise!
Ye storks, ye swans, a moment stay,
And waft a lover on his way!

My bliss too long my bride denies:
Apace the wasting summer flies:
Nor yet the wintry blasts I fear,
Nor storms, nor night, shall keep me here.

What may for strength with steel compare?
O, Love has fetters stronger far!
By bolts of steel are limbs confin'd,
But cruel Love enchains the mind.

No longer, then, perplex thy breast;
When thoughts torment, the first are best;
'Tis mad to go, 'tis death to stay:
Away to Orra, haste away!

§ 22. *Song. From the Lapland Tongue.* STEELE.

HASTE, my rain-deer, and let us nimbly go
Our am'rous journey through this dreary waste:
Haste, my rain-deer! still, still thou art too slow! [haste.
Impetuous love demands the lightning's

Around us far the rushy moors are spread:
Soon will the sun withdraw his cheerful ray;
Darkling and tir'd we shall the marshes tread,
No lay unsung to cheat the tedious way.

The wat'ry length of these unjoyous moors
Does all the flow'ry meadows' pride excel;
Through these I fly to her my soul adores;
Ye flow'ry meadows, empty pride, farewell!

Each moment from the charmer I'm confin'd,
My breast is tortur'd with impatient fires;
Fly, my rain-deer, fly swifter than the wind!
Thy tardy feet wing with my fierce desires.

Our pleasing toil will then be soon o'erpaid,
And thou, in wonder lost, shalt view my fair,
Admire each feature of the lovely maid,
Her artless charms, her bloom, her sprightly air.

§ 23. *Song. Arno's Vale.* EARL OF MIDDLESEX.*

WHEN here, Lucinda, first we came,
Where Arno rolls his silver stream,
How blithe the nymphs, the swains how gay!
Content inspir'd each rural lay.
The birds in livelier concert sung,
The grapes in thicker clusters hung;
All look'd as joy could never fail
Among the sweets of Arno's vale.

But since the good Palemon died,
The chief of shepherds, and their pride,
Now Arno's sons must all give place
To northern men, an iron race.
The taste of pleasure now is o'er;
Thy notes, Lucinda, please no more;
The muses droop, the Goths prevail!
Adieu, the sweets of Arno's vale!

§ 24. *Song. The passionate Shepherd to his Love.* MARLOW.

COME, live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That valleys, groves, or hills and fields,
And all the steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle:

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair-lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold:

A belt of straw, and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come, live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight, each May morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

§ 25. *Song. The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd.* SIR W. RALEIGH.

IF all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

Time drives the flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold,
And Philomel becometh dumb;
The rest complain of cares to come.

The flow'rs do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reck'ning yields;
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw, and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps, and amber studs,
All these to me no means can move
To come to thee, and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joy no date, nor age no need;
Then these delights my mind might move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

* Charles Sackville, afterwards Duke of Dorset. It was written at Florence in 1737, on the death of John Gaston, the late Duke of Tuscany, of the house of Medici; and addressed to Signora Muscovita, a singer, a favorite of the author's.

§ 26. *Song.*

Busy, curious, thirsty fly,
Drink with me, and drink as I:
Freely welcome to my cup,
Couldst thou sip, and sip it up:
Make the most of life you may;
Life is short, and wears away.
Both alike are mine and thine,
Hastening quick to their decline:
Thine's a summer, mine no more,
Though repeated to threescore;
Threescore summers, when they're gone,
Will appear as short as one.

§ 27. *Song.*

Had Neptune, when first he took charge of the sea,
Been as wise, or at least been as merry, as we,
He'd have thought better on't, and instead of his brine [wine.
Would have fill'd the vast ocean with generous

What trafficking then would have been on the main,
For the sake of good liquor as well as for gain!
No fear then of tempests, or danger of sinking;
The fishes ne'er drown that are always a-drinking.

The hot, thirsty sun, then would drive with more haste,
Secure in the evening of such a repast; [nap
And when he'd got tipsy would have taken his
With double the pleasure in Thetis's lap.

By the force of his rays, and thus heated with wine,
Consider how gloriously Phœbus would shine;
What vast exhalations he'd draw up on high,
To relieve the poor earth as it wanted supply.

How happy us mortals, when bless'd with such rain,
To fill all our vessels, and fill them again!
Nay, even the beggar, that has ne'er a dish,
Might jump into the river, and drink like a fish.

What mirth and contentment on ev'ry one's brow, [plough!
Hob, as great as a prince, dancing after the
The birds in the air, as they play on the wing,
Although they but sip, would eternally sing.

The stars, who, I think, don't to drinking incline,
Would frisk and rejoice at the fume of the wine;
And, merrily twinkling, would soon let us know
That they were as happy as mortals below.

Had this been the case, then what had we enjoy'd,
Our spirits still rising, our fancy ne'er cloy'd;
A pox then on Neptune, when 'twas in his pow'r,
To slip, like a fool, such a fortunate hour!

§ 28. *Song.* Shenstone.

Adieu, ye jovial youths, who join
To plunge old Care in floods of wine;
And, as your dazzled eye-balls roll,
Discern him struggling in the bowl!

Not yet is hope so wholly flown,
Not yet is thought so tedious grown,
But limpid streams and shady tree
Retain, as yet, some sweets for me.

And see, through yonder silent grove,
See yonder does my Daphne rove:
With pride her footsteps I pursue,
And bid your frantic joys adieu.

The sole confusion I admire,
Is that my Daphne's eyes inspire:
I scorn the madness you approve,
And value reason next to love.

§ 29. *Song.*

My mind to me a kingdom is;
Such perfect joy therein I find,
As far exceeds all earthly bliss,
That God or nature hath assign'd:
Though much I want that most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

Content I live, this is my stay;
I seek no more than may suffice:
I press to bear no haughty sway;
Look; what I lack, my mind supplies.
Lo! thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

I see how plenty surfeits oft,
And hasty climbers soonest fall:
I see that such as sit aloft
Mishap doth threaten most of all:
These get with toil, and keep with fear:
Such cares my mind could never bear.

No princely pomp, nor wealthy store,
No force to win a victory,
No wily wit to salve a sore,
No shape to win a lover's eye:
To none of these I yield as thrall,
For why? my mind despiseth all.

Some have too much, yet still they crave;
I little have, yet seek no more:
They are but poor, though much they have;
And I am rich with little store:
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lack, I lend; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss,
I grudge not at another's gain;
No worldly wave my mind can toss,
I brook that is another's bane.
I fear no foe, nor fawn no friend;
I loathe not life, nor dread mine end.

My wealth is health, and perfect ease:
My conscience clear, my chief defence:
I never seek by bribes to please,
Nor by desert to give offence:
Thus do I live, thus will I die;
Would all did so, as well as I!

I take no joy in earthly bliss;
I weigh not Crœsus' wealth a straw;
For care, I know not what it is;
I fear not Fortune's fatal law.
My mind is such as may not move
For beauty bright, or force of love.

I wish but what I have at will;
I wander not to seek for more;
I like the plain, I climb no hill;
In greatest storms I sit on shore,
And laugh at them that toil in vain
To get what must be lost again.

I kiss not where I wish to kill;
I feign not love where most I hate;
I break no sleep to win my will;
I wait not at the mighty's gate;
I scorn no poor, I fear no rich;
I feel no want, nor have too much.

The court ne cart, I like ne loathe:
Extremes are counted worst of all:
The golden mean betwixt them both
Doth surest sit, and fears no fall;
This is my choice; for why? I find
No wealth is like a quiet mind.

§ 30. *Song.* BEDINGFIELD.

To hug yourself in perfect ease,
What would you wish for more than these?
A healthy, clean, paternal seat,
Well shaded from the summer's heat:

A little parlour-stove, to hold
A constant fire from winter's cold,
Where you may sit and think, and sing,
Far off from court, God bless the king:

Safe from the harpies of the law,
From party-rage, and great man's paw;
Have choice, few friends of your own taste;
A wife agreeable and chaste:

An open, but yet cautious mind,
Where guilty cares no entrance find;
Nor miser's fears, nor envy's spite,
To break the sabbath of the night:

Plain equipage, and temp'rate meals,
Few tailors', and no doctors' bills;
Content to take, as Heaven shall please,
A longer or a shorter lease.

§ 31. *Song. The Character of a happy Life.* SIR HENRY WOTTON.

How happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill;

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepar'd for death:
Untied unto the world by care
Of public fame, or private breath!

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Nor vice hath ever understood;
How deepest wounds are giv'n by praise,
Nor rules of state, but rules of good!

Who hath his life from rumors freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great!

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend!

This man is freed from servile hands,
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall:
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

§ 32. *Song.* DR. DARLTON.*

NOR on beds of fading flow'rs,
Shedding soon their gaudy pride,
Nor with swains in siren bow'rs,
Will true pleasure long reside.

On awful virtue's hill sublime
Enthron'd sits th' immortal fair:
Who wins her height must patient climb;
The steps are peril, toil, and care.

So from the first did Jove ordain
Eternal bliss for transient pain.

§ 33. *Song. A Moral Thought.* DR. HAWKESWORTH.

THROUGH groves sequester'd, dark, and still,
Low vales, and mossy cells among,
In silent paths the careless rill
With languid murmurs steals along.

A while it plays with circling sweep,
And ling'ring leaves its native plain;
Then pours impetuous down the steep,
And mingles with the boundless main.

O let my years thus devious glide
Through silent scenes obscurely calm;
Nor wealth nor strife pollute the tide,
Nor honor's sanguinary palm.

When labor tires, and pleasure palls,
Still let the stream untroubled be,
As down the steep of age it falls,
And mingles with eternity.

§ 34. *Song. The Blind Boy.* COLLEY CIBBER.†

O SAY what is that thing call'd light,
Which I must ne'er enjoy?
What are the blessings of the sight?
O tell your poor blind boy!

You talk of wondrous things you see,
You say the sun shines bright;
I feel him warm, but how can he
Or make it day or night?

My day or night myself I make,
Whene'er I sleep or play;
And could I ever keep awake,
With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear
You mourn my hapless woe;
But sure with patience I can bear
A loss I ne'er can know.

* In the Masque of Comus. It seems to be imitated from a passage in the 17th book of Tasso's Jerusalem.

† Written for, and set by, the late celebrated Mr. Stanley, organist of St. Andrew, Holborn.

Then let not what I cannot have
My cheer of mind destroy:
Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,
Although a poor blind boy.

§ 35. *Song.* ROBERT DODSLEY.*

How happy a state does the miller possess,
Who would be no greater, nor fears to be less!
On his mill and himself he depends for support,
Which is better than servilely cringing at court.

What though he all dusty and whiten'd does go,
The more he's be-powder'd, the more like a beau:
A clown in his dress may be honester far
Than a courtier who struts in his garter and star.

Though his hands are so daub'd they're not fit to be seen,
The hands of his betters are not very clean:
A palm more polite may as dirtily deal;
Gold, in handling, will stick to the fingers like meal.

What if, when a pudding for dinner he lacks,
He cribs without scruple from other men's sacks;
In this of right noble example he brags,
Who borrow as freely from other men's bags.

Or should he endeavor to heap an estate,
In this he would mimic the tools of the state;
Whose aim is alone their own coffers to fill,
As all his concern's to bring grist to his mill.

He eats when he's hungry, he drinks when he's dry,
And down, when he's weary, contented does lie;
Then rises up cheerful to work and to sing:
If so happy a miller, then who'd be a king?

§ 36. *Song. The Old Man's Wish.* DR. POPE.

IF I live to grow old, for I find I go down,
Let this be my fate—In a country town
May I have a warm house, with a stone at the gate,
And a cleanly young girl to rub my bald pate!
May I govern my passion with an absolute sway,
And grow wiser and better as my strength wears away,
Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay!

Near a shady grove, and a murmuring brook,
With the ocean at distance, whereon I may look;
With a spacious plain, without hedge or stile,
And an easy pad-nag to ride out a mile.
May I govern, &c.

With Horace, and Petrarch, and two or three more
Of the best wits that reign'd in the ages before;
With roast mutton, rather than ven'son or teal,
And clean, though coarse, linen at ev'ry meal.
May I govern, &c.

With a pudding on Sundays, with stout humming liquor,
And remnants of Latin to welcome the vicar;

* In the entertainment of the Miller of Mansfield.

With *Monte Fiascone*, or Burgundy wine,
To drink the king's health as oft as I dine.
May I govern, &c.

With a courage undaunted may I face my last day;
And, when I am dead, may the better sort say,
In the morning when sober, in the evening when mellow,
He's gone, and [has] left not behind him his fellow:

For he govern'd his passion with an absolute sway, [away,
And grew wiser and better as his strength wore
Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.

§ 37. *Song. Time's Alteration.*

WHEN this old cap was new,
'Tis since two hundred year,
No malice then we knew,
But all things plenty were;
All friendship now decays,
(Believe me this is true,)
Which was not in those days
When this old cap was new.

The nobles of our land
Were much delighted then
To have at their command
A crew of lusty men,
Which by their coats were known
Of tawny, red, or blue,
With crests on their sleeves shown,
When this old cap was new.

Now pride hath banish'd all,
Unto our land's reproach,
When he whose means are small
Maintains both horse and coach;
Instead of a hundred men,
The coach allows but two;
This was not thought on then,
When this old cap was new.

Good hospitality
Was cherish'd then of many;
Now poor men starve and die,
And are not help'd by any:
For charity waxeth cold,
And love is found in few;
This was not in time of old,
When this old cap was new.

Where'er you travell'd then,
You might meet on the way
Brave knights and gentlemen,
Clad in their country gray,
That courteous would appear,
And kindly welcome you:
No puritans then were,
When this old cap was new.

Our ladies, in those days,
In civil habit went;
Broad-cloth was then worth praise,
And gave the best content:

French fashions then were scorn'd,
Fond fangles, then, none knew,
Then modesty women adorn'd,
When this old cap was new.

A man might then behold
At Christmas, in each hall,
Good fires to curb the cold,
And meat for great and small:
The neighbors were friendly bidden,
And all had welcome true,
The poor from the gates were not chidden,
When this old cap was new.

Black jacks to ev'ry man
Were fill'd with wine and beer,
No pewter pot, nor can,
In those days did appear:
Good cheer in a nobleman's house
Was counted a seemly show
We wanted no brawn or souse,
When this old cap was new.

We took not such delight
In cups of silver fine:
None under degree of a knight
In plate drank beer or wine:
Now each mechanical man
Hath a cupboard of plate for a shew,
Which was a rare thing then
When this old cap was new.

Then brib'ry was unborn,
No simony men did use;
Christians did usury scorn,
Devis'd among the Jews:
The lawyers to be fee'd
At that time hardly knew,
For man with man agreed,
When this old cap was new.

No captain then carous'd,
Nor spent poor soldiers' pay;
They were not so abus'd
As they are at this day:
Of seven days they make eight,
To keep them from their due;
Poor soldiers had their right
When this old cap was new;

Which made them forward still
To go, although not press'd;
And going with good-will,
Their fortunes were the best.
Our English then in fight
Did foreign foes subdue,
And forc'd them all to flight,
When this old cap was new.

God save our gracious king,
And send him long to live!
Lord, mischief on them bring
That will not their alms give;
But seek to rob the poor
Of that which is their due:
This was not in time of yore,
When this old cap was new.

§ 38. *Song. The Vicar of Bray.*

In good king Charles's golden days,
When loyalty no harm meant,
A zealous high-churchman I was,
And so I got preferment:
To teach my flock I never miss'd,
Kings are by God appointed,
And damn'd are those that do resist
Or touch the Lord's Anointed.
And this is law I will maintain
Until my dying day, sir—
That whatsoever king shall reign,
I'll be the vicar of Bray, sir.

When royal James obtain'd the crown,
And popery came in fashion,
The penal laws I hooted down,
And read the Declaration:
The church of Rome I found would fit
Full well my constitution;
And had become a Jesuit,
But for the Revolution.
And this is law, &c.

When William was our king declar'd,
To ease the nation's grievance;
With this new wind about I steer'd,
And swore to him allegiance:
Old principles I did revoke,
Set conscience at a distance;
Passive obedience was a joke,
A jest was non-resistance.
And this is law, &c.

When gracious Anne became our queen,
The church of England's glory,
Another face of things was seen,
And I became a tory:
Occasional conformists base,
I damn'd their moderation;
And thought the church in danger was
By such prevarication.
And this is law, &c.

When George in pudding time came o'er,
And mod'rate men look'd big, sir!
I turn'd a cat-in-pan once more,
And so became a whig, sir:
And thus preferment I procur'd
From our new faith's defender;
And almost ev'ry day abjur'd
The pope and the pretender.
And this is law, &c.

Th' illustrious house of Hanover,
And protestant succession;
To these I do allegiance swear—
While they can keep possession:
For in my faith and loyalty
I never more will falter,
And George my lawful king shall be—
Until the times do alter.
And this is law I will maintain
Until my dying day, sir—
That whatsoever king shall reign,
I'll be the vicar of Bray, sir.

§ 39. *Song. The Storm.* G. A. STEVENS.

CEASE, rude Boreas, blustering railer;
List, ye landsmen, all to me!
Messmates, hear a brother sailor
Sing the dangers of the sea;
From bounding billows fast in motion,
When the distant whirlwinds rise,
To the tempest troubled ocean,
Where the seas contend with skies!

Hark! the boatswain hoarsely bawling,
"By topsail-sheets and haulyards stand!
Down top-gallants quick be hauling,
Down your stay-sails, hand, boys, hand!
Now it freshens, set the braces,
The topsail sheets now let go;
Luff, boys, luff! don't make wry faces,
Up your topsails nimbly clew."

Now all you on down beds sporting,
Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms;
Fresh enjoyments wanton courting,
Safe from all but love's alarms;
Round us roars the tempest louder,
Think what fear our minds enthrals;
Harder yet, it yet blows harder,
Now again the boatswain calls!

"The top-sail yards point to the wind, boys,
See all clear to reef each course;
Let the fore-sheet go, don't mind, boys,
Though the weather should be worse.
Fore and aft the sprit-sail yard get,
Reef the mizzen, see all clear;
Hands up, each preventure-brace set,
Man the fore-yard, cheer, lads, cheer!"

Now the dreadful thunder's roaring,
Peal on peal contending clash,
On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
In our eyes blue lightnings flash;
One wide water all around us:
All above us one black sky;
Different deaths at once surround us:
Hark! what means that dreadful cry?

"The foremast's gone!" cries ev'ry tongue out,
"O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck;
A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out,
Call all hands to clear the wreck.
Quick the lanyards cut to pieces;
Come, my hearts, be stout and bold;
Plumb the well—the leak increases,
Four feet water in the hold."

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,
We for wives or children mourn;
Alas! from thence there's no retreating!
Alas! to them there's no return!
Still the leak is gaining on us!
Both chain-pumps are chok'd below:
Heaven have mercy here upon us!
For only that can save us now.

"O'er the lee-beam is the land, boys,
Let the guns o'erboard be thrown;
To the pump come ev'ry hand, boys,
See! our mizzen-mast is gone!
The leak we've found, it cannot pour fast,
We've lighten'd her a foot or more;
Up, and rig a jury foremast;
She rights, she rights, boys, we're off shore!"

Now once more on joys we're thinking,
Since kind Heaven has sav'd our lives!
Come, the can, boys! let's be drinking
To our sweethearts and our wives;
Fill it up, about ship wheel it.
Close to our lips a brimmer join:
Where's the tempest now? who feels it?
None—the danger's drown'd in wine.

§ 40. *Song. Neptune's raging Fury; or the gallant Seaman's Sufferings.*

YOU gentlemen of England
That live at home at ease,
Ah, little do you think upon
The dangers of the seas;
Give ear unto the mariners,
And they will plainly show
All the cares, and the fears,
When the stormy winds do blow.

All you that will be seamen,
Must bear a valiant heart,
For when you come upon the seas
You must not think to start;
Nor once to be faint-hearted,
In hail, rain, blow, or snow,
Nor to think for to shrink
When the stormy winds do blow.

The bitter storms and tempests
Poor seamen do endure,
Both day and night, with many a fright,
We seldom rest secure;
Our sleep it is disturbed
With visions strange to know,
And with dreams on the streams,
When the stormy winds do blow.

In claps of roaring thunder,
Which darkness doth enforce,
We often find our ship to stray
Beyond her wonted course:
Which causeth great distractions,
And sinks our hearts full low;
'Tis in vain to complain,
When the stormy winds do blow.

Sometimes in Neptune's bosom
Our ship is toss'd in waves,
And ev'ry man expecting
The sea to be their graves!
Then up aloft she mounteth,
And down again so low,
'Tis with waves, O with waves,
When the stormy winds do blow.

Then down again we fall to pray'r,
With all our might and thought,
When refuge all doth fail us,
'Tis that must bear us out;
To God we call for succor,
For he it is, we know,
That must aid us, and save us,
When the stormy winds do blow.

The lawyer and the usurer,
That sit in gowns of fur,
In closets warm, can take no harm,
Abroad they need not stir;
When winter fierce with cold doth pierce,
And beats with hail and snow,
We are sure to endure,
When the stormy winds do blow.

We bring home costly merchandise,
And jewels of great price,
To serve our English gallantry,
With many a rare device;
To please our English gallantry,
Our pains we freely show,
For we toil and we moil,
When the stormy winds do blow.

We sometimes sail to th' Indies,
To fetch home spices rare;
Sometimes again, to France and Spain,
For wines beyond compare;
Whilst gallants are carousing,
In taverns on a row,
Then we sweep o'er the deep,
When the stormy winds do blow.

When tempests are blown over,
And greatest fears are past,
In weather fair, and temp'rate air,
We straight lie down to rest;
But when the billows tumble,
And waves do furious grow,
Then we rouse, up we rouse,
When the stormy winds do blow.

If enemies oppose us,
When England is at war
With any foreign nations,
We fear not wound nor scar;
Our roaring guns shall teach 'em
Our valor for to know,
Whilst they reel, in the keel,
When the stormy winds do blow.

We are no cowardly shrinkers,
But true Englishmen bred;
We'll ply our parts, like valiant hearts,
And never fly for dread;
We'll play our business nimbly
Whene'er we come or go,
With our mates, to the Straits,
When the stormy winds do blow.

Then courage, all brave mariners,
And never be dismay'd,
Whilst we have bold adventurers
We ne'er shall want a trade;
Our merchants will employ us,
To fetch them wealth, I know;
Then be bold, work for gold,
When the stormy winds do blow.

When we return in safety,
With wages for our pains,
The tapster and the vintner
Will help to share our gains:
We call for liquor roundly,
And pay before we go:
Then we'll roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow.

§ 41. *Song.* GOLDSMITH.

THE wretch condemn'd with life to part
Still, still on hope relies;
And ev'ry pang that rends the heart,
Bids expectation rise.
Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

§ 42. *Song.* GOLDSMITH.

O MEMORY! thou fond deceiver,
Still importunate and vain,
To former joys recurring ever,
And turning all the past to pain:
Thou, like the world, th' oppress'd oppressing,
Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe!
And he who wants each other blessing,
In thee must ever find a foe.

§ 43. *Song.*

GENTLY touch the warbling lyre,
Chloe seems inclin'd to rest;
Fill her soul with fond desire,
Softest notes will soothe her breast:
Pleasing dreams assist in love:
Let them all propitious prove.

On the mossy bank she lies,
(Nature's verdant velvet bed,)
Beauteous flowers meet her eyes,
Forming pillows for her head;
Zephyrs waft their odors round,
And indulging whispers sound.

§ 44. *The same parodied.*

GENTLY stir and blow the fire,
Lay the mutton down to roast,
Dress it quickly, I desire,
In the dripping put a toast,
That I hunger may remove;
Mutton is the meat I love.

On the dresser see it lie,
O! the charming white and red!
Finer meat ne'er met my eye.
On the sweetest grass it fed:
Let the jack go swiftly round,
Let me have it nicely brown'd.

On the table spread the cloth,
Let the knives be sharp and clean:
Pickles get, and salad both,
Let them each be fresh and green:
With small beer, good ale and wine,
O ye Gods! how I shall dine!

§ 45. *Song.* SHAKSPEARE.

UNDER the green-wood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to lie i' th' sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

§ 46. *Song.* GARRICK.

THOU soft flowing Avon, by thy silver stream
Of things more than mortal sweet Shakspeare would dream,
The fairies by moon-light dance round his green bed, [head.
For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his
The love-stricken maiden, the soft-sighing swain, [pain:
Here rove without danger, and sigh without
The sweet bud of beauty no blight shall here dread,
For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head.

Here youth shall be fam'd for their love and their truth,
And cheerful old age feel the spirit of youth;
For the raptures of fancy here poets shall tread,
For hallow'd the turf is that pillow'd his head.

Flow on, silver Avon, in song ever flow!
Be the swans on thy borders still whiter than snow!
Ever full be thy stream, like his fame may it spread! [head.
And the turf ever hallow'd which pillow'd his

§ 47. *Song. The Fairies.*

COME follow, follow me,
Ye fairy elves that be,
Light tripping o'er the green;
Come, follow Mab, your queen;
Hand in hand we'll dance around,
For this place is fairy ground.

When mortals are at rest,
And snoring in their nest;
Unheard and unespied,
Through key-holes we do glide;
Over tables, stools, and shelves,
We trip it with our fairy elves.

And if the house be foul
With platter, dish, or bowl,
Up stairs we nimbly creep,
And find the sluts asleep;
Then we pinch their arms and thighs;
None us hears, and none us spies.

But if the house be swept,
And from uncleanness kept,
We praise the household maid,
And duly she is paid:
Every night before we go,
We drop a tester in her shoe.

Then o'er a mushroom's head
Our table-cloth we spread;
A grain of rye or wheat,
The diet that we eat;
Pearly drops of dew we drink,
In acorn cups fill'd to the brink.

The brains of nightingales,
With unctuous fat of snails,
Between two cockles stew'd,
Is meat that 's easily chew'd;
Tails of worms, and marrow of mice,
Do make a dish that 's wondrous nice!

The grasshopper, gnat, and fly,
Serve for our minstrelsy;
Grace said, we dance a while,
And so the time beguile:
And if the moon doth hide her head,
The glow-worm lights us home to bed.

O'er tops of dewy grass
So nimbly we do pass,
The young and tender stalk
Ne'er bends where we do walk;
Yet in the morning may be seen
Where we the night before have been.

§ 48. *Song. The Thief and Cordelier.* PRIOR.

WHO has e'er been at Paris must needs know the *Grève*,
The fatal retreat of th' unfortunate brave;
Where honor and justice most oddly contribute
To ease heroes' pains by a halter and gibbet.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

There death breaks the shackles which force had put on, [had begun:
And the hangman completes what the judge
There the squire of the pad, and the knight of the post,
Find their pains no more balk'd, and their hopes no more cross'd.
Derry down, &c.

Great claims are there made, and great secrets are known;
And the king, and the law, and the thief, has his own; [thou ail?
But my hearers cry out, "What a deuce dost
Put off thy reflections, and give us thy tale."
Derry down, &c.

'Twas there then, in civil respect to harsh laws,
And for want of false witness to back a bad cause,
A Norman, though late, was obliged to appear;
And who to assist but a grave Cordelier!
Derry down, &c.

The squire, whose good grace was to open the scene, [begin;
Seem'd not in great haste that the show should
Now fitted the halter, now travers'd the cart,
And often took leave, but was loath to depart.
Derry down, &c.

"What frightens you thus, my good son?" says the priest; [fess'd."
"You murder'd, are sorry, and have been con-
"O father! my sorrow will scarce save my bacon; [taken."
For 'twas not that I murder'd, but that I was
Derry down, &c.

"Pooh! pry'thee, ne'er trouble thy head with such fancies;
Rely on the aid you shall have from St. Francis:
If the money you promised be brought to the chest,
You have only to die; let the church do the rest.
Derry down, &c.

"And what will folks say if they see you afraid?
It reflects upon me, as I knew not my trade:
Courage, friend! to-day is your period of sorrow:
And things will go better, believe me, to-morrow."
Derry down, &c.

"To-morrow?" our hero replied in a fright;
"He that 's hang'd before noon ought to think of to-night."
"Tell your beads," says the priest, "and be fairly truss'd up;
For you surely to-night shall in Paradise sup."
Derry down, &c.

"Alas!" quoth the squire, "howe'er sumptuous the treat,
Parbleu! I shall have little stomach to eat:
I should therefore esteem it great favor and grace,
Would you be so kind as to go in my place."
Derry down, &c.

"That I would," quoth the father, "and thank you to boot;
But our actions, you know, with our duty must suit:
The feast I proposed to you I cannot taste;
For this night, by our order, is mark'd for a fast."
Derry down, &c.

Then, turning about to the hangman, he said:
"Despatch me, I pray thee, this troublesome blade;
For thy cord and my cord both equally tie;
And we live by the gold for which other men die."
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

§ 49. *Song. Admiral Hosier's Ghost.*
GLOVER.

It was written by the ingenious author of Leonidas, on the taking of Porto-Bello from the Spaniards by Admiral Vernon, Nov. 22d, 1739.—The case of Hosier, which is here so pathetically represented, was briefly this: In April, 1726, that commander was sent with a strong fleet to the West Indies, to block up the galleons in the ports of that country; or, should they presume to come out, to seize and carry them to England: he accordingly arrived at the Bastimentos, near Porto-Bello, but, being restricted by his orders from obeying the dictates of his courage, lay inactive on that station until he became the jest of the Spaniards: he afterwards removed to Carthagena, and continued cruising in these seas till the far greater part of his men perished deplorably by the diseases of that unhealthy climate.—This brave man, seeing his best officers and men thus daily swept away, his ships exposed to inevitable destruction, and himself made the sport of the enemy, is said to have died of a broken heart.

As near Porto-Bello lying
On the gently-swelling flood.
At midnight with streamers flying,
Our triumphant navy rode;
There, while Vernon sate all-glorious
From the Spaniards' late defeat,
And his crews, with shouts victorious,
Drank success to England's fleet;

On a sudden, shrilly sounding,
Hideous yells and shrieks were heard:
Then, each heart with fear confounding,
A sad troop of ghosts appear'd;
All in dreary hammocks shrouded,
Which for winding-sheets they wore,
And, with looks by sorrow clouded,
Frowning on that hostile shore.

On them gleam'd the moon's wan lustre;
When the shade of Hosier brave
His pale bands were seen to muster,
Rising from their wat'ry grave:
O'er the glimmering wave he hied him,
Where the Burford rear'd her sail,
With three thousand ghosts beside him,
And in groans did Vernon hail.

"Heed, O heed, our fatal story!
I am Hosier's injur'd ghost;
You, who now have purchas'd glory
At this place where I was lost:
Though in Porto-Bello's ruin
You now triumph free from fears;
When you think of my undoing,
You will mix your joys with tears.

"See these mournful spectres sweeping
Ghastly o'er this hated wave,
Whose wan cheeks are stain'd with weeping;
These were English captains brave.
Mark those numbers, pale and horrid,
Who were once my sailors bold;
Lo! each hangs his drooping forehead,
While his dismal tale is told.

"I, by twenty sail attended,
Did the Spanish town affright;
Nothing then its wealth defended,
But my orders not to fight.
O! that in this rolling ocean
I had cast them with disdain;
And obey'd my heart's warm motion
To have quell'd the pride of Spain!

"For resistance I could fear none,
But with twenty ships had done
What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
Hast achiev'd with six alone.
Then the Bastimentos never
Had our foul dishonor seen,
Nor the sea the sad receiver
Of this gallant train had been.

"Thus like thee, proud Spain dismaying,
And her galleons leading home,
Though, condem'd for disobeying,
I had met a traitor's doom:
To have fallen, my country crying,
'He has play'd an English part,'
Had been better far than dying
Of a griev'd and broken heart.

"Unrepining at thy glory,
Thy successful arms we hail;
But remember our sad story,
And let Hosier's wrongs prevail.
Sent in this foul clime to languish,
Think what thousands fell in vain,
Wasted with disease and anguish,
Not in glorious battle slain.

"Hence, with all my train attending
From their oozy tombs below,
Through the hoary foam ascending,
Here I feel my constant woe:
Here, the Bastimentos viewing,
We recall our shameful doom,
And, our plaintive cries renewing,
Wander through the midnight gloom.

"O'er the waves, for ever mourning,
Shall we roam depriv'd of rest,
If, to Britain's shores returning,
You neglect my just request:
After this proud foe subduing,
When your patriot friends you see,
Think on vengeance for my ruin,
And for England—sham'd in me."

§ 50. *Song. The Sea Fight in* XCII.*

THURSDAY in the morn, the ides of May,
Recorded for ever the famous ninety-two,
Brave Russel did discern, by dawn of day,
The lofty sails of France advancing now;
All hands aloft, aloft, let English valor shine,
Let fly a culverin, the signal for the line;
Let every hand supply his gun;
Follow me,
And you'll see
That the battle will be soon begun.

Tourville on the main triumphant roll'd,
To meet the gallant Russel in combat on the deep;
He led a noble train of heroes bold,
To sink the English admiral and his fleet.
Now every valiant mind to victory doth aspire,
The bloody fight's begun, the sea itself on fire:
And mighty Fate stood looking on;
Whilst a flood,
All of blood,
Fill'd the scuppers of the Royal Sun!

Sulphur, smoke, and fire, disturbing the air,
With thunder and wonder affright the Gallic shore;
Their regulated bands stood trembling near,
To see the lofty streamers now no more.
At six o'clock the Red the smiling victors led,
To give a second blow, the fatal overthrow;
Now death and horror equal reign;
Now they cry,
Run or die,
British colors ride the vanquish'd main!

See, they fly amaz'd o'er rocks and sands!
One danger they grasp at to shun the greater fate;
In vain they cry for aid to weeping lands;
The nymphs and sea-gods mourn their lost estate!
For evermore adieu, thou Royal dazzling Sun,
From thy untimely end thy master's fate begun:
Enough, thou mighty god of war!
Now we sing,
Bless the king,
Let us drink to every English tar.

* The great naval victory intended to be celebrated by this excellent old song was determined, after a running action of several days, off Cape La Hogue, on the coast of Normandy, the 22d of May, 1692, in favor of the English and Dutch combined fleets, consisting of 99 sail of the line, under the command of Admiral Russel, afterwards Earl of Orford, over a French squadron of about half that number, commanded by the Chevalier Tourville, whose ship *Le Soleil Royal* carried upwards of a hundred guns, and was esteemed the finest vessel in Europe. This last fleet was fitted out for the purpose of restoring King James the Second to his dominions; and that prince, together with the Duke of Berwick, and several great officers both of his own court and of the court of France, and even Tourville himself, beheld the final destruction of the French ships from an eminence on the shore. It is now certain that Russel had engaged to favor the scheme of his old master's restoration, on condition that the French took care to avoid him; but Tourville's impetuosity and rashness rendered the whole measure abortive: and the distressed and ill-fated monarch retired in a fit of despondency, to mourn his misfortunes, and recover his peace of mind, amid the solitary gloom of La Trappe.

§ 51. *Song. The Miller's Wedding.* GARRICK.

LEAVE, neighbors, your work, and to sport and to play;
Let the tabor strike up, and the village be gay:
No day through the year shall more cheerful be seen;
For Ralph of the Mill marries Sue of the Green.

CHORUS.

I love Sue, and Sue loves me,
And while the wind blows,
And while the mill goes,
Who'll be so happy, so happy as we?

Let lords and fine folks, who for wealth take a bride,
Be married to-day, and to-morrow be cloy'd:
My body is stout, and my heart is as sound;
And my love, like my courage, will never give ground.
Chorus. I love Sue, &c.

Let ladies of fashion the best jointures wed,
And prudently take the best bidders to bed:
Such signing and sealing's no part of our bliss;
We settle our hearts, and we seal with a kiss.
Chorus. I love Sue, &c.

Though Ralph is not courtly, nor none of your beaux,
Nor bounces, nor flatters, nor wears your fine clothes,
In nothing he'll follow the folks of high life,
Nor e'er turn his back on his friend or his wife.
Chorus. I love Sue, &c.

While thus I am able to work at my mill,
While thus thou art kind, and thy tongue but lies still,
Our joys shall continue and ever be new,
And none be so happy as Ralph and his Sue.
Chorus. I love Sue, &c.

§ 52. *Song in Harlequin's Invasion.* GARRICK.

To arms! ye brave mortals, to arms:
The road to renown lies before ye!
The name of King Shakspeare has charms
To rouse you to actions of glory.

Away! ye brave mortals, away!
'Tis Nature calls on you to save her;
What man but would Nature obey,
And fight for her Shakspeare for ever!

§ 53. *Song in the same.* GARRICK.

THRICE happy the nation that Shakspeare has charm'd!
More happy the bosoms his genius has warm'd!
Ye children of nature, of fashion, and whim,
He painted you all, all join to praise him.
Chorus. Come away! come away!
His genius calls—you must obey.

From highest to lowest, from old to the young,
All states and conditions by him have been sung;
All passions and humors were rais'd by his pen;
He could soar with the eagle, and sink with the wren.
Chorus. Come away, &c.

To praise him ye Fairies and Genii repair,
He knew where ye haunted, in earth or in air:
No phantom so subtile could glide from his view,
The wings of his fancy were swifter than you.
Chorus. Come away! come away!
His genius calls—you must obey.

§ 54. *Song in the Country Girl.* GARRICK.

TELL not me of the roses and lilies
Which tinge the fair cheek of your Phyllis;
Tell not me of the dimples and eyes
For which silly Corydon dies;
Let all whining lovers go hang;
My heart would you hit,
Tip your arrow with wit,
And it comes to my heart with a twang, twang,
And it comes to my heart with a twang.

I am rock to the handsome and pretty,
Can only be touch'd by the witty;
And beauty will ogle in vain:
The way to my heart's through my brain.
Let all whining lovers go hang:
We wits, you must know,
Have two strings to our bow,
To return them their darts with a twang, twang,
To return them their darts with a twang.

§ 55. *Air in Cymon.* GARRICK.

YOU gave me last week a young linnet,
Shut up in a fine golden cage;
Yet how sad the poor thing was within it,
O how it did flutter and rage!
Then he mop'd and he pin'd,
That his wings were confin'd,
Till I open'd the door of his den:
Then so merry was he;
And, because he was free,
He came to his cage back again.

§ 56. *The Friar of Orders Gray.*

"Dispersed through Shakspeare's plays are innumerable little fragments of ancient ballads, the entire copies of which could not be recovered. Many of these being of the most beautiful and pathetic simplicity, the Editor was tempted to select some of them, and with a few supplemental stanzas to connect them together, and form them into a little tale. One small fragment was taken from Beaumont and Fletcher."

IT was a friar of orders gray
Walk'd forth to tell his beads;
And he met with a lady fair,
Clad in a pilgrim's weeds.

"Now Christ thee save, thou reverend friar,
I pray thee tell to me,
If ever at yon holy shrine,
My true-love thou didst see?"

"And how should I know your true-love
From many another one?"—
"O, by his cockle hat and staff,
And by his sandal shoon:

"But chiefly by his face and mien,
That were so fair to view;
His flaxen locks, that sweetly curl'd,
And eyne of lovely blue."

"O lady, he is dead and gone!
Lady, he's dead and gone!
And at his head a green-grass turf,
And at his heels a stone.

"Within these holy cloisters long
He languish'd, and he died,
Lamenting of a lady's love,
And 'plaining of her pride.

"Here bore him, bare-faced on his bier,
Six proper youths and tall;
And many a tear bedew'd his grave
Within yon kirk-yard wall."

"And art thou dead! thou gentle youth?
And art thou dead and gone?
And didst thou die for love of me?
Break, cruel heart of stone!"

"O weep not, lady, weep not so!
Some ghostly comfort seek:
Let not vain sorrow rive thy heart,
Nor tears bedew thy cheek."

"O do not, do not, holy friar,
My sorrow now reprove;
For I have lost the sweetest youth
That e'er won lady's love.

"And now, alas! for thy sad loss,
I'll ever weep and sigh;
For thee I only wish'd to live,
For thee I wish to die."

"Weep no more, lady, weep no more;
Thy sorrow is in vain:
For violets pluck'd, the sweetest show'rs
Will ne'er make grow again.

"Our joys as winged dreams do fly,
Why then should sorrow last?
Since grief but aggravates thy loss,
Grieve not for what is past."

"O say not so, thou holy friar!
I pray thee, say not so!
For since my true-love died for me,
'Tis meet my tears should flow.

"And will he never come again?
Will he ne'er come again?
Ah, no! he is dead, and laid in his grave,
For ever to remain.

"His cheek was redder than the rose;
The comeliest youth was he.
But he is dead, and laid in his grave,
Alas! and woe is me!"

"Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot on sea, and one on land,
To one thing constant never.

"Hadst thou been fond, he had been false,
And left thee sad and heavy;
For young men ever were fickle found,
Since summer trees were leafy."

"Now say not so, thou holy friar,
I pray thee, say not so!
My love he had the truest heart;
O he was ever true!

"And art thou dead, thou much-lov'd youth?
And didst thou die for me?
Then farewell, home! for evermore
A pilgrim I will be.

"But first upon my true-love's grave
My weary limbs I'll lay;
And thrice I'll kiss the green-grass turf
That wraps his breathless clay."

"Yet stay, fair lady, stay awhile
Beneath this cloister wall:
See, through the hawthorn blows the wind,
And drizzly rain doth fall."

"O stay me not, thou holy friar,
O stay me not, I pray!
No drizzly rain that falls on me
Can wash my fault away."

"Yet stay, fair lady, turn again,
And dry those pearly tears;
For see, beneath this gown of gray,
Thy own true-love appears!

"Here, forced by grief and hopeless love,
These holy weeds I sought:
And here, amidst these lonely walls,
To end my days I thought;

"But haply, for my year of grace
Is not yet pass'd away,
Might I still hope to win thy love,
No longer would I stay."

"Now farewell grief, and welcome joy
Once more unto my heart;
For since I've found thee, lovely youth,
We never more will part."

§ 57. *Shakspeare's Mulberry Tree.* GARRICK.

BEHOLD this fair goblet! 'twas carv'd from the tree,
Which, O my sweet Shakspeare, was planted by thee!
As a relic I kiss it, and bow at thy shrine,
What comes from thy hand must be ever divine!
All shall yield to the Mulberry tree;
Bend to thee,
Bless'd Mulberry!
Matchless was he
Who planted thee,
And thou, like him, immortal shalt be.

Ye trees of the forest, so rampant and high,
Who spread round your branches, whose heads sweep the sky; [here
Ye curious exotics, whom taste has brought
To root out the natives at prices so dear;
All shall yield to the Mulberry tree, &c.

The oak is held royal, is Britain's great boast,
Preserv'd once our king, and will always our coast; [that fight,
But of fir we make ships, we have thousands
While one, only one, like our Shakspeare can write.
All shall yield to the Mulberry tree, &c.

Let Venus delight in her gay myrtle bowers,
Pomona in fruit-trees, and Flora in flowers;
The garden of Shakspeare all fancies will suit,
With the sweetest of flowers, and fairest of fruit.
All shall yield to the Mulberry tree, &c.

With learning and knowledge the well-letter'd birch [church;
Supplies law and physic, and grace for the
But law and the gospel in Shakspeare we find,
And he gives the best physic for body and mind.
All shall yield to the Mulberry tree, &c.

The fame of the patron gives fame to the tree,
From him and his merits this takes its degree;
Let Phœbus and Bacchus their glories resign,
Our tree shall surpass both the laurel and vine.
All shall yield to the Mulberry tree, &c.

The genius of Shakspeare outshines the bright day, [vey;
More rapture than wine to the heart can con-
So the tree that he planted, by making his own,
Has laurel, and bays, and the vine, all in one.
All shall yield to the Mulberry tree, &c.

Then each take a relic of this hallow'd tree;
From folly and fashion a charm let it be:
Fill, fill to the planter the cup to the brim;
To honor the country, do honor to him.
All shall yield to the Mulberry tree;
Bend to thee,
Bless'd Mulberry!
Matchless was he
Who planted thee,
And thou, like him, immortal shalt be.

§ 58. *Song. Black-eyed Susan.* GAY.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-ey'd Susan came on board;
"O where shall I my true-love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among your crew."

William, who high upon the yard
Rock'd by the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below;
The cord glides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

"O Susan, Susan, lovely dear!
My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear:
We only part to meet again.
Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

"Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind:
They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
At every port a mistress find.
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

"If to fair India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright;
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white.
Thus every beauteous object that I view
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

"Though battle calls me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet free from harms,
William shall to his dear return:
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye."

The boatswain gives the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosoms spread;
No longer must she stay on board:
They kiss'd; she sigh'd; he hung his head;
Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to land;
"Adieu!" she cries, and wav'd her lily hand.

§ 59. *Song.* ROWE.

As on a summer's day,
In the greenwood shade I lay,
The maid that I lov'd,
As her fancy mov'd,
Came walking forth that way.

And as she passed by,
With a scornful glance of her eye,
"What a shame," quoth she,
"For a swain must it be,
Like a lazy loon for to lie!

"And dost thou nothing heed
What Pan our god has decreed,
What a prize to-day
Shall be given away
To the sweetest shepherd's reed?

"There's not a single swain
Of all this fruitful plain,
But with hopes and fears
Now busily prepares
The bonny boon to gain.
"Shall another maiden shine
In brighter array than thine?
Up, up, dull swain,
Tune thy pipe once again,
And make the garland mine."
"Alas! my love," I cried,
"What avails this courtly pride?
Since thy dear desert
Is written in my heart,
What is all the world beside?
"To me thou art more gay,
In this homely russet gray,
Than the nymphs of our green,
So trim and so sheen,
Or the brightest queen of May.
"What though my fortune frown,
And deny thee a silken gown;
My own dear maid,
Be content with this shade,
And a shepherd all thy own."

§ 60. *Song.*

ONE morning very early, one morning in the spring,
I heard a maid in Bedlam, who mournfully did sing;
Her chains she rattled on her hands, while sweetly thus sung she:
"I love my love, because I know my love loves me.
"O cruel were his parents who sent my love to sea,
And cruel, cruel was the ship that bore my love from me!
Yet I love his parents, since they're his, although they've ruin'd me,
For I love my love, because I know my love loves me.
"O! should it please the pitying pow'rs to call my love to fly;
I'd claim a guardian angel's charge, around me to the sky,
To guard him from all dangers, how happy should I be!
For I love my love, because I know my love loves me.
"I'll make a strawy garland, I'll make it wondrous fine,
With roses, lilies, daisies, I'll mix the eglantine,
And I'll present it to my love, when he returns from sea;
For I love my love, because I know my love loves me.
"O! if I were a little bird to build upon his breast,
Or if I were a nightingale to sing my love to rest!
To gaze upon his lovely eyes all my reward should be!
For I love my love, because I know my love loves me.
"O! if I were an eagle, to soar into the sky!
I'd gaze around with piercing eyes where I my love might spy:
But, ah! unhappy maiden! that love you ne'er shall see:
Yet I love my love, because I know my love loves me."

§ 61. *Song.*

What beauties does Flora disclose!
How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed!
But Mary's still sweeter than those,
Both nature and fancy exceed.
No daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,
Nor all the gay flow'rs of the field,
Nor Tweed gliding gently through those,
Such beauty and pleasure can yield.

The warblers are heard in each grove,
The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
The blackbird, and sweet cooing dove,
With music enchant ev'ry bush.
Come, let us go forth to the mead,
Let us see how the primroses spring;
We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
And love while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day?
Does Mary not tend a few sheep?
Do they never carelessly stray,
While happily she lies asleep?
Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest;
Kind Nature indulging my bliss,
To relieve the soft pains of my breast
I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel,
No beauty with her can compare;
Love's graces all round her do dwell,
She's fairest where thousands are fair.
Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray?
O tell me, at noon where they feed!
Shall I seek them on sweet winding Tay,
Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed?

§ 62. *Song. Nancy of the Vale.* Shenstone.

The western sky was purpled o'er
With ev'ry pleasing ray,
And flocks, reviving, felt no more
The sultry heat of day;
When from a hazel's artless bow'r
Soft warbled Strephon's tongue;
He bless'd the scene, he bless'd the hour,
While Nancy's praise he sung.

Let fops with fickle falsehood range
The paths of wanton love;
Whilst weeping maids lament their change,
And sadden ev'ry grove:
But endless blessings crown the day
I saw fair Esham's dale;
And every blessing find its way
To Nancy of the Vale.

'Twas from Avona's bank the maid
Diffus'd her lovely beams;
And ev'ry shining glance display'd
The Naiad of the streams.
Soft as the wild-duck's tender young,
That float on Avon's tide,
Bright as the water-lily sprung
And glitt'ring near its side.

Fresh as the bord'ring flow'rs her bloom,
Her eye all mild to view;
The little halcyon's azure plume
Was never half so blue.

Her shape was like the reed, so sleek,
So taper, straight, and fair;
Her dimpled smile, her blushing cheek,
How charming sweet they were!

Far in the winding vale retir'd
This peerless bud I found,
And shadowing rocks and woods conspir'd
To fence her beauties round.
That nature in so lone a dell
Should form a nymph so sweet,
Or fortune to her secret cell
Conduct my wand'ring feet!

Gay lordlings sought her for their bride,
But she would ne'er incline:
"Prove to your equals true," she cried,
"As I will prove to mine.
'Tis Strephon on the mountain's brow
Has won my right good-will;
To him I give my plighted vow,
With him I'll climb the hill."

Struck with her charms and gentle truth,
I clasp'd the constant fair;
To her alone I give my youth,
And vow my future care.
And when this vow shall faithless prove,
Or I these charms forego,
The stream that saw our tender love,
That stream shall cease to flow.

§ 63. *Song. To the Memory of W. Shenstone, Esq.* Cunningham.

Come, shepherds, we'll follow the hearse,
And see our lov'd Corydon laid:
Though sorrow may blemish the verse,
Yet let the sad tribute be paid.
They call'd him the pride of the plain;
In sooth he was gentle and kind;
He mark'd, in his elegant strain,
The graces that glow'd in his mind.

On purpose he planted yon trees,
That birds in the covert might dwell;
He cultur'd the thyme for the bees,
But never would rifle their cell.
Ye lambkins that play'd at his feet,
Go bleat, and your master bemoan;
His music was artless and sweet,
His manners as mild as your own.

No verdure shall cover the vale,
No bloom on the blossoms appear;
The sweets of the forest shall fail,
And winter discolor the year.
No birds in our hedges shall sing,
(Our hedges so vocal before,)
Since he that should welcome the spring
Can greet the gay season no more.

His Phyllis was fond of his praise,
And poets came round in a throng;
They listen'd, and envy'd his lays,
But which of them equall'd his song?
Ye shepherds, henceforward be mute,
For lost is the pastoral strain;
So give me my Corydon's flute,
And thus—let me break it in twain.

§ 64. *Song.* LYTTELTON.

WHEN Delia on the plain appears,
Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,
I would approach, but dare not move;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear
No other voice but hers can hear,
No other wit but hers approve;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

If she some other swain commend,
Though I was once his fondest friend,
His instant enemy I prove;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

When she is absent, I no more
Delight in all that pleas'd before,
The clearest spring, the shadiest grove;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

When fond of pow'r, of beauty vain,
Her nets she spread for ev'ry swain,
I strove to hate, but vainly strove;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

§ 65. *Song.* ROWE.

To the brook and the willow, that heard him complain,
Ah, willow! willow! [pain.
Poor Colin went weeping, and told him his
Ah, willow! willow! Ah, willow! willow!

"Sweet stream," he cried, "sadly I'll teach thee to flow, [woe.
And the waters shall rise to the brink with my

"All restless and painful my Celia now lies,
And counts the sad moments of time as it flies:

"To the nymph, my heart's love, ye soft slumbers, repair,
Spread your downy wings o'er her, and make her your care;

"Let me be left restless, mine eyes never close,
So the sleep that I lose give my dear one repose.

"Sweet stream! if you chance by her pillow to creep,
Perhaps your soft murmurs may lull her to sleep:

"But if I am doom'd to be wretched indeed,
And the loss of my charmer the fates have decreed,

"Believe me, thou fair one, thou dear one, believe,
Few sighs to thy loss, and few tears will I give;

"One fate to thy Colin and thee shall betide,
And soon lay thy shepherd down by thy cold side.

"Then glide, gentle brook, and to lose thyself haste;
Bear this to my willow; this verse is my last."

§ 66. *Song.* PERCY.

O, NANCY! wilt thou go with me,
Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town?
Can silent glens have charms for thee,
The lowly cot and russet gown?

No longer dress'd in silken sheen,
No longer deck'd with jewels rare,
Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O, Nancy! when thou'rt far away,
Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?
Say, canst thou face the parching ray,
Nor shrink before the wintry wind?
O can that soft and gentle mien
Extremes of hardship learn to bear,
Nor, sad, regret each courtly scene
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O, Nancy! canst thou love so true,
Through perils keen with me to go;
Or, when thy swain mishap shall rue,
To share with him the pang of woe?
Say, should disease or pain befall,
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
Nor wistful those gay scenes recall
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when, at last, thy love shall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay
Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear?
Nor then regret those scenes so gay
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

§ 67. *Song.* MALLET.

THE smiling morn, the breathing spring,
Invite the tuneful birds to sing;
And, while they warble from each spray,
Love melts the universal lay.
Let us, Amanda, timely wise,
Like them improve the hour that flies;
And in soft raptures waste the day,
Among the shades of Endermay!

For soon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear;
At *this* thy living bloom must fade,
As *that* will strip the verdant shade.
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er;
The feather'd songsters love no more:
And when they droop, and we decay,
Adieu the shades of Endermay!

§ 68. *Highland Mary.* BURNS.

YE banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first unfald her robes,
And there the langest tarry:
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom!
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me, as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder;
But, oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!
And clos'd for aye the sparkling glance,
That dwelt on me sae kindly:
And mould'ring now in silent dust,
That heart that lo'ed me dearly;
But still within my bosom's core,
Shall live my Highland Mary.

§ 69. *Song. Green grow the Rashes; A Fragment.* BURNS.

CHORUS.

Green grow the rashes, O!
Green grow the rashes, O!
The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
Are spent amang the lasses, O!

There's nought but care on ev'ry han'
In ev'ry hour that passes, O;
What signifies the life o' man
An 'twere na for the lasses, O?
Green grow, &c.

The warly race may riches chase,
An' riches still may fly them, O;
An' though at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O!
Green grow, &c.

But gie me a cannie hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O;
An' warly cars, an' warly men,
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O!
Green grow, &c.

For you sae douse, ye sneer at this,
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O;
The wisest man the warl e'er saw,
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O:
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.

§ 70. *Song. Bannock-Burn; Robert Bruce's Address to his Army.* BURNS.

SCOTS wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has often led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victorie.

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lower;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Edward! chains! and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sa base as be a slave?
Traitor! coward! turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Caledonian! on wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be—shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Forward! let us do or die!

§ 71. *Song. The Soldier's Return.* BURNS.

WHEN wild war's deadly blast was blawn,
And gentle peace returning,
Wi' mony a sweet babe fatherless,
And mony a widow mourning.
I left the lines and tented field,
Where lang I'd been a lodger,
My humble knapsack a' my wealth,
A poor and honest sodger.

A leal, light heart was in my breast,
My hand unstain'd wi' plunder;
And for fair Scotia hame again,
I cheery on did wander.
I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
I thought upon my Nancy;
I thought upon the witching smile
That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonnie glen,
Where early life I sported;
I pass'd the mill, and trysting thorn,
Where Nancy aft I courted:
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling!
And turn'd me round to hide the flood
That in my een was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, "Sweet lass,
Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,
O! happy, happy may he be,
That's dearest to thy bosom!
My purse is light, I've far to gang,
And fain would be thy lodger;
I've serv'd my king and country lang,
Take pity on a sodger."

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,
And lovelier was than ever:
Quo' she, "A sodger ance I lo'ed,
Forget him shall I never:
Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
Ye freely shall partake it,
That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
Ye're welcome for the sake o't."

She gaz'd—she redden'd like a rose—
Syne pale like ony lily;
She sank within my arms, and cried,
"Art thou my ain dear Willie?"

"By Him who made yon sun and sky—
By whom true love's regarded,
I am the man; and thus may still
True lovers be rewarded!

"The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
And find thee still true-hearted!
Though poor in gear, we're rich in love,
And mair we'se ne'er be parted."
Quo' she, "My grandsire left me gowd,
A mailen plenish'd fairly;
And come, my faithfu' sodger lad,
Thou'rt welcome to it dearly."

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the manor;
But glory is the sodger's prize,
The sodger's wealth is honor;
The brave, poor sodger ne'er despise,
Nor count him as a stranger;
Remember he's his country's stay
In day and hour of danger.

§ 72. *Song. The gloomy Night.* BURNS.

THE gloomy night is gath'ring fast,
Loud roars the wild, inconstant blast;
Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
I see it driving o'er the plain.
The hunter now has left the moor,
The scatter'd coveys meet secure,
While here I wander, press'd with care,
Along the lonely banks of *Ayr*.

The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn
By early Winter's ravage torn;
Across her placid, azure sky,
She sees the scowling tempest fly:
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,
I think upon the stormy wave,
Where many a danger I must dare,
Far from the bonnie banks of *Ayr*.

'Tis not the surging billow's roar;
'Tis not that fatal, deadly shore;
Though death in ev'ry shape appear,
The wretched have no more to fear:
But round my heart the ties are bound,
That heart transpierc'd with many a wound;
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
To leave the bonnie banks of *Ayr*.

Farewell, old *Colia's* hills and dales,
Her heathy moors and winding vales;
The scenes where wretched fancy roves,
Pursuing past, unhappy loves!
Farewell, my friends! Farewell, my foes!
My peace with these, my love with those—
The bursting tears my heart declare—
Farewell the bonnie banks of *Ayr*.

§ 73. *Song. My Nannie's awa.* BURNS.

Now in her green mantle blithe nature arrays,
And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes,
While birds warble welcome in ilka green shaw;
But to me it's delightless—my Nannie's awa.

The snaw-drap and primrose our woodlands adorn,
And violets bathe in the weet o' the morn;
They pain my sad bosom sae sweetly they blaw,
They mind me o' Nannie—and Nannie's awa.

Thou lav'rock that springs frae the dews of the lawn,
The shepherd to warn o' the gray-breaking dawn,
And thou mellow mavis that hails the night-fa',
Give over for pity—my Nannie's awa.

Come, autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and gray,
And soothe me wi' tidings o' nature's decay:
The dark, dreary winter, and wild-driving snaw,
Alane can delight me—now Nannie's awa.

§ 74. *Song. The Cypress Wreath.* SCOTT.

O, LADY, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress tree!
Too lively glow the lilies light,
The varnish'd holly's all too bright,
The May-flower and the eglantine
May shade a brow less sad than mine:
But, Lady, weave no wreath for me,
Or weave it of the cypress tree!

Let dimpled mirth his temples twine
With tendrils of the laughing vine;
The manly oak, the pensive yew,
To patriot and to sage be due;
The myrtle bough bids lovers live,
But that, Matilda will not give;
Then, Lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress tree!

Let merry England proudly rear
Her blended roses, bought so dear;
Let Albin bind her bonnet blue
With heath and hare-bell dipped in dew;
On favor'd Erin's crest be seen
The flower she loves of emerald green—
But, Lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress tree!

Strike the wild harp, while maids prepare
The ivy meet for minstrel's hair;
And, while his crown of laurel-leaves
With bloody hand the victor weaves,
Let the loud trump his triumph tell;
But when you hear the passing bell,
Then, Lady, twine a wreath for me,
And twine it of the cypress tree.

Yes! twine for me the cypress bough;
But, O Matilda, twine not now!
Stay till a few, brief months are past,
And I have look'd and lov'd my last!
When villagers my shroud bestrew
With pansies, rosemary, and rue,—
Then, Lady, weave a wreath for me,
And weave it of the cypress tree.

§ 75. *Hunting Song.* SCOTT.

WAKEN, lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day,
All the jolly chase is here,
With hawk, and horse, and hunting spear;

Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
Merrily, merrily, mingle they,
" Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountain gray,
Springlets in the dawn are steaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming;
And foresters have busy been,
To track the buck in thicket green;
Now we come to chant our lay,
" Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
To the green-wood haste away;
We can show you where he lies,
Fleet of foot, and tall of size;
We can show the marks he made,
When 'gainst the oak his antlers fray'd;
You shall see him brought to bay:
" Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Louder, louder chant the lay,
Waken, lords and ladies gay!
Tell them youth, and mirth, and glee,
Run a course as well as we.
Time, stern huntsman! who can balk?
Stanch as hound, and fleet as hawk:
Think of this, and rise with day,
Gentle lords and ladies gay.

§ 76. *A Canadian Boat Song.* MOORE.

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near, and the day-light's past!

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl!
But, when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near, and the day-light's past!

Utawa's tide! this trembling moon,
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle! hear our prayers,
Oh! grant us cool heavens and favoring airs.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near, and the day-light's past!

§ 77. *Song. The Light-house.* MOORE.

THE scene was more beautiful far to my eye,
Than if day in its pride had array'd it;
The land breeze blew mild, and the azure arch'd sky
Look'd pure as the spirit that made it;
The murmur rose soft as I silently gaz'd
In the shadowy waves' playful motion,
From the dim, distant hill, 'till the Light-house fire blaz'd
Like a star in the midst of the ocean.

No longer the joy of the sailor boy's breast
Was heard in his wildly-breath'd numbers;
The sea-bird had flown to her wave-girdled nest,
The fisherman sunk to his slumbers;
One moment I look'd from the hill's gentle slope,
—All hush'd was the billows' commotion,—
And thought that the Light-house look'd lovely as hope,
That star of life's tremulous ocean.

The time is long past, and the scene is afar;
Yet, when my head rests on its pillow,
Will memory sometimes rekindle the star
That blaz'd on the breast of the billow:
In life's closing hour, when the trembling soul flies,
And death stills the heart's last emotion,
O then may the seraph of mercy arise,
Like a star on eternity's ocean.

§ 78. *Song. The Meeting of the Waters.* MOORE.

THERE is not in the wide world a valley so sweet,
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill;
Oh! no—it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the belov'd of my bosom, were near,
Who made each scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the bless'd charms of Nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that love.

Sweet vale of Ovoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade with the friends I love best,
Where the storms which we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace!

§ 79. *Song. The last Rose of Summer.* MOORE.

'Tis the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rose-bud, is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh!

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go sleep thou with them;
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er thy bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,

And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie wither'd,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

§ 80. *Song. This World is all a fleeting Show.* MOORE.

THIS world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given:
The smiles of Joy, the tears of Woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
There's nothing true but Heaven!

And false the light on Glory's plume,
As fading hues of even:
And Love, and Hope, and Beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gathered for the tomb—
There's nothing bright but Heaven!

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we're driven:
And Fancy's flash, and Reason's ray,
Serve but to light the troubled way—
There's nothing calm but Heaven!

§ 81. *Song. The Bower of Bendemeer.* MOORE.

THERE'S a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream,
And the nightingale sings round it all the day long;
In the time of my childhood 'twas like a sweet dream,
To sit in the roses and hear the bird's song.

That bower and its music I never forget,
But oft when alone, in the bloom of the year,
I think—Is the nightingale singing there yet?
Are the roses still bright by the calm Bendemeer?

No—the roses soon wither'd that hung o'er the wave;
But some blossoms were gather'd, while freshly they shone,
And a dew was distill'd from their flowers, that gave
All the fragrance of summer, when summer was gone.

Thus memory draws from delight, ere it dies,
An essence that breathes of it many a year;
Thus bright to my soul, as 'twas then to my eyes,
Is that bower on the banks of the calm Bendemeer!

§ 82. *Song. Hail, Columbia.* J. HOPKINS.

HAIL, Columbia! happy land;
Hail, ye Heroes! Heaven-born band,
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
And, when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoy'd the peace your valor won.
Let Independence be our boast,
Ever mindful what it cost!
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies.
Firm—united—let us be,
Rallying round our Liberty;
As a band of brothers join'd,
Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal Patriots! rise once more,
Defend your rights, defend your shore:
Let no rude foe with impious hand,
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies,
Of toil and blood, the well-earn'd prize.
While offering peace, sincere and just,
In Heaven we place a manly trust,
That truth and justice will prevail,
And every scheme of bondage fail.
Firm—united, &c.

Sound! sound the trump of Fame,
Let WASHINGTON'S great name
Ring through the world with loud applause,
Ring through the world with loud applause;
Let every clime, to freedom dear,
Listen with a joyful ear.
With equal skill and Godlike power,
He governs in the fearful hour
Of horrid war, or guides with ease
The happier times of honest peace.
Firm—united, &c.

Behold the Chief, who now commands,
Once more to serve his country stands—
The Rock on which the storm will beat,
The Rock on which the storm will beat,
But, arm'd with virtue, firm and true,
His hopes are fix'd on Heaven and you.
When hope was sinking in dismay,
And glooms obscur'd Columbia's day,
His steady mind, from changes free,
Resolv'd on death or liberty.
Firm—united, &c.

§ 83. *Song. Columbia.* DWIGHT.

COLUMBIA, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies!
Thy genius commands thee; with rapture behold,
While ages on ages thy splendors unfold.
Thy reign is the last, and the noblest of time;
Most fruitful thy soil, most inviting thy clime;
Let the crimes of the East ne'er encrimson thy name,—
Be freedom, and science, and virtue, thy fame

To conquest, and slaughter, let Europe aspire;
Whelm nations in blood, and wrap cities in fire;
Thy heroes the rights of mankind shall defend,
And triumph pursue them, and glory attend.
A world is thy realm: for a world be thy laws,
Enlarg'd as thine empire, and just as thy cause:
On Freedom's broad basis that empire shall rise,
Extend with the main, and dissolve with the skies.

Fair Science her gates to thy sons shall unbar,
And the East see thy morn hide the beams of her star.
New bards, and new sages, unrival'd, shall soar
To fame, unextinguish'd, when time is no more;
To thee, the last refuge of Virtue design'd,
Shall fly, from all nations, the best of mankind;
Here, grateful to Heaven, with transport shall bring
Their incense, more fragrant than odors of spring.

Nor less shall thy fair ones to glory ascend,
And Genius and Beauty in harmony blend;
The graces of form shall awake pure desire,
And the charms of the soul ever cherish the fire; [fin'd,
Their sweetness unmingled, their manners re-
And Virtue's bright image enstamp'd on the mind, [to glow,
With peace, and soft rapture, shall teach life
And light up a smile in the aspect of Woe.

Thy fleets to all regions thy power shall display,
The nations admire, and the ocean obey;
Each shore to thy glory its tribute unfold,
And the East and the South yield their spices and gold, [shall flow,
As the day-spring unbounded, thy splendor
And earth's little kingdoms before thee shall bow, [furl'd,
While the ensigns of union, in triumph un-
Hush the tumult of war, and give peace to the world.

Thus, as down a lone valley, with cedars o'erspread,
From war's dread confusion I pensively stray'd,
The gloom from the face of fair heaven retir'd;
The winds ceas'd to murmur; the thunders expir'd;
Perfumes, as of Eden, flow'd sweetly along,
And a voice, as of angels, enchantingly sung,—
"Columbia! Columbia! to glory arise, [skies!"
The queen of the world, and the child of the

§ 34. *The Spanish Lady's Love.*

WILL you hear a Spanish lady,
How she woo'd an English man?
Garments gay, as rich as may be,
Deck'd with jewels, had she on:
Of a comely countenance and grace was she,
Both by birth and parentage of high degree.

As his prisoner there he kept her,
In his hands her life did lie;
Cupid's bands did tie them faster,
By the liking of an eye.
In his courteous company was all her joy,
To favor him in any thing she was not coy.

But at last there came commandment
For to set all ladies free,
With their jewels still adorned,
None to do them injury.
"O, then," said this lady gay, "full woe is me!
O let me still sustain this kind captivity!

"Gallant captain, show some pity
To a lady in distress;
Leave me not within this city,
For to die in heaviness:
Thou hast set, this present day, my body free,
But my heart in prison still remains with thee."

"How should'st thou, fair lady, love me,
Whom thou know'st thy country's foe?
Thy fair words make me suspect thee;
Serpents lie where flowers grow."
"All the harm I wish on thee, most courteous knight, [light!
God grant upon my head the same may fully

"Blessed be the time and season
That thou cam'st on Spanish ground!
If you may our foes be termed,
Gentle foes we have you found:
With our city, you have won our hearts each one, [own."
Then to your country bear away that is your

"Rest you still, most gallant lady:
Rest you still, and weep no more;
Of fair flowers you have plenty,
Spain doth yield you wondrous store."
"Spaniards fraught with jealousy we oft do find,
But Englishmen, throughout the world, are counted kind.

"Leave me not unto a Spaniard,
Thou alone enjoy'st my heart;
I am lovely, young, and tender,
Love is likewise my desert:
Still to serve thee day and night my mind is press'd; [bless'd."
The wife of every Englishman is counted

"It would be a shame, fair lady,
For to bear a woman hence;
English soldiers never carry
Any such without offence."
"I will quickly change myself, if it be so,
And, like a page, will follow thee where'er thou go."

"I have neither gold nor silver
To maintain thee in this case:
And to travel is great charges,
As you know, in ev'ry place."
"My chains and jewels, ev'ry one, shall be thy own, [unknown."
And eke ten thousand pounds in gold that lies

"On the seas are many dangers,
Many storms do there arise,
Which will be, to ladies, dreadful,
And force tears from wat'ry eyes."
"Well, in troth, I shall endure extremity,
For I could find in heart to lose my life for thee."

"Courteous lady, leave this folly,
Here comes all that breeds the strife;
I, in England, have already
A sweet woman to my wife;
I will not falsify my vow for gold nor gain,
Nor yet for all the fairest dames that live in Spain."

"O how happy is that woman
That enjoys so true a friend;
Many happy days God send her!
And of my suit I'll make an end:
On my knees I pardon crave for my offence,
Which love and true affection did first commence.

"Commend me to that gallant lady,
Bear to her this chain of gold,
With these bracelets for a token,
Grieving that I was so bold:
All my jewels, in like sort, take thou with thee; [me.
For they are fitting for thy wife, but not for

"I will spend my days in prayer,
Love, and all his laws, defy;
In a nunnery I will shroud me,
Far from any company:
But, ere my prayers have an end, be sure of this,
To pray for thee and for thy love I will not miss.

"Thus farewell! most gallant captain;
Farewell to my heart's content!
Count not Spanish ladies wanton,
Though to thee my mind was bent:
Joy and true prosperity go still with thee!"
"The like fall unto thy share, most fair lady."

§ 85. *Ballad. The Children in the Wood; or, The Norfolk Gentleman's last Will and Testament.*

Now ponder well, you parents dear,
The words which I shall write;
A doleful story you shall hear,
In time brought forth to light.
A gentleman of good account
In Norfolk liv'd of late,
Whose wealth and riches did surmount
Most men of his estate.

Sore sick he was, and like to die,
No help that he could have;
His wife by him as sick did lie,
And both possess'd one grave.
No love between these two was lost,
Each was to other kind:
In love they liv'd, in love they died,
And left two babes behind:

The one a fine and pretty boy,
Not passing three years old:
The other a girl, more young than he,
And made in beauty's mould.
The father left his little son,
As plainly doth appear,
When he to perfect age should come,
Three hundred pounds a year;

And to his little daughter Jane,
Five hundred pounds in gold,
To be paid down on marriage day,
Which might not be controll'd.
But, if the children chanc'd to die
Ere they to age should come,
Their uncle should possess their wealth;
For so the will did run.

"Now, brother," said the dying man,
"Look to my children dear;
Be good unto my boy and girl,
No friends else I have here:
To God and you I do commend
My children night and day;
But little while, be sure, we have
Within this world to stay.

"You must be father and mother both,
And uncle, all in one;
God knows what will become of them
When I am dead and gone."
With that bespake their mother dear:
"O brother kind," quoth she,
"You are the man must bring our babes
To wealth or misery.

"And if you keep them carefully,
Then God will you reward;
If otherwise you seem to deal,
God will your deeds regard."
With lips as cold as any stone
She kiss'd her children small:
"God bless you both, my children dear!"
With that the tears did fall.

These speeches then their brother spoke
To this sick couple there:
"The keeping of your children dear,
Sweet sister, do not fear;
God never prosper me nor mine,
Nor aught else that I have,
If I do wrong your children dear,
When you are laid in grave!"

Their parents being dead and gone,
The children home he takes,
And brings them both unto his house,
And much of them he makes.
He had not kept these pretty babes
A twelvemonth and a day,
When, for their wealth, he did devise
To make them both away.

He bargain'd with two ruffians rude,
Which were of furious mood,
That they should take the children young,
And slay them in a wood!
He told his wife, and all he had,
He did the children send
To be brought up in fair London,
With one that was his friend!

Away then went these pretty babes,
Rejoicing at that tide;
Rejoicing with a merry mind,
They should on cock-horse ride.
They prate and prattle pleasantly,
As they rode on the way,
To those that should their butchers be,
And work their lives' decay!

So that the pretty speech they had
Made murd'rers' hearts relent;
And they that undertook the deed
Full sore they did repent!
Yet one of them, more hard of heart,
Did vow to do his charge,
Because the wretch that hired him
Had paid him very large!

The other would not agree thereto;
So here they fell at strife;
With one another they did fight
About the children's life.
And he that was of mildest mood
Did slay the other there,
Within an unfrequented wood;
While babes did quake for fear.

He took the children by the hand,
When tears stood in their eye;
And bade them come and go with him,
And look they did not cry;
And two long miles he led them on,
While they for food complain:

"Stay here," quoth he, "I'll bring you bread,
When I do come again."

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,
Went wandering up and down:
But never more they saw the man
Approaching from the town!
Their pretty lips with blackberries
Were all besmear'd and dy'd;
And when they saw the darksome night,
They sat them down and cried.

Thus wander'd these two pretty babes,
Till death did end their grief;
In one another's arms they died,
As babes wanting relief.
No burial these pretty babes
Of any man receives,
Till Robin-red-breast, painfully,
Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrath of God
Upon their uncle fell;
Yea, fearful fiends did haunt his house,
His conscience felt a hell.
His barns were fir'd, his goods consum'd,
His lands were barren made,
His cattle died within the field,
And nothing with him staid.

And, in the voyage of Portugal,
Two of his sons did die;
And, to conclude, himself was brought
To extreme misery:
He pawn'd and mortgag'd all his land
Ere seven years came about;
And now at length this wicked act
Did by this means come out:

The fellow, that did take in hand
These children for to kill,
Was for a robbery judg'd to die,
As was God's blessed will;
Who did confess the very truth,
The which is here express'd;
Their uncle died, while he for debt
In prison long did rest.

All you that be executors made,
And overseers eke,
Of children that be fatherless,
And infants mild and meek;
Take you example by this thing,
And give to each his right;
Lest God with such like misery,
Your wicked minds requite.

§ 86. *The Frolicksome Duke; or, the Tinker's good Fortune.*

The following ballad is upon the same subject as the Induction to Shakspeare's Taming of the Shrew; whether it may be thought to have suggested the hint to the dramatic poet, or is not rather of later date, the reader must determine.

The story is told of Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy; and is thus related by an old English writer: "The said Duke, at the marriage of Eleonora, sister to the King of Portugall, at Bruges, in Flanders, which was solemnized in the deepe of winter; when, as by reason of unseasonable weather, he could neither hawke nor hunt, and was now tired with cards, dice, &c., and such other domestic sports, or to see ladies dance; with some of his courtiers he would, in the evening, walke disguised all about the towne. It so fortuned, as he was walking late one night, he found a country fellow dead drunke, snorting on a bulke; he caused his followers to bring him to his palace, and there stripping him of his old clothes, and attyring him after the court fashion, when he awakened, he and they were all ready to attend upon his excellency, and persuade him that he was some great duke. The poor fellow, admiring how he came there, was served in state all day long: after supper, he saw them dance, heard musicke, and all the rest of those court-like pleasures: but, late at night, when he was well tippled, and again faste asleepe, they put on his old robes, and so conveyed him to the place where they first found him. Now the fellow had not made them so good sport the day before, as he did now, when he returned to himself: all the jest was to see how he looked upon it. In conclusion, after some little admiration, the poor man told his friends he had seen a vision; constantly believed it; would not otherwise be persuaded; and so the jest ended." Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, pt 2. sect. 2. memb. 4. 2d ed. 1624, fol.

Now, as fame does report, a young duke keeps
a court, [sport:
One that pleases his fancy with frolicksome
But among all the rest, here is one I protest,
Which will make you to smile when you hear
the true jest. [ground,
A poor tinker he found lying drunk on the
As secure in a sleep as if laid in a swound.

The duke said to his men, William, Richard,
and Ben,
"Take him home to my palace, we'll sport
with him then." [convey'd
O'er a horse he was laid, and with care soon
To the palace, although he was poorly array'd:
Then they stripp'd off his clothes, both his
shirt, shoes, and hose,
And they put him to bed for to take his repose.

Having pull'd off his shirt, which was all over
dirt,
They did give him clean Holland, which was
no great hurt:
On a bed of soft down, like a lord of renown,
They did lay him to sleep the drink out of his
crown.
In the morning when day, then admiring he lay,
For to see the rich chamber both gaudy and gay.

Now he lay something late, in his rich bed of
state, [wait;
Till at last knights and squires they on him did
And the chamberlain bare then did likewise
declare,
He desired to know what apparel he'd wear:
The poor tinker amaz'd, on the gentleman gaz'd,
And admired how he to his honor was rais'd.

Though he seem'd something mute, yet he
chose a rich suit,
Which he straightways put on without longer
dispute; [eyed,
With a star on each side, which the tinker oft
And it seem'd for to swell him no little with
pride; [sweet wife?
For he said to himself, "Where is Joan my
Sure she never did see me so fine in her life."

From a convenient place the right duke, his good grace,
Did observe his behaviour in every case.
To a garden of state on the tinker they wait,
Trumpets sounding before him; thought he, "This is great:" [view,
Where, an hour or two, pleasant walks he did
With commanders and squires in scarlet and blue.
A fine dinner was dress'd, both for him and his guests;
He was plac'd at the table above all the rest,
In a rich chair or bed, lined with fine crimson red,
With a rich golden canopy over his head:
As he sat at his meat the music play'd sweet,
With the choicest of singing, his joys to complete.
While the tinker did dine, he had plenty of wine,
Rich canary and sherry, and tent superfine.
Like a right honest soul, faith, he took off his bowl,
Till at last he began for to tumble and roll
From his chair to the floor, where he sleeping did snore,
Being seven times drunker than ever before.
Then the duke did ordain, they should strip him amain,
And restore him his old leather garments again:
'Twas a point next the worst, yet perform it they must,
And they carried him straight where they found him at first;
Then he slept all the night, as indeed well he might; [flight.
But when he did waken his joys took their
For his glory to him so pleasant did seem,
That he thought it to be but a mere golden dream;
Till at length he was brought to the duke, where he sought
For a pardon, as fearing he'd set him at nought;
But his highness he said, "Thou'rt a jolly, bold blade,
Such a frolic, before, I think never was play'd."
Then his highness bespoke him a new suit and cloke, [joke;
Which he gave for the sake of this frolicksome
Nay, and five hundred pound, with ten acres of ground: [teries round,
"Thou shalt never," said he, "range the coun-
Crying, 'Old brass to mend;' for I'll be thy good friend, [attend."
Nay, and Joan, thy sweet wife, shall my duchess
Then the tinker replied: "What! must Joan, my sweet bride,
Be a lady, in chariots of pleasure to ride?
Must we have gold and land ev'ry day at command?
Then I shall be a squire I well understand:
Well, I thank your good grace, and your love I embrace;
I was never before in so happy a case."

§ 87. *Song. Death's final Conquest.*

These fine moral stanzas were originally intended for a solemn funeral song in a play of James Shirley's, entitled, The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses. Shirley flourished, as a dramatic writer, early in the reign of Charles I., but he outlived the Restoration. His death happened Oct. 23, 1666, æt. 72. It is said to have been a favorite song with King Charles II.

THE glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armor against fate:
Death lays his icy hands on kings:
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked sithe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
They tame but one another still.
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow;
Then boast no more your mighty deeds:
Upon death's purple altar now
See where the victor victim bleeds.
All heads must come
To the cold tomb:
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom, in the dust.

§ 88. *Song. Gilderoy.*

He was a famous robber, who lived about the middle of the 17th century, if we may credit the histories and story-books of highwaymen, which relate many improbable feats of him, as his robbing Cardinal Richelieu, Oliver Cromwell, &c. But these stories have, probably, no other authority than the records of Grub-Street.

GILDEROY was a bonnie boy,
Had roses tull his shoone,
His stockings were of silken soy,
Wi' garters hanging doune:
It was, I weene, a comelie sight,
To see sae trim a boy;
He was my joy and heart's delight,
My handsome Gilderoy.

Oh! sike twe charming een he had,
A breath as sweet as rose;
He never ware a Highland plaid,
But costly silken clothes.
He gain'd the luve of ladies gay,
Nane eir tull him was coy,
Ah! wae is mee! I mourn the day,
For my dear Gilderoy.

My Gilderoy and I were born
Baith in one toun together;
We scant were seven years beforn
We gan to luve each other;
Our daddies and our mammies they
Were fill'd wi' mickle joy,
To think upon the bridal day
'Twixt me and Gilderoy.

For Gilderoy, that luve of mine,
Gude faith, I freely bought
A wedding sark of Holland fine,
Wi' silken flowers wrought:
And he gied me a wedding ring,
Which I receiv'd with joy;
Nae lad nor lassie eir could sing
Like me and Gilderoy.

Wi' mickle joy we spent our prime,
Till we were baith sixteen,
And aft we past the langsome time
Among the leaves sae green;
Aft on the banks we'd sit us thair,
And sweetly kiss and toy;
Wi' garlands gay wad deck my hair
My handsome Gilderoy.

Oh! that he still had been content
Wi' me to lead his life!
But, ah! his manfu' heart was bent
To stir in feats of strife!
And he in many a venturous deed
His courage bauld wad try;
And now this gars mine heart to bleed
For my dear Gilderoy.

And when of me his leave he tuik,
The tears they wet mine ee;
I gave tull him a parting luik,
"My benison gang wi' thee!
God speed thee weil, mine ain dear heart,
For gane is all my joy;
My heart is rent, sith we maun part,
My handsome Gilderoy!"

My Gilderoy, baith far and near,
Was fear'd in ev'ry toun,
And bauldly bare away the gear
Of many a lawland loun:
Nane eir durst meet him man to man,
He was sae brave a boy;
At length wi' numbers he was tane,
My winsome Gilderoy.

Wae worth the loun that made the laws,
To hang a man for gear,
To reave of life for ox or ass,
For sheep, or horse, or mare:
Had not their laws been made sae strick,
I neir had lost my joy;
Wi' sorrow neir had wat my cheek
For my dear Gilderoy.

Giff Gilderoy had done amisse,
He mought hae banisht been;
Ah! what sair cruelty is this,
To hang sike handsome men!
To hang the flower o' Scottish land,
Sae sweet and fair a boy;
Nae lady had so white a hand
As thee, my Gilderoy.

Of Gilderoy sae fraid they were,
They bound him mickle strong,
Tull Edenburrow they led him thair,
And on a gallows hung:
They hung him high aboon the rest,
He was so trim a boy:
Thair dy'd the youth whom I lued best.
My handsome Gilderoy.

Thus having yielded up his breath,
I bare his corpse away;
Wi' tears, that trickled for his death,
I washt his comelye clay;
And siker in a grave sae deep
I laid the dear-lued boy,
And now for evir maun I weep
My winsome Gilderoy.

§ 89. *Song. Gilderoy.* CAMPBELL.

THE last, the fatal hour is come,
That bears my love from me;
I hear the dead note of the drum,
I mark the gallows tree!

The bell has tolled; it shakes my heart;
The trumpet speaks thy name;
And must my Gilderoy depart
To bear a death of shame?

No bosom trembles for thy doom;
No mourner wipes a tear;
The gallows' foot is all thy tomb,
The sledge is all thy bier!

Oh, Gilderoy! bethought we then
So soon, so sad, to part,
When first in Roslin's lovely glen
You triumphed o'er my heart?

Your locks they glittered to the sheen,
Your hunter garb was trim;
And graceful was the ribbon green
That bound your manly limb!

Ah! little thought I to deplore
These limbs in fetters bound;
Or hear, upon thy scaffold floor,
The midnight hammer sound.

Ye cruel, cruel, that combined
The guiltless to pursue;
My Gilderoy was ever kind,
He could not injure you!

A long adieu! but where shall fly
Thy widow all forlorn,
When every mean and cruel eye
Regards my woe with scorn?

Yes! they will mock thy widow's tears,
And hate thine orphan boy;
Alas! his infant beauty wears
The form of Gilderoy!

Then will I seek the dreary mound
That wraps thy mouldering clay;
And weep and linger on the ground,
And sigh my heart away.

§ 90. *Song. The Harper.* CAMPBELL.

ON the green banks of Shannon, when Sheelah was nigh,
No blithe Irish lad was so happy as I;
No harp like my own could so cheerily play,
And wherever I went was my poor dog Tray.

When, at last, I was forced from my Sheelah to part,
She said, (while the sorrow was big at her heart,)
"Oh! remember your Sheelah when far, far away;
And be kind, my dear Pat, to our poor dog Tray."

Poor dog! he was faithful and kind, to be sure,
And he constantly loved me, although I was poor;
When the sour-looking folks sent me heart-less away,
I had always a friend in my poor dog Tray.

When the road was so dark, and the night was so cold,
And Pat and his dog were grown weary and old,
How snugly we slept in my old coat of gray,
And he licked me for kindness—my poor dog Tray.

Though my wallet was scant, I remembered his case,
Nor refused my last crust to his pitiful face;
But he died at my feet on a cold winter day,
And I played a sad lament for my poor dog Tray.

Where now shall I go, poor, forsaken, and blind?
Can I find one to guide me, so faithful and kind?
To my sweet native village, so far, far away,
I can never more return with my poor dog Tray.

§ 91. *Ye Mariners of England. A Naval Ode.* CAMPBELL.

YE Mariners of England!
That guard our native seas;
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!—
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave:
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep!
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below—
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy tempests blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

§ 92. *Song. Battle of the Baltic.* CAMPBELL.

OF Nelson and the North,
Sings the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone;
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold, determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.—

Like leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line:
It was ten of April morn by the chime:
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death;
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.—

But the might of England flushed
To anticipate the scene;
And her van the fleeter rushed
O'er the deadly space between.
"Hearts of oak!" our captains cried; when each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.—

Again! again! again!
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back;—
Their shots along the deep slowly boom:—
Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shattered sail;
Or, in a conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.—

Outspoke the victor then,
As he hailed them o'er the wave,
"Ye are brothers! ye are men!
And we conquer but to save:—
So peace, instead of death, let us bring.
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our king."—

Then Denmark blessed our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As Death withdrew his shades from the day.
While the sun looked smiling bright
O'er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.—

Now joy, old England, raise!
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
While the wine cup shines in light;
And yet, amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,

Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died,—
With the gallant, good Riou:*
Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave!
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave!—

§ 93. *Song. Banks of the Rhine.* BYRON.

THE castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine,
And hills all rich with blossom'd trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scatter'd cities crowning these,
Whose far white walls along them shine,
Have strew'd a scene, which I should see
With double joy wert *thou* with me!

And peasant girls, with deep-blue eyes,
And hands which offer early flowers,
Walk smiling o'er this paradise;
Above, the frequent feudal towers
Through green leaves lift their walls of gray;
And many a rock which steeply lours,
And noble arch in proud decay,
Look o'er this vale of vintage-bowers;
But one thing want these banks of Rhine,—
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine!

I send the lilies given to me;
Though long before thy hand they touch,
I know that they must wither'd be,
But yet reject them not as such;
For I have cherish'd them as dear,
Because they yet may meet thine eye,
And guide thy soul to mine, even here,
When thou behold'st them drooping nigh,
And know'st them gather'd by the Rhine,
And offer'd from my heart to thine!

The river nobly foams and flows,
The charm of this enchanted ground,
And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round;
The haughtiest breast its wish might bound
Through life to dwell delighted here;
Nor could on earth a spot be found
To nature and to me so dear,
Could thy dear eyes, in following mine,
Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine!

§ 94. *Song. My native Land—adieu.* BYRON.

ADIEU, adieu! my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue;
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild seamew.

Yon sun that sets upon the sea
We follow in his flight;
Farewell awhile to him and thee,
My native land—Good Night!

A few short hours and he will rise
To give the Morrow birth;
And I shall hail the main and skies,
But not my mother Earth.
Deserted is my own good hall;
Its hearth is desolate;
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall;
My dog howls at the gate.

"Come hither, hither, my little page!
Why dost thou weep and wail?
Or dost thou dread the billows' rage,
Or tremble at the gale?
But dash the tear-drop from thine eye;
Our ship is swift and strong:
Our fleetest falcon scarce can fly
More merrily along."

"Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high,
I fear not wave nor wind;
Yet marvel not, Sir Childe, that I
Am sorrowful in mind;
For I have from my father gone,
A mother whom I love,
And have no friend, save these alone,
But thee—and one above.

"My father bless'd me fervently,
Yet did not much complain;
But sorely will my mother sigh
Till I come back again."—
"Enough, enough! my little lad,
Such tears become thine eye:
If I thy guileless bosom had
Mine own would not be dry!

"Come hither, hither, my stanch yeoman,
Why dost thou look so pale?
Or dost thou dread a French foeman?
Or shiver at the gale?"—
"Deem'st thou I tremble for my life?
Sir Childe, I'm not so weak;
But thinking on an absent wife
Will blanch a faithful cheek.

"My spouse and boys dwell near thy hall,
Along the bordering lake,
And when they on their father call,
What answer shall she make?"—
"Enough, enough, my yeoman good,
Thy grief let none gainsay;
But I, who am of lighter mood,
Will laugh to flee away.

"For who would trust the seeming sighs
Of wife or paramour?
Fresh feres will dry the bright-blue eyes
We late saw streaming o'er.
For pleasures past I do not grieve,
Nor perils gathering near;
My greatest grief is that I leave
No thing that claims a tear.

"And now I'm in the world alone,
Upon the wide, wide sea:

* Captain Riou, justly entitled the gallant and the good, by Lord Nelson, when he wrote home his despatches.

But why should I for others groan,
When none will sigh for me?
Perchance my dog will whine in vain,
Till fed by stranger hands;
But long ere I come back again,
He'd tear me where he stands.

"With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go
Athwart the foaming brine;
Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,
So not again to mine.
Welcome, welcome, ye dark blue waves!
And, when you fail my sight,
Welcome, ye deserts, and ye caves!
My native land—Good Night!"

§ 95. *Song. The world is bright before thee.*
HALLECK.

THE world is bright before thee;
Its summer flowers are thine;
Its calm blue sky is o'er thee;
Thy bosom virtue's shrine:
And thine the sunbeam given
To nature's morning hour:
Pure, warm, as when from heaven
It burst on Eden's bower.

There is a song of sorrow—
The death-dirge of the gay—
That tells, ere dawn of morrow,
These charms may melt away;
That sun's bright beam be shaded,
That sky be blue no more,
The summer flowers be faded,
And youth's warm promise o'er.

Believe it not: though lonely
Thy evening home may be;
Though beauty's bark can only
Float on a summer sea;
Though Time thy bloom is stealing,
There's still, beyond his art,
The wild-flower wreath of feeling—
The sunbeam of the heart!

§ 96. *Lamentation for the Death of Celin.*
LOCKHART.

AT the gate of old Granada, when all its bolts are barr'd,
At twilight, at the Vega gate, there is a trampling heard;
There is a trampling heard, as of horses treading slow,
And a weeping voice of women, and a heavy sound of woe.
"What tower is fall'n, what star is set, what chief come these bewailing?"
"A tower is fall'n, a star is set. Alas! alas, for Celin!"

Three times they knock, three times they cry, and wide the doors they throw:
Dejectedly they enter, and mournfully they go:
In gloomy lines they mustering stand beneath the hollow porch,
Each horseman grasping in his hand a black and flaming torch;

Wet is each eye as they go by, and all around is wailing,
For all have heard the misery. "Alas! alas, for Celin!"

Him, yesterday, a Moor did slay, of Bencerraje's blood,
'Twas at the solemn jousting; around the nobles stood;
The nobles of the land were there, and the ladies bright and fair
Look'd from their lattic'd windows, the haughty sight to share;
But now the nobles all lament, the ladies are bewailing,
For he was Granada's darling knight. "Alas! alas, for Celin!"

Before him ride his vassals, in order two by two,
With ashes on their turbans spread, most pitiful to view;
Behind him his four sisters, each wrapt in sable veil,
Between the tambour's dismal strokes take up their doleful tale;
When stops the muffled drum, ye hear their brotherless bewailing,
And all the people, far and near, cry,—"Alas! alas, for Celin!"

O, lovely lies he on the bier above the purple pall,
The flower of all Granada's youth, the loveliest of them all; his pale,
His dark, dark eyes are clos'd, and his rosy lip
The crust of blood lies black and dim upon his burnish'd mail,
And evermore the hoarse tambour breaks in upon their wailing,
Its sound is like no earthly sound,—"Alas! alas, for Celin!"

The Moorish maid at the lattice stands, the Moor stands at his door,
One maid is wringing of her hands, and one is weeping sore:
Down to the dust men bow their heads, and ashes black they strew,
Upon their broider'd garments of crimson, green, and blue—
Before each gate the bier stands still, then bursts the loud bewailing,
From door and lattice, high and low—"Alas! alas, for Celin!"

An old, old woman cometh forth, when she hears the people cry; eye.
Her hair is white as silver, like horn her glazed
'Twas she that nurs'd him at her breast, that nurs'd him long ago;
She knows not whom they all lament, but soon she well shall know—
With one deep shriek she through doth break, when her ears receive their wailing—
"Let me kiss my Celin ere I die—Alas! alas, for Celin!"

§ 97. *Song. Gentle river, gentle river: translated from the Spanish.* PERCY.

Although the English are remarkable for the number and variety of their ancient ballads, and retain, perhaps, a greater fondness for these old simple rhapsodies of their ancestors than most other nations, yet they are not the only people who have distinguished themselves by compositions of this kind. The Spaniards have great multitudes of them, many of which are of the highest merit. They call them, in their language, Romances. Most of them relate to their conflicts with the Moors, and display a spirit of gallantry peculiar to that romantic people. The two following are specimens.

GENTLE river, gentle river,
Lo, thy streams are stain'd with gore;
Many a brave and noble captain
Floats along thy willow'd shore.

All beside thy limpid waters,
All beside thy sand so bright,
Moorish chiefs, and Christian warriors,
Join'd in fierce and mortal fight.

Lords and dukes, and noble princes,
On thy fatal banks were slain:
Fatal banks, that gave to slaughter
All the pride and flow'r of Spain!

There the hero, brave Alonzo,
Full of wounds and glory died;
There the fearless Urdiales
Fell a victim by his side.

Lo! where yonder Don Saavedra
Through their squadrons slow retires;
Proud Seville his native city,
Proud Seville his worth admires.

Close behind, a renegado
Loudly shouts, with taunting cry:
"Yield thee, yield thee, Don Saavedra!
Dost thou from the battle fly?

"Well I know thee, haughty Christian;
Long I liv'd beneath thy roof;
Oft I've, in the lists of glory,
Seen thee win the prize of proof.

"Well I know thy aged parents,
Well thy blooming bride I know;
Seven years I was thy captive,
Seven years of pain and woe.

"May our Prophet grant my wishes;
Haughty chief, thou shalt be mine:
Thou shalt drink that cup of sorrow
Which I drank when I was thine!"

Like a lion turns the warrior,
Back he sends an angry glare:
Whizzing came the Moorish javelin,
Vainly whizzing through the air.

Back the hero, full of fury,
Sent a deep and mortal wound:
Instant sunk the renegado
Mute and lifeless on the ground.

With a thousand Moors surrounded,
Brave Saavedra stands at bay:
Wearied out, but never daunted,
Cold at length the warrior lay.

Near him fighting, great Alonzo
Stout resists the paynim bands;
From his slaughter'd steed dismounted,
Firm intrench'd behind him stands.

Furious press the hostile squadron,
Furious he repels their rage.
Loss of blood at length enfeebles:
Who can war with thousands wage?

Where yon rock the plain o'ershadows,
Close beneath its foot retir'd,
Fainting sunk the bleeding hero,
And without a groan expir'd.

§ 98. *Alcanzor and Zaida, a Moorish Tale: imitated from the Spanish.* PERCY.

SOFTLY blow the evening breezes,
Softly fall the dews of night;
Yonder walks the Moor Alcanzor,
Shunning ev'ry glare of light.

In yon palace lives fair Zaida,
Whom he loves with flame so pure:
Loveliest she of Moorish ladies,
He a young and noble Moor.

Waiting for th' appointed minute,
Oft he paces to and fro:
Stopping now, now moving forwards,
Sometimes quick, and sometimes slow.

Hope and fear alternate tease him,
Oft he sighs with heartfelt care.
See, fond youth, to yonder window
Softly steps the tim'rous fair.

Lovely seems the moon's fair lustre
To the lost benighted swain,
When all silvery bright she rises,
Gilding mountain, grove, and plain.

Lovely seems the sun's full glory
To the fainting seaman's eyes,
When, some horrid storm dispersing,
O'er the wave his radiance flies.

But a thousand times more lovely
To her longing lover's sight,
Steals, half-seen, the beauteous maiden
Through the glimmerings of the night.

Tip-toe stands the anxious lover,
Whispering forth a gentle sigh:
"Alla keep thee, lovely lady!
Tell me, am I doom'd to die?

"Is it true, the dreadful story
Which thy damsel tells my page,
That, seduc'd by sordid riches,
Thou wilt sell thy bloom to age?

"An old lord from Antiquera
Thy stern father brings along;
But canst thou, inconstant Zaida,
Thus consent my love to wrong?

"If 'tis true, now plainly tell me,
Nor thus trifle with my woes;
Hide not then from me the secret
Which the world so clearly knows."

Deeply sigh'd the conscious maiden,
While the pearly tears descend;

"Ah! my lord, too true the story;
Here our tender loves must end!

"Our fond friendship is discover'd,
Well are known our mutual vows;
All my friends are full of fury;
Storms of passion shake the house.

"Threats, reproaches, fears, surround me;
My stern father breaks my heart;
Alla knows how dear it costs me,
Gen'rous youth, from thee to part!

"Ancient wounds of hostile fury
Long have rent our house and thine;
Why then did thy shining merit
Win this tender heart of mine?

"Well thou know'st how dear I lov'd thee,
Spite of all their hateful pride,
Though I fear'd my haughty father
Ne'er would let me be thy bride.

"Well thou know'st what cruel chidings
Oft I've from my mother borne,
What I've suffer'd here to meet thee
Still at eve and early morn.

"I no longer may resist them;
All to force my hand combine;
And, to-morrow to thy rival
This weak frame I must resign!

"Yet, think not thy faithful Zaida
Can survive so great a wrong;
Well my breaking heart assures me
That my woes will not be long!

"Farewell, then, my dear Alcanzor!
Farewell too my life with thee!
Take this scarf, a parting token;
When thou wear'st it, think on me.

"Soon, lov'd youth, some worthier maiden
Shall reward thy gen'rous truth;
Sometimes tell her how thy Zaida
Died for thee in prime of youth!"

To him, all amaz'd, confounded,
Thus she did her woes impart:
Deep he sigh'd; then cried, "O, Zaida!
Do not, do not break my heart!

"Canst thou think I thus will lose thee?
Canst thou hold my love so small?
No; a thousand times I'll perish!
My curst rival too shall fall.

"Canst thou, wilt thou, yield thus to them?
O, break forth, and fly to me!
This fond heart shall bleed to save thee,
These fond arms shall shelter thee."

"'Tis in vain! in vain, Alcanzor;
Spies surround me, bars secure:
Scarce I steal this last dear moment,
While my damsel keeps the door!

"Hark! I hear my father storming!
Hark, I hear my mother chide!
I must go; farewell for ever!
Gracious Alla be thy guide!"

§ 99. *Song. The battle of the Kegs.* HOPKINSON.

GALLANTS, attend, and hear a friend
Thrill forth harmonious ditty:
Strange things I'll tell, which late befell
In Philadelphia city.

'Twas early day, as poets say,
Just when the sun was rising,
A soldier stood on log of wood,
And saw a sight surprising.

As in a maze he stood to gaze,—
The truth can't be denied, sir,—
He spied a score of kegs or more,
Come floating down the tide, sir.

A sailor, too, in jerkin blue,
The strange appearance viewing,
First damn'd his eyes, in great surprise,
Then said—"Some mischief's brewing.

"These kegs now hold the rebels bold,
Pack'd up like pickled herring;
And they're come down t' attack the town
In this new way of ferry'ng."

The soldier flew, the sailor too;
And, scar'd almost to death, sir,
Wore out their shoes, to spread the news,
And ran till out of breath, sir.

Now up and down, throughout the town,
Most frantic scenes were acted;
And some ran here, and some ran there,
Like men almost distracted.

Some fire cried, which some denied,
But said the earth had quaked:
And girls and boys, with hideous noise,
Ran through the town half naked.

Sir William* he, snug as a flea,
Lay all this time a snoring;
Nor dreamt of harm, as he lay warm
In bed with Mrs. L*r*ng.

Now, in a fright, he starts upright,
Awak'd by such a clatter:
He rubs both eyes, and boldly cries,
"For God's sake! what's the matter?"

At his bed-side he then espied
Sir Erskine,† at command, sir;
Upon one foot he had one boot,
And t' other in his hand, sir.

"Arise! arise!" Sir Erskine cries;
"The rebels—more's the pity—
Without a boat, are all on float,
And rang'd before the city.

"The motley crew, in vessels new,
With Satan for their guide, sir,
Pack'd up in bags, or wooden kegs,
Come driving down the tide, sir:

"Therefore prepare for bloody war;
These kegs must all be routed,
Or surely we despis'd shall be,
And British courage doubted."

* Sir William Howe. † Sir William Erskine.

The Royal band now ready stand,
All rang'd in dread array, sir,
With stomachs stout, to see it out,
And make a bloody day, sir.

The cannons roar from shore to shore,
The small arms make a rattle:
Since wars began, I'm sure no man
E'er saw so strange a battle.

The rebel* vales, the rebel dales,
With rebel trees surrounded,
The distant woods, the hills and floods,
With rebel echoes sounded.

The fish below swam to and fro,
Attack'd from ev'ry quarter;
"Why, sure," thought they, "the Devil's to pay
'Mong'st folks above the water."

The kegs, 'tis said, though strongly made
Of rebel staves and hoops, sir,
Could not oppose their pow'rful foes,
The conqu'ring British troops, sir.

From morn to night those men of might
Display'd amazing courage;
And when the sun was fairly down,
Retir'd to sup their porridge.

A hundred men, with each a pen,
Or more, upon my word, sir,
It is most true, would be too few
Their valor to record, sir.

Such feats did they perform that day
Upon those wicked kegs, sir,
That years to come, if they get home,
They'll make their boasts and brags, sir.

§ 100. *Lady Ann Bothwell's Lament. A Scottish Song.*

A lady of quality, of the name of Bothwell, or rather Boswell, having been, together with her child, deserted by her husband, or lover, composed this pathetic ballad herself.

BALOW, my babe, ly stil and sleipe!
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe;
If thoust be silent, Ise be glad;
Thy maining maks my heart ful sad.
Balow, my boy, thy mithers joy,
Thy father breides me great annoy.
Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe!
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.

When he began to court my luve,
And with his sugred words to muve,
His faynings fals, and flattering cheire,
To me that time did not appeire:
But now I see, most cruell hee
Cares neither for my babe nor mee.
Balow, &c.

Ly stil, my darlinge, sleipe awhile,
And when thou wakest sweitly smile:
But smile not, as thy father did,
To cozen maids; nay, God forbid!
But yette I feire, thou wilt gae neire,
Thy fatheris hart and face to beire.
Balow, &c.

I cannae chuse, but ever will
Be luving to thy father stil:
Whair-eir he gae, whair-eir he ryde,
My love with him maun still abyde:
In weil or wae, whair-eir he gae,
Mine hart can neir depart him frae.
Balow, &c.

But doe not, doe not, prettie mine,
To faynings fals thine hart incline:
Be loyal to thy luver trew,
And nevir change hir for a new:
If gude or faire, of hir have care,
For womens banning's wonderous sair.
Balow, &c.

Bairne, sin thy cruel father is gane,
Thy winsome smiles maun eise my paine:
My babe and I'll together live,
He'll comfort me when cares doe grieve:
My babe and I right saft will ly,
And quite forget man's cruelty.
Balow, &c.

Fareweil, fareweil, thou falsest youth,
That ever kist a woman's mouth!
I wish all maids be warn'd by mee,
Nevir to trust man's curtesy;
For if we doe bot chance to bow,
They'lle use us than they care not how.
Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe!
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.

* The British officers were so fond of the word *rebel*, that they often applied it most absurdly.

§ 101. *Song. Corydon's doleful Knell.*

The burthen of the song, Ding, Dong, &c. is, at present, appropriated to burlesque subjects, and therefore may excite only ludicrous ideas in a modern reader; but in the time of our poet it usually accompanied the most solemn and mournful strains.

MY Phillida, adieu, love!
For evermore farewell!
Ay me! I've lost my true love,
And thus I ring her knell.
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,
My Phillida is dead!
I'll stick a branch of willow
At my fair Phillis' head.

For my fair Phillida
Our bridal bed was made:
But, 'stead of silkes so gay,
She in her shroud is laid. Ding, &c.

Her corpse shall be attended
By maides in faire array,
Till th' obsequies are ended,
And she is wrapt in clay. Ding, &c.

Her herse it shall be carried
By youths that do excel;
And when that she is buried,
I thus will ring her knell. Ding, &c.

A garland shall be framed
By art and nature's skill,
Of sundry-color'd flowers,
In token of good-will;* Ding, &c.

* It is a custom, in many parts of England, to carry a fine garland before the corpse of a woman who dies unmarried.

And sundry-color'd ribands
On it I will bestow;
But chiefly blacke and yellowe
With her to grave shall go. Ding, &c.

I'll deck her tomb with flowers,
The rarest ever seen;
And with my tears, as showers,
I'll keepe them fresh and green. Ding, &c.

Instead of fairest colors,
Set forth with curious art,*
Her image shall be painted
On my distressed heart. Ding, &c.

And thereon shall be graven
Her epitaph so faire,
"Here lies the loveliest maiden
That e'er gave shepherd care." Ding, &c.

In sable will I mourne;
Blacke shall be all my weede:
Ay me! I am forlorne,
Now Phillida is dead. Ding, &c.

§ 102. *The old and young Courtier.*

The subject of this excellent old song is a comparison between the manners of the old gentry, as still subsisting in the times of Elizabeth, and the modern refinements affected by their sons in the reigns of her successors.

AN old song made by an aged old pate,
Of an old worshipful gentleman who had a great estate,
That kept a brave old house at a bountiful rate,
And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate;
Like an old courtier of the queen's,
And the queen's old courtier.

With an old lady whose anger one word asswages;
They every quarter paid their old servants their wages,
And never knew what belonged to coachman, footmen, nor pages,
But kept twenty old fellows with blue coats and badges;
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old study fill'd full of learned old books,
With an old reverend chaplain, you might know him by his looks,
With an old buttery-hatch worn quite off the hooks,
And an old kitchen that maintain'd half a dozen old cooks;
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old hall, hung about with pikes, guns, and bows,
With old swords, and bucklers, that had borne many shrewde blows,
And an old frize coat, to cover his worship's trunk hose,
And a cup of old sherry to comfort his copper nose,
Like an old courtier, &c.

With a good old fashion, when Christmasse was come,
To call in all his old neighbors with bagpipe and drum,
With good cheer enough to furnish every old room,
And old liquor able to make a cat speak, and man dumb;
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old falconer, huntsman, and a kennel of hounds,
That never hawked nor hunted but in his own grounds,
Who, like a wise man, kept himself within his own bounds,
And when he dyed gave every child a thousand good pounds;
Like an old courtier, &c.

But to his eldest son his house and land he assign'd,
Charging him in his will to keep the old bountifull mind,
To be good to his old tenants, and to his neighbors be kind:
But in the ensuing ditty you shall hear how he was inclin'd,
Like a young courtier of the king's,
And the king's young courtier.

Like a flourishing young gallant, newly come to his land,
Who keeps a brace of painted madams at his command,
And takes up a thousand pound upon his father's land,
And gets drunk in a tavern, till he can neither go nor stand!
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new-fangled lady, that is dainty, nice, and spare,
Who never knew what belonged to good house-keeping, or care;
Who buys gaudy-color'd fans to play with wanton air,
And seven or eight different dressings of other women's hair;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new-fashion'd hall, built where the old one stood,
Hung round with new pictures that do the poor no good,
With a fine marble chimney, wherein burns neither coal nor wood,
And a new, smooth shovelboard, whereon no victuals e'er stood;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new study stuft full of pamphlets and plays,
And a new chaplain, that swears faster than he prays;
With a new buttery-hatch that opens once in four or five days,
And a new French cook to devise fine kickshaws and toys;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new fashion, when Christmas is drawing on,
On a new journey to London straight we all must be gone,

* This alludes to the painted effigies of alabaster, anciently erected upon tombs and monuments.

And leave none to keep house, but our new porter John,
Who relieves the poor with a thump on the back with a stone;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new gentleman-usher, whose carriage is complete,
With a new coachman, footmen, and pages to carry up the meat,
With a waiting gentlewoman, whose dressing is very neat,
Who, when her lady has din'd, lets the servants not eat;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With new titles of honor bought with his father's old gold,
For which sundry of his ancestors' old manors are sold;
And this is the course most of our new gallants hold,
Which makes that good house-keeping is now grown so cold
Among the young courtiers of the king,
Or the king's young courtiers.

§ 103. *Loyalty confined.*

This excellent old song is preserved in David Lloyd's "Memoires of those that suffered in the cause of Charles I." He speaks of it as the composition of a worthy personage, who suffered deeply in those times, and was still living, with no other reward than the conscience of having suffered. The author's name he has not mentioned; but, if tradition may be credited, this song was written by Sir R. L'Estrange.

BEAT on, proud billows; Boreas, blow;
Swell, curled waves, high as Jove's roof;
Your incivility doth show,
That innocence is tempest-proof;
Though surly Nereus frown, my thoughts are calm;
Then strike, Affliction, for thy wounds are balm.

That which the world miscalls a jail,
A private closet is to me:
Whilst a good conscience is my bail,
And innocence my liberty;
Locks, bars, and solitude, together met,
Make me no prisoner, but an anchoret.

I, whilst I wish'd to be retir'd,
Into this private room was turn'd,
As if their wisdoms had conspir'd
The salamander should be burn'd:
Or, like those sophists that would drown a fish,
I am constrain'd to suffer what I wish.

The cynic loves his poverty;
The pelican her wilderness;
And 'tis the Indian's pride to be
Naked on frozen Caucasus:
Contentment cannot smart; Stoics, we see,
Make torments easie to their apathy.

These manacles upon my arm
I, as my mistress' favors, wear;
And, for to keep my ancles warm,
I have some iron shackles there:
These walls are but my garrison; this cell,
Which men call jail, doth prove my citadel.

I'm in the cabinet lock'd up,
Like some high-prized margarite,
Or, like the great mogul or pope,
Am cloyster'd up from public sight:
Retiredness is a piece of majesty,
And thus, proud Sultan, I'm as great as thee.

Here sin, for want of food, must starve,
Where tempting objects are not seen;
And these strong walls do only serve
To keep vice out, and keep me in:
Malice, of late, 's grown charitable, sure;
I'm not committed, but am kept secure.

So he that struck at Jason's life,
Thinking t' have made his purpose sure,
By a malicious friendly knife,
Did only wound him to a cure.
Malice, I see, wants wit; for what is meant
Mischief, oftimes proves favor by th' event.

When once my prince affliction hath,
Prosperity doth treason seem;
And, to make smooth so rough a path,
I can learn patience from him:
Now not to suffer shows no loyal heart;
When kings want ease, subjects must bear a part.

What though I cannot see my king,
Neither in person or in coin;
Yet contemplation is a thing
That renders what I have not mine:
My king from me what adamant can part,
Whom I do wear engraven on my heart!

Have you not seen the nightingale,
A prisoner like, coopt in a cage?
How doth she chant her wonted tale
In that her narrow hermitage!
Even then her charming melody doth prove
That all her bars are trees, her cage a grove.

I am that bird, whom they combine
Thus to deprive of liberty;
But though they do my corps confine,
Yet, maugre hate, my soul is free:
And though immur'd, yet can I chirp, and sing
Disgrace to rebels, glory to my king!

My soul is free as ambient air,
Although my baser part 's immew'd,
Whilst loyal thoughts do still repair
T' accompany my solitude:
Although rebellion do my body binde,
My king alone can captivate my minde.

§ 104. *The Braes of Yarrow, in Imitation of the ancient Scots Manner.**

A. BUSK ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny bride,
And think no mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. Where gat ye that bonny, bonny bride?
Where gat ye that winsome marrow?

A. I gat her where I dare na weil be seen,
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

* Written by William Hamilton, Esq., of Bangour, who died March 25, 1754, aged 50.

Weep not, weep not, my bonny, bonny bride!
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow!
Nor let thy heart lament to leive
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. Why does she weep, thy bonny, bonny bride?
Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow?
And why dare ye nae mair weil be seen
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow?

A. Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun she weep, [row;
Lang maun she weep with dule and sor-
And lang maun I nae mair weil be seen
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow:

For she has tint her luver, luver dear,
Her luver dear, the cause of sorrow;
And I hae slain the comliest swain
That eir pu'd birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Why rins thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow reid? [row?
Why on thy braes heard the voice of sor-
And why yon melancholious weids
Hung on the bonny birks of Yarrow?

What's yonder floats on the rueful, rueful flude?
What's yonder floats? O dule and sorrow!
O, 'tis he, the comely swain I slew
Upon the duleful Braes of Yarrow!

Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds in tears, [row;
His wounds in tears, with dule and sor-
And wrap his limbs in mourning weids,
And lay him on the Braes of Yarrow!

Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters sad,
Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow;
And weep around in waeful wise
His hapless fate on the Braes of Yarrow.

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless shield,
My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,
The fatal spear that pierc'd his breast,
His comely breast on the Braes of Yarrow.

Did I not warn thee, not to, not to luve?
And warn from fight? but, to my sorrow,
Too rashly bauld, a stronger arm
Thou mett'st, and fell'st on the Braes of Yarrow.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows the grass,
Yellow on Yarrow's banks the gowan,
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.

Flows Yarrow sweet? as sweet, as sweet flows Tweed,
As green its grass, its gowan as yellow;
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
The apple frae its rock as mellow.

Fair was thy luve, fair, fair indeed thy luve,
In flow'ry bands thou didst him fetter;
Though he was fair, and well beluv'd again,
Than me he never lov'd thee better.

Busk ye, then busk, my bonny, bonny bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, and luve me on the banks of Tweed,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. How can I busk a bonny, bonny bride?
How can I busk a winsome marrow?
How luve him upon the banks of Tweed,
That slew my luve on the Braes of Yarrow?

O Yarrow fields, may never, never rain,
Nor dew thy tender blossoms cover!
For there was basely slain my luve,
My luve, as he had not been a luver!

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purple vest, 'twas my awn sewing:
Ah, wretched me! I little, little kenn'd
He was in these to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white steed,
Unheedful of my dule and sorrow;
But, ere the dewfall of the night,
He lay a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow.

Much I rejoic'd that waeful, waeful day;
I sang, my voice the woods returning:
But lang ere night the spear was flown,
That slew my luve, and left me mourning.

What can my barbarous, barbarous father do,
But with his cruel rage pursue me?
My luver's blood is on thy spear! [wooe me?
How canst thou, barbarous man! then

My happy sisters may be, may be proud;
With cruel and ungentle scoffin',
May bid me seek on Yarrow's Braes
My luver nailed in his coffin;

My brother Douglas may upbraid, upbraid,
And strive with threatning words to muve me;
My luver's blood is on thy spear!
How canst thou ever bid me luve thee?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of luve,
With bridal sheets my body cuver:
Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,
Let in the expected husbande luver.

But who the expected husband, husband is?
His hands, methinks, are bath'd in slaughter:
Ah, me! what ghastly spectre's yon
Comes in his pale shroud, bleeding after?

Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down,
O lay his cold head on my pillow;
Take aff, take aff these bridal weids,
And crown my careful head with willow.

Pale though thou art, yet best, yet best beluv'd,
O could my warmth to life restore thee!
Yet lye all night between my briests,
No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale, pale indeed! O luvely, luvely youth,
Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,
And lye all night between my briests,
No youth shall ever lye there after.

A. Return, return, O mournful, mournful bride,
Return, and dry thy useless sorrowe;
Thy luver heeds nought of thy sighs,
He lies a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow.

§ 105. *To Althea from Prison.*

This excellent sonnet, which possessed a high degree of fame among the old cavaliers, was written by Colonel Richard Lovelace, during his confinement in the Gate-house, Westminster; to which he was committed by the House of Commons, in April, 1642, for presenting a petition from the county of Kent, requesting them to restore the king to his rights, and to settle the government. See Wood's Athenæ, vol. ii. p. 228; where may be seen, at large, the affecting story of this elegant writer; who, after having been distinguished for every gallant and polite accomplishment, the pattern of his own sex, and the darling of the ladies, died in the lowest wretchedness, obscurity, and want, in 1658.

When love, with unconfined wings,
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at my grates;
When I lye tangled in her haire,
And fetter'd with her eye,
The birds that wanton in the aire
Know no such libertie!

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our carelesse heads with roses crown'd,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty griefe in wine we steepe,
When healths and drafts goe free,
Fishes that tipple in the deepe,
Know no such libertie.

When, linnet-like, confined I
With shriller note shall sing
The mercye, sweetness, majestye,
And glories, of my king;
When I shall voyce aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
Th' enlarged windes that curle the flood
Know no such libertie.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron barres a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage:
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soare above,
Enjoy such libertie.

§ 106. *Childe Waters.*

Child is frequently used by our old writers as a title. It is repeatedly given to Prince Arthur in the Faerie Queene; and the son of a king is, in the same poem, called "Child Tristram." And it ought to be observed that the word *child*, or *chield*, is still used in North Britain to denominate a man, commonly with some contemptuous character affixed to him, but sometimes to denote man in general.

Childe Waters in his stable stoode,
And stroakt his milke-white steede:
To him a fayre yonge ladye came
As ever ware womans weede.

Sayes, "Christ you save! good Childe Watèrs,"
Sayes, "Christ you save! and see,
My girdle of gold, that was too longe,
Is now too short for mee.

"And all is with one childe of yours,
I feele sturre at my side:
My gowne of greene it is too strait;
Before, it was too wide."

"If the childe be mine, fayre Ellen," he sayd,
"Be mine, as you tell me;
Then take you Cheshire and Lancashire both,
Take them your owne to bee.

"If the childe be mine, fayre Ellen, he sayd,
Be mine, as you doe sweare;
Then take you Cheshire and Lancashire both,
And make that childe your heyre."

Shee sayes, "I had rather have one kine,
Childe Waters, of thy mouth, [both,
Than I wolde have Cheshire and Lancashire
That lye by north and southe.

"And I had rather have one twinkling,
Childe Waters, of thine ee; [both,
Than I wolde have Cheshire and Lancashire
To take them mine owne to bee."

"To-morrow, Ellen, I must forth ryde
Farr into the north countree;
The fayrest ladye that I can finde,
Ellen, must goe with mee."

"Thoughe I am not that ladye fayre,
Yet let me goe with thee:
And ever, I pray you, Childe Watèrs,
Your foot-page let me bee."

"If you will my foot-page bee, Ellèn,
As you doe tell to mee,
Then you must cut your gowne of greene
An inch above your knee.

"Soe must you doe your yellowe lockes,
An inch above your ee;
You must tell no man what is my name:
My foot-page then you shall bee."

Shee, all the long daye Childe Waters rode,
Ran barefoot by his syde;
Yet was he never soe courteous a knighte,
To say, "Ellen, will you ryde?"

Shee, all the long daye Childe Waters rode,
Ran barefoote thorow the broome;
Yet was he never soe courteous a knighte,
To say, "Put on your shoone."

"Ride softlye," shee sayd, "O, Childe Watèrs,
Why doe you ride so fast?
The childe, which is no man's but thine,
My body itt will brast."

Hee sayth, "Seest thou yond water, Ellen,
That flows from banke or brimme?"—
"I trust in God, O, Childe Waters,
You never will see* me swimme!"

But when shee came to the water syde,
Shee sayled to the chinne;
"Nowe the Lorde of Heaven be my speede,
For I must learne to swimme!"

The salt waters bare up her clothes;
Our Ladye bare up her chinne:
Childe Waters was a woe man, good Lord,
To see fayre Ellen swimme!

* Permit, suffer.

And when shee over the water was,
Shee then came to his knee;
Hee sayd, "Come hither, thou fayre Ellèn,
Loe yonder what I see!

"Seest thou not yonder hall, Ellen?
Of red gold shines the yate:
Of twenty-four fayre ladyes there,
The fayrest is my mate.

"Seest thou not yonder hall, Ellen?
Of red gold shines the towre:
There are twenty-four fayre ladyes there,
The fayrest is my paramoure."

"I see the hall now, Childe Waters,
Of red gold shines the yate:
God give you good now of yourselfe,
And of your worthy mate.

"I see the hall now, Childe Waters,
Of red gold shines the towre:
God give you good now of yourselfe,
And of your paramoure."

There twenty-four fayre ladyes were
A playinge at the ball;
And Ellen, the fayrest ladye there,
Must bring his steed to the stall.

There twenty-four fayre ladyes were
A playinge at the chesse;
And Ellen, the fayrest ladye there,
Must bring his horse to gresse.

And then bespake Childe Waters sistèr,
These were the wordes sayd shee:
"You have the prettyest page, brother,
That ever I did see;

"But that his bellye it is soe bigge,
His girdle stands soe hye:
And ever, I pray you, Childe Watèrs,
Let him in my chamber lye."

"It is not fit for a little foot-page,
That has run through mosse and myre,
To lye in the chamber of any ladye
That wears so rich attyre.

"It is more meete for a little foot-page,
That has run through mosse and myre,
To take his supper upon his knee,
And lye by the kitchen fyre."

Now when they had supped every one,
To bed they tooke theyre waye:
He sayd, "Come hither, my little foot-page,
And hearken what I saye:

"Goe thee downe unto yonder towne,
And lowe into the streete;
The fayrest ladye that thou canst finde
Hyre, in mine armes to sleepe;
And take her up in thine armes twayne,
For filing* of her feete."

Ellen is gone into the towne,
And lowe into the streete;
The fayrest ladye that she colde finde,
She hyred in his armes to sleepe;
And took her up in her armes twayne,
For filing of her feete.

* Defiling.

"I pray you nowe, good Childe Watèrs,
Let me lye at your feete:
For there is noe place about this house
Where I may saye* a sleepe."

He gave her leave, and fayre Ellèn
Downe at his beds feete laye:
This done, the night drove on apace;
And, when it was near the daye,

Hee sayd, "Rise up, my little foot-page!
Give my steede corne and haye;
And give him nowe the good black oates,
To carry mee better awaye."

Up then rose the fayre Ellen,
And gave his steede corne and haye;
And soe shee did the good black oates,
To carry him better awaye.

She leaned her back to the manger side,
And grievouslye did groane:
Shee leaned her back to the manger side,
And there she made her moane.

And that beheard his mother deare,
She heard her woeful woe,
She sayd, "Rise up, thou Childe Watèrs,
And into thy stable goe;

"For in thy stable is a ghost,
That grievouslye doth groane:
Or else some woman laboures with childe,
She is so woe-begone."

Up then rose Childe Waters soone,
And did on his shirte of silke;
And then he put on his other clothes,
On his bodye as white as milke.

And when he came to the stable dore,
Full still there hee did stand,
That he might heare his fayre Ellen,
Howe shee made her monànd.†

Shee sayd, Lullabye, mine owne deare childe,
Lullabye, deare childe, dear:
I wolde thy father were a kinge,
Thy mother layd on a biere!"

"Peace, nowe," hee said, "good faire Ellen,
Bee of good cheere, I praye!
And the bridale and the churchinge bothe
Shall be upon one daye."

§ 107. *The King and the Miller of Mansfield.*

It has been a favorite subject with our English ballad-makers, to represent our kings conversing, either by accident or design, with the meanest of their subjects. Of the former kind, besides this song of the King and the Miller, we have King Henry and the Soldier; King James I. and the Tinker; King William III. and the Forester, &c. Of the latter sort are King Alfred and the Shepherd; King Edward IV. and the Tanner; King Henry VIII. and the Cobbler, &c. This is a piece of great antiquity, being written before the time of Edward IV.; and for its genuine humor, diverting incidents, and faithful picture of rustic manners, is infinitely superior to all that have been since written in imitation of it.

Part the First.

HENRY, our royall king, would ride a hunting
To the greene forest so pleasant and faire,

* Essay, attempt. † Moaning, bemoaning.

To see the harts skipping, and dainty does tripping:
Unto merry Sherwood his nobles repaire;
Hawke and hound were unbound, all things prepar'd
For the game, in the same, with good regard.

All a long summers day rode the king pleasantly,
With all his princes and nobles eche one;
Chasing the hart and hind, and the bucke gallantlye,
Till the darke evening forced all to turne home.
Then, at last, riding fast, he had lost quite
All his lords in the wood, late in the night.

Wandering thus wearilye, all alone, up and downe,
With a rude miller he mett at the last:
Asking the ready way unto faire Nottingham:
"Sir," quoth the miller, "I mean not to jest,
Yet I think, what I thinke sooth for to say,
You doe not lightlye ride out of your way."

"Why, what dost thou think of me," quoth our king merrily,
"Passing thy judgment on me so briefe?"
"Good faith," said the miller, "I mean not to flatter thee;
I guess thee to be but some gentleman thiefe;
Stand thee backe, in the darke; light not adowne,
Lest I presently cracke thy knaves crowne."

"Thou dost abuse me much," quoth the king, "saying thus;
I am a gentleman; lodging I lacke."
"Thou hast not," quoth the miller, "one groat in thy purse;
All thy inheritance hanges on thy backe."
"I have gold to discharge all that I call;
If it be forty pence, I will pay all."

"If thou beest a true man, then," quoth the miller, "I sweare by my toll-dish I'll lodge thee all night."
"Here's my hand," quoth the king, "that was I ever."
"Nay, soft," quoth the miller, "thou mayst be a sprite.
Better I'll know thee, ere hands we will shake;
With none but honest men hands will I take."

Thus they went all along unto the miller's house;
Where they were seething of puddings and souse:
The miller first entered in, after him went the king,
Never came hee in soe smoakye a house.
"Now," quoth he, "let me see here what you are."
Quoth our king, "Look your fill, and do not spare."

"I like well thy countenance, thou hast an honest face;
With my son Richard this night thou shalt lye."
Quoth his wife, "By my troth, it is a handsome youth,
Yet its best, husband, to deal warilye.
Art thou no runaway, prythee, youth, tell?
Shew me thy passport, and all shall be well."

Then our king presentlye, making lowe courtesye
With his hatt in his hand, thus he did say:
"I have no passport, nor never was servitor,
But a poor courtyer rode out of my way;
And for your kindness here offered to mee,
I will requite you in everye degree."

Then to the miller his wife whispered secretlye,
Saying, "It seemeth this youth 's of good kin,
Both by his apparel, and eke by his manners;
To turne him out, certainlye, were a great sinne."
"Yea," quoth hee, "you may see, he hath some grace,
When he doth speake to his betters in place."

"Well," quo' the miller's wife, "young man, ye're welcome here;
And, though I say it, well lodged shall be:
Fresh straw will I have laid on thy bed so brave,
And good brown hempen sheets likewise,"
"Aye," quoth the good man, "and when that is done,
Thou shalt lye with no worse than our own sonne."

"Nay, first," quoth Richard, "goode-fellowe, tell me true,
Hast thou noe creepers within thy gay hose?
Or art thou not troubled with the scabbado?"
"I pray," quoth the king, "what creatures are those?"
"Art thou not lowsy, nor scabby?" quoth he:
"If thou beest, surely thou lyest not with mee."

This caus'd the king suddenlye to laugh most heartilye,
Till the tears trickled fast downe from his eyes.
Then to their supper were they set orderlye,
With hot bag-puddings, and good apple-pyes,
Nappy ale, good and stale, in a brown bowle,
Which did about the board merrily trowle.

"Here," quoth the miller, "good fellow, I drink to thee,
And to all cuckolds, wherever they bee."
"I pledge thee," quoth our king, "and thanke thee heartilye
For my good welcome in every degree:
And here, in like manner, I drink to thy sonne."
"Do then," quoth Richard, "and quicke let it come."

"Wife," quoth the miller, "fetch me forth Lightfoote,
And of his sweetnesse a little we'll taste."
A faire ven'son pastye brought she out presentlye.
"Eate," quoth the miller, "but, sir, make no waste:
Here's dainty Lightfoote!" "In faith," said the king,
"I never before eate so dainty a thing."

"I wis," quoth Richard, "no dainty at all it is,
For we do eate of it everye day."
"In what place," sayd our king, "may be bought like to this?"
"We never pay pennye for itt, by my fay:

From merry Sherwood we fetch it home here;
Now and then we make bold with our king's deer."

"Then I thinke," sayd our king, "that it is venison." [may know that:
"Eche foole," quoth Richard, "full well
Never are we without two or three in the roof,
Very well fleshed, and excellent fat:
But, prythee, say nothing wherever thou goe;
We would not for two pence the king should it knowe."

"Doubt not," then sayd the king, "my promised secresye: [me."
The king shall never know more on't for
A cup of lambs-wool they dranke unto him then,
And to their beds they past presentlie,
The nobles, next morning, went all up and downe,
For to seeke out the king in every towne.

At last, at the millers cott, soone they espy'd him out,
As he was mounting upon his faire steede;
To whom they came presently, falling down on their knee; [bleede:
Which made the millers heart wofully
Shaking and quaking, before him he stood,
Thinking he should have been hang'd by the rood.

The king, perceiving him fearfully trembling,
Drew forthe his sword, but nothing he sed.
The miller downe did fall, crying before them all, [head:
Doubting the king would have cut off his
But he, his kind courtesy for to requite,
Gave him great living, and dubb'd him a knight.

Part the Second.

WHENAS our royall king was come home from Nottingham,
And with his nobles at Westminster lay;
Recounting the sports and pastimes they had
In this late progress along on the way; [taken
Of them all, great and small, he did protest,
The miller of Mansfield's sport liked him best.

"And now, my lords," quoth the king, "I am determined,
Against St. George's next sumptuous feast,
That this old miller, our new-confirmed knight,
With his son Richard, shall here be my
For, in this merriment, 'tis my desire [guest:
To talke with the jolly knight, and the young squire."

Whenas the noble lords sawe the kinges pleasantness, [hearts:
They were right joyfull and glad in their
A pursuivante there was sent straight on the business, [parts.
The which had oftentimes been in those
When he came to the place where they did dwell.
His message orderlye then gan he tell.

"God save your worshippe," then said the messenger, [sire;
"And grant your ladye her own hearts de-
And to your sonne Richard good fortune and happiness;
That sweet, gentle, and gallant young squire!
Our king greets you well, and thus he doth say,
You must come to the court on St. Georges day.

Therefore, in any case, faile not to be in place.' [jest:
"I wis," quoth the miller, "this is an odd
What should we doe there? faith, I am halfe afraid." [the least."
"I doubt," quoth Richard, "to be hang'd at
"Nay," quoth the messenger, "you doe mistake; [sake."
Our king he provides a great feast for your

Then sayd the miller, "By my troth, messenger,
Thou hast contented my worshippe full well.
Hold, here are three farthings, to quite thy gentleness [tell.
For these happy tydings which thou dost
Let me see, heare thou mee; tell to our king,
We'll wait on his mastership in everye thing."

The pursuivante smiled at their simplicitye,
And, making many leggs, tooke their reward;
And his leave taking with great humilitye,
To the king's court againe he repair'd;
Shewing unto his grace, merry and free,
The knightes most liberall gift and bountie.

When he was gone away, thus gan the miller say:
"Here come expences and charges indeed!
Now must we needs be brave, tho' we spend all we have;
For of new garments we have great need:
Of horses and serving-men we must have store,
With bridles and saddles, and twenty things more."

"Tushe! sir John," quoth his wife, "why should you frett or frown?
You shall ne'er be att no charges for mee;
For I will turn and trim up my old russet gowne,
With every thing else as fine as may bee:
And on our mill-horses swift we will ride,
With pillowes and pannells as we shall provide."

In this most stately sort rode they unto the court,
Their jolly son Richard rode foremost of all;
Who set up, for good hap, a cocks feather in his cap,
And so they jetted downe to the king's hall;
The merry old miller with hands on his side;
His wife like maid Marian did mince at that tide.

The king and his nobles, that heard of their coming, [traine;
Meeting this gallant knight with his brave

"Welcome, sir knighte," quoth he, "with your gay lady;
Good sir John Cockle, once welcome againe;
And soe is the squire, of courage so free."
Quoth Dicke, "A bots on you! do you know me?"
Quoth our king gently, "How should I forget thee?
That wast my own bed-fellowe, well it I wot." [token,
"Yea, sir," quoth Richard, "and by the same
Thou with thy farting didst make the bed hot." [the knight,
"Thou whoreson unhappy knave," then quoth
"Speak cleanly to our king, or else go sh*t*."
The king and his courtiers laugh at this heartilye, [hand;
While the king taketh them both by the
With the court dames' and maids, like to the queen of spades,
The miller's wife did so orderly stand,
A milkmaids courtesye at every word;
And downe all the folkes were set to the board.
There the king royally, in princelye majestye,
Sate at his dinner with joy and delight;
When they had eaten well, then he to jesting fell,
And in a bowle of wine dranke to the knight:
"Here's to you both, in wine, ale and beer;
Thanking you heartilye for my good cheer."
Quoth sir John Cockle, "I'll pledge you a pottle,
Were it the best ale in Nottinghamshire."
"But then," said our king, "now I think of a thing, [here."
Some of your Lightfoot I would we had
"Ho! ho!" quoth Richard, "full well I may say it,
'Tis knavery to eate it, and then to betray it."
"Why art thou angry?" quoth our king merrilye;
"In faith, I take it now very unkind:
I thought thou wouldst pledge me in ale and wine heartilye."
Quoth Dicke, "You are like to stay till I have din'd:
You feed us with twatling dishes so small;
Zounds, a black pudding is better than all."
"Aye, marry," quoth our king, "that were a daintye thing,
Could a man get but one here for to eat."
With that Dick straight arose, and pluck'd one from his hose,
Which with heat of his breech gan for to sweate.
The king made a proffer to snatch it away.—
"'Tis meat for your master, good sir; you must stay."
Thus in great merriment was the time wholly spent;
And then the ladyes prepared to dance:
Old sir John Cockle and Richard incontinent
Unto their places the king did advance;
Here with the ladyes such sport they did make,
The nobles with laughing did make their sides ake.
Many thanks for their pains did the king give them, [wed:
Asking young Richard then if he would
"Among these ladyes free, tell me which liketh thee?"
Quoth he, "Jugg Grumball, sir, with the red head:
She's my love, she's my life, her will I wed;
She hath sworn I shall have her maidenhead."
Then sir John Cockle the king called unto him,
And of merry Sherwood made him o'erseer;
And gave him out of hand three hundred pound yearlye; [deer;
"Take heed now you steal no more of my
And once a quarter let's here have your view;
And now, sir John Cockle, I bid you adieu."

§ 103. *The Witches' Song.*

From Ben Jonson's Masque of Queens, presented at Whitehall, Feb. 2, 1609.

It is true, this song of the Witches, falling from the learned pen of Ben Jonson, is rather an extract from the various incantations of classic antiquity, than a display of the opinions of our own vulgar. But let it be observed, that a parcel of learned wiseacres had just before busied themselves on this subject, with our British Solomon, James I., at their head; and these had so ransacked all writers, ancient and modern, and so blended and kneaded together the several superstitions of different times and nations, that those of genuine English growth could no longer be traced out and distinguished.

By good luck the whimsical belief of fairies and goblins could furnish no pretences for torturing our fellow-creatures, and therefore we have this handed down to us pure and unsophisticated.

1 Witch.

I HAVE beene all day looking after
A raven feeding upon a quarter;
And, soone as she turn'd her back to the south;
I snatch'd this morsell out of her mouth.

2 Witch.

I have beene gathering wolves haires,
The mad dogges foame, and adders eares;
The spurging of a dead man's eyes:
And all since the evening starre did rise.

3 Witch.

I last night lay all alone
O' the ground, to heare the mandrake grone;
And pluck'd him up, though he grew full low;
And, as I had done, the cocke did crow.

4 Witch.

And I h' beene chusing out this scull,
From charnel houses that were full,
From private grots and publike pits:
And frighted a sexton out of his wits.

5 Witch.

Under a cradle I did creepe
By day, and, when the childe was a-sleepe
At night, I suck'd the breath; and rose,
And pluck'd the nodding nurse by the nose.

6 Witch.

I had a dagger: what did I with that?
Killed an infant to have his fat:
A piper it got, at a church-ale:
I bade him again blow wind i' the taile.

7 Witch.

A murderer yonder was hung in chaines;
The sunne and the wind had shrunke his veines:
I bit off a sinew; I clipp'd his haire;
I brought off his ragges, that danc'd i' the ayre.

8 Witch.

The scrich-owles egges, and the feathers blacke,
The bloud of the frogge, and the bone in backe,
I have been getting; and made of his skin
A purset, to keep sir Cranion in.

9 Witch.

And I h' beene plucking (plants among)
Hemlock, henbane, adders tongue,
Night-shade, moone-wort, libbards bane;
And twise by the dogges was like to be tane.

10 Witch.

I from the jaws of a gardiner's bitch
Did snatch these bones, and then leap'd the ditch:
Yet went I back to the house againe,
Kill'd the blacke cat, and here is the braine.

11 Witch.

I went to the toade, breeds under the wall,
I charmed him out, and he came at my call;
I scratch'd out the eyes of the owle before;
I tore the batts wings: what would you have more?

Dame.

Yes: I have brought, to helpe your vows,
Horned poppie, cypresse boughes,
The fig-tree wild that grows on tombes,
And juice that from the larch-tree comes,
The basiliskes bloud, and the vipers skin;
And now our orgies let's begin.

§ 109. *The Fairies Farewell.*

This humorous old song fell from the hand of the witty Dr. Corbet, afterwards bishop of Norwich, &c. In his Poetica Stromata it is called "A proper new Ballad, intituled, The Fairies Farewell, or God-a-mercy Will: to be sung or whistled to the tune of the Meadow Brow, by the learned; by the unlearned, to the tune of Fortune."

FAREWELL, rewards and Fairies!
Good housewives now may say;
For now foule sluts in dairies
Doe fare as well as they;
And though they sweepe their hearths no less
Than mayds were wont to doe,
Yet who of late for cleanliness
Finds six-pence in her shoe?

Lament, lament, old abbies,
The fairies lost command!
They did but change priests babies,
But some have chang'd your land;
And all your children stoln from thence
Are now growne Puritanes,
Who live as changelings ever since,
For love of your demaines.

At morning and at evening both
You merry were and glad,
So little care of sleepe and sloth
These prettie ladies had.
When Tom came home from labor,
Or Ciss to milking rose,
Then merrily went their tabour,
And nimbly went their toes.

Witness those rings and roundelayes
Of theirs, which yet remaine,
Were footed in queen Maries dayes
On many a grassy playne.
But since of late Elizabeth
And later James came in,
They never danc'd on any heath,
As when the time had been.

By which wee note the fairies
Were of the old profession;
Their songs were Ave Maries,
Their dances were procession.
But now, alas! they all are dead,
Or gone beyond the seas,
Or farther for religion fled,
Or else they take their ease.

A tell-tale in their company
They never could endure;
And whoso kept not secretly
Their mirth, was punish'd sure:
It was a just and Christian deed
To pinch such blacke and blue:
O how the common-welth doth need
Such justices as you!

Now they have left our quarters;
A Register they have,
Who can preserve their charters;
A man both wise and grave.
An hundred of their merry pranks
By one that I could name
Are kept in store; con twenty thanks
To William for the same.

To William Churne of Staffordshire,
Give laud and praises due,
Who every meale can mend your cheare
With tales both old and true;
To William all give audience,
And pray yee for his noddle;
For all the fairies evidence
Were lost, if it were addle.

§ 110. *Unfading Beauty.*

This little beautiful Sonnet is reprinted from a small volume of "Poems by Thomas Carew, Esq. one of the gentlemen of the privie-chamber, and sewer in ordinary to his majesty Charles I. Lond. 1640." This elegant, and almost forgotten writer, whose poems have been deservedly revived, died in the prime of his age, in 1639.

In the original follows a third stanza, which, not being of general application, nor of equal merit, I have ventured to omit.

HEE that loves a rosie cheeke,
Or corall lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuell to maintaine his fires;
As old time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and stedfaste mind,
Gentle thoughts, and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combin'd,
Kindle never-dying fires;
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheekes, or lips, or eyes.

* * * * *

§ 111. *The Hermit.* BEATTIE.

AT the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove—
'Twas then, by the cave of the mountain reclin'd,
A hermit his nightly complaint thus began:
Though mournful his numbers, his soul was resign'd;
He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man.

"Ah! why, thus abandon'd to darkness and woe,
Why thus, lonely Philomel, flows thy sad strain?
For spring shall return, and a lover bestow;
And thy bosom no trace of misfortune retain.
Yet, if pity inspire thee, O cease not thy lay!
Mourn, sweetest companion! man calls thee to mourn:
O soothe him whose pleasures, like thine, pass away!
Full quickly they pass, but they never return!

"Now gliding remote on the verge of the sky,
The moon, half extinct, a dim crescent displays;
But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high
She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
Roll on then, fair orb, and with gladness pursue
The path that conducts thee to splendor again;
But man's faded glory no change shall renew:
Ah, fool! to exult in a glory so vain!

"'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more:
I mourn; but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
Perfum'd with fresh fragrance, and glitt'ring with dew.
Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;
Kind Nature the embryo-blossom shall save:
But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn?
O, when shall it dawn on the night of the grave?"

§ 112. *A pastoral Ballad. In Four Parts.* SHENSTONE.

1. ABSENCE.

YE shepherds so cheerful and gay,
Whose flocks never carelessly roam;
Should Corydon's happen to stray,
O call the poor wanderers home.
Allow me to muse and to sigh,
Nor talk of the change that ye find;
None, once, was so watchful as I:—
I have left my dear Phillis behind.

Now I know what it is to have strove
With the torture of doubt and desire;
What it is to admire and to love,
And to leave her we love and admire.
Ah, lead forth my flock in the morn,
And the damps of each evening repel: —
Alas! I am faint and forlorn:
I have bade my dear Phillis farewell.

Since Phillis vouchsaf'd me a look,
I never once dream'd of my vine:
May I lose both my pipe and my crook,
If I knew of a kid that was mine!
I priz'd every hour that went by,
Beyond all that had pleas'd me before;
But now they are pass'd, and I sigh,
And I grieve that I priz'd them no more.

But why do I languish in vain?
Why wander thus pensively here?
O, why did I come from the plain,
Where I fed on the smiles of my dear?
They tell me, my favorite maid,
The pride of that valley, is flown;
Alas! where with her I have stray'd,
I could wander with pleasure alone.

When forc'd the fair nymph to forego,
What anguish I felt at my heart!
Yet I thought, but it might not be so,
'Twas with pain when she saw me depart.
She gaz'd, as I slowly withdrew;
My path I could hardly discern;
So sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought that she bade me return.

The pilgrim that journeys all day
To visit some far-distant shrine,
If he bear but a relic away,
Is happy, nor heard to repine.
Thus, widely remov'd from the fair,
Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,
Soft hope is the relic I bear,
And my solace wherever I go.

2. HOPE.

My banks they are furnish'd with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
My grottos are shaded with trees,
And my hills are white over with sheep.
I seldom have met with a loss,
Such health do my fountains bestow;
My fountains, all border'd with moss,
Where the hare-bell and violet grow:

Not a pine in my grove is there seen,
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound;
Not a beech's more beautiful green,
But a sweet-brier twines it around.
Not my fields in the prime of the year
More charms than my cattle unfold;
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
But it glitters with fishes of gold.

One would think she might like to retire
To the bow'r I have labor'd to rear;
Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
But I hasted and planted it there.
O how sudden the jessamine strove
With the lilach to render it gay!
Already it calls for my love,
To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands, and groves,
What strains of wild melody flow!
How the nightingales warble their loves,
From thickets of roses that blow!
And when her bright form shall appear,
Each bird shall harmoniously join
In a concert so soft and so clear,
As—she may not be fond to resign.

I have found out a gift for my fair,
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed;
But let me that plunder forbear:
She will say 'twas a barbarous deed.
For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,
Who could rob a poor bird of its young;
And I lov'd her the more when I heard
Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with sweetness unfold
How that pity was due to a dove,
That it ever attended the bold;
And she call'd it the sister of love.
But her words such a pleasure convey,
So much I her accents adore,
Let her speak, and whatever she say,
Methinks, I should love her the more.

Can a bosom so gentle remain
Unmov'd, when her Corydon sighs?
Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
These plains and this valley despise?
Dear regions of silence and shade!
Soft scenes of contentment and ease!
Where I could have pleasingly stray'd,
If aught in her absence could please.

But where does my Phillida stray?
And where are her grots and her bowers?
Are the groves and the valleys as gay,
And the shepherds as gentle, as ours?
The groves may perhaps be as fair,
And the face of the valleys as fine;
The swains may in manners compare,
But their love is not equal to mine.

3. SOLICITUDE.

Why will you my passion reprove,
Why term it a folly to grieve,
Ere I show you the charms of my love?
She is fairer than you can believe.
With her mien she enamours the brave;
With her wit she engages the free;
With her modesty pleases the grave;
She is every way pleasing to me.

O you that have been of her train,
Come and join in my amorous lays!
I could lay down my life for the swain
That will sing but a song in her praise
When he sings, may the nymphs of the town
Come trooping, and listen the while;
Nay, on him let not Phillida frown;—
But I cannot allow her to smile.

For when Paridel tries in the dance
Any favor with Phillis to find,
O how, with one trivial glance,
Might she ruin the peace of my mind!
In ringlets he dresses his hair,
And his crook is bestudded around;
And his pipe—O may Phillis beware
Of a magic there is in the sound!

'Tis his with mock passion to glow;
'Tis his in smooth tales to unfold,
"How her face is as bright as the snow,
And her bosom, be sure, is as cold;
How the nightingales labor the strain,
With the notes of his charmer to vie;
How they vary their accents in vain,
Repine at her triumphs, and die."

To the grove or the garden he strays,
And pillages every sweet;
Then, suiting the wreath to his lays,
He throws it at Phillis's feet.
"O Phillis," he whispers, "more fair,
More sweet, than the jessamine's flow'r!
What are pinks in a morn, to compare?
What is eglantine after a shower?

"Then the lily no longer is white;
Then the rose is depriv'd of its bloom;
Then the violets die with despite,
And the woodbines give up their perfume."
Thus glide the soft numbers along,
And he fancies no shepherd his peer;
Yet I never should envy the song,
Were not Phillis to lend it an ear.

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,
So Phillis the trophy despise;
Let his forehead with laurels be crownd',
So they shine not in Phillis's eyes.
The language that flows from the heart
Is a stranger to Paridel's tongue;
Yet may she beware of his art!
Or sure I must envy the song.

4. DISAPPOINTMENT.

Ye shepherds, give ear to my lay,
And take no more heed of my sheep:
They have nothing to do but to stray,
I have nothing to do but to weep.
Yet do not my folly reprove:
She was fair, and my passion begun;
She smil'd, and I could not but love;
She is faithless, and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought;
Perhaps it was plain to foresee,
That a nymph so complete would be sought
By a swain more engaging than me.
Ah! love ev'ry hope can inspire:
It banishes wisdom the while;
And the lip of the nymph we admire
Seems for ever adorn'd with a smile!

She is faithless, and I am undone;
Ye that witness the woes I endure,
Let reason instruct you to shun
What it cannot instruct you to cure.
Beware how you loiter in vain
Amid nymphs of a higher degree:
It is not for me to explain
How fair and how fickle they be.

Alas! from the day that we met,
What hope of an end to my woes,
When I cannot endure to forget
The glance that undid my repose?
Yet time may diminish the pain:
The flow'r, and the shrub, and the tree,
Which I rear'd for her pleasure in vain,
In time may have comfort for me.

The sweets of a dew-sprinkled rose,
The sound of a murmuring stream,
The peace which from solitude flows,
Henceforth shall be Corydon's theme.
High transports are shown to the sight,
But we are not to find them our own:
Fate never bestow'd such delight,
As I with my Phillis had known.

O ye woods, spread your branches apace;
To your deepest recesses I fly;
I would hide with the beasts of the chase,
I would vanish from every eye.
Yet my reed shall resound through the grove
With the same sad complaint it begun;
How she smil'd, and I could not but love;
Was faithless, and I am undone!

§ 113. *Phœbe. A Pastoral.* BYROM.

My time, O ye muses! was happily spent,
When Phœbe went with me wherever I went:
Ten thousand soft pleasures I felt in my breast:
Sure never fond shepherd like Colin was bless'd.
But now she is gone, and has left me behind,
What a marvellous change on a sudden I find!
When things were as fine as could possibly be,
I thought it was spring; but, alas! it was she.

The fountain that wont to run sweetly along,
And dance to soft murmurs the pebbles among,
Thou know'st, little Cupid, if Phœbe was there,
It was pleasant to look at, 'twas music to hear!
But now she is absent, I walk by its side,
And, still as it murmurs, do nothing but chide:
Must you be so cheerful, whilst I go in pain?
Peace, there, with your bubbling, and hear me complain.

My dog I was ever well pleased to see
Come wagging his tail to my fair one and me;
And Phœbe was pleas'd too, and to my dog said,
"Come hither, poor fellow!" and patted his head:
But now, when he's fawning, I, with a sour look,
Cry, "Sirrah!" and give him a blow with my crook:
And I'll give him another; for why should not Tray
Be dull as his master, when Phœbe's away?

Sweet music went with us both all the wood through,
The lark, linnet, throstle, and nightingale too;
Winds over us whisper'd, flocks by us did bleat,
And chirp went the grasshopper under our feet.
But now she is absent, though still they sing on,
The woods are but lonely, the melody's gone!
Her voice in the concert, as now I have found,
Gives every thing else its agreeable sound.

Will no pitying power that hears me complain,
Or cure my disquiet, or soften my pain?
To be cur'd, thou must, Colin, thy passion remove,
But what swain is so silly to live without love?
No, deity, bid the dear nymph to return;
For ne'er was poor shepherd so sadly forlorn.
Ah! what shall I do? I shall die with despair:
Take heed, all ye swains, how ye love one so fair.

§ 114. *A pastoral Ballad.* ROWE.

DESPAIRING beside a clear stream,
A shepherd forsaken was laid;
And, while a false nymph was his theme,
A willow supported his head.
The wind that blew over the plain,
To his sighs with a sigh did reply;
And the brook, in return to his pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

"Alas! silly swain that I was!"
(Thus, sadly complaining, he cried;)
"When first I beheld that fair face,
'Twere better by far I had died.
She talk'd, and I bless'd her dear tongue;
When she smil'd, it was pleasure too great;
I listen'd, and cried, when she sung;
Was nightingale ever so sweet!

"How foolish was I to believe
She could doat on so lowly a clown,
Or that her fond heart would not grieve
To forsake the fine folk of the town!
To think that a beauty so gay,
So kind and so constant would prove;
Or go clad, like our maidens, in gray,
Or live in a cottage on love!

"What though I have skill to complain,
Though the muses my temples have crown'd;
What though, when they hear my soft strain,
The virgins sit weeping around;
Ah, Colin! thy hopes are in vain,
Thy pipe and thy laurel resign;
Thy fair one inclines to a swain
Whose music is sweeter than thine.

"All you, my companions so dear,
Who sorrow to see me betray'd,
Whatever I suffer, forbear,
Forbear to accuse the false maid.
Though through the wide world I should range,
'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly;
'Twas hers to be false, and to change;
'Tis mine to be constant, and die.

"If, while my hard fate I sustain,
In her breast any pity is found;

Let her come, with the nymphs of the plain,
And see me laid low in the ground:
The last humble boon that I crave
Is, to shade me with cypress and yew;
And, when she looks down on my grave,
Let her own that her shepherd was true.

"Then to her new love let her go,
And deck her in golden array;
Be finest at ev'ry fine show,
And frolic it all the long day:
While Colin, forgotten and gone,
No more shall be talk'd of or seen,
Unless when, beneath the pale moon,
His ghost shall glide over the green."

§ 115. *A Fairy Tale.* PARNELL.

IN Britain's isle, and Arthur's days,
When midnight fairies daunc'd the maze,
Liv'd Edwin of the Green;
Edwin, I wis, a gentle youth,
Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,
Though badly shap'd he been.

His mountain back mote well be said
To measure height against his head,
And lift itself above;
Yet, spite of all that Nature did
To make his uncouth form forbid,
This creature dar'd to love.

He felt the charms of Edith's eyes,
Nor wanted hope to gain the prize,
Could ladies look within;
But one Sir Topaz dress'd with art,
And, if a shape could win a heart,
He had a shape to win.

Edwin, if right I read my song,
With slighted passion paced along
All in the moony light;
'Twas near an old enchanted court,
Where sportive fairies made resort,
To revel out the night.

His heart was drear, his hope was cross'd,
'Twas late, 'twas far, the path was lost
That reach'd the neighbor town:
With weary steps he quits the shades,
Resolv'd, the darkling dome he treads,
And drops his limbs adown.

But scant he lays him on the floor,
When hollow winds remove the door,
A trembling rocks the ground:
And, well I ween to count aright,
At once an hundred tapers light
On all the walls around.

Now sounding tongues assail his ear,
Now sounding feet approachen near,
And now the sounds increase:
And, from the corner where he lay,
He sees a train, profusely gay,
Come prankling o'er the place.

But (trust me gentles) never yet,
Was dight a masquing half so neat,
Or half so rich, before;
The country lent the sweet perfumes,
The sea the pearl, the sky the plumes,
The town its silken store.

Now, whilst he gaz'd, a gallant, dress'd
In flaunting robes above the rest,
With awful accent cried:
"What mortal, of a wretched mind,
Whose sighs infect the balmy wind,
Has here presum'd to hide?"

At this the swain, whose vent'rous soul
No fears of magic art control,
Advanc'd in open sight;
"Nor have I cause of dread," he said,
"Who view, by no presumption led,
Your revels of the night.

"'Twas grief, for scorn of faithful love,
Which made my steps unweeting rove
Amid the nightly dew."
"'Tis well," the gallant cries again,
"We fairies never injure men
Who dare to tell us true.

"Exalt thy love-dejected heart;
Be mine the task, or ere we part,
To make thee grief resign;
Now take the pleasure of thy chaunce;
Whilst I with Mab, my partner, daunce,
Be little Mable thine."

He spoke, and, all a sudden, there
Light music floats in wanton air;
The Monarch leads the Queen:
The rest their fairie partners found:
And Mable trimly tript the ground
With Edwin of the Green.

The dauncing past, the board was laid,
And siker such a feast was made
As heart and lip desire:
Withouten hands the dishes fly,
The glasses with a wish come nigh,
And with a wish retire.

But now, to please the fairie king,
Full every deal they laugh and sing,
And antic feats devise;
Some wind and tumble like an ape,
And other some transmute their shape,
In Edwin's wond'ring eyes.

Till one, at last, that Robin hight,
Renown'd for pinching maids at night,
Has bent him up aloof;
And full against the beam he flung,
Where by the back the youth he hung,
To sprawl unneath the roof.

From thence, "Reverse my charm," he cries,
"And let it fairly now suffice,
The gambol has been shown."
But Oberon answers, with a smile,
"Content thee, Edwin, for a while,
The vantage is thine own."—

Here ended all the phantom-play;
They smelt the fresh approach of day,
And heard a cock to crow;
The whirling wind, that bore the crowd,
Has clapp'd the door, and whistled loud,
To warn them all to go.

Then, screaming, all at once they fly,
And all at once the tapers die;
Poor Edwin falls to floor:
Forlorn his state, and dark the place;
Was never wight in such a case
Through all the land before!

But, soon as dan Apollo rose,
Full, jolly creature! home he goes:
He feels his back the less;
His honest tongue and steady mind
Had rid him of the lump behind,
Which made him want success:

With lusty livelyhed he talks,
He seems a-dauncing as he walks;
His story soon took wind;
And beauteous Edith sees the youth
Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,
Without a bunch behind!

The story told, Sir Topaz mov'd,
(The youth of Edith erst approv'd,)
To see the revel scene:
At close of eve he leaves his home,
And wends to find the ruin'd dome
All on the gloomy plain.

As there he bides, it so befell,
The wind came rustling down a dell,
A shaking seiz'd the wall:
Up sprung the tapers, as before,
The fairies bragly foot the floor,
And music fills the hall.

But, certes, sorely sunk with woe,
Sir Topaz sees the elfin show,
His spirits in him die;
When Oberon cries, "A man is near;
A mortal passion, cleped fear,
Hangs flagging in the sky."

With that, Sir Topaz, hapless youth,
In accents falt'ring ay for ruth,
Entreats them pity graunt;
For als he been a mister wight
Betray'd by wand'ring in the night
To tread the circling haunt.

"Ah, losel vile!" at once they roar,
"And little skill'd of fairie lore,
Thy cause to come we know:
Now has thy kestrell courage fell;
And fairies, since a lye you tell,
Are free to work thee woe."

Then Will, who bears the wispy fire
To trail the swains among the mire,
The captive upward flung;
There, like a tortoise in a shop,
He dangled from the chamber-top,
Where, whilom, Edwin hung.

The revel now proceeds apace,
Deftly they frisk it o'er the place,
They sit, they drink, and eat;
The time with frolic mirth beguile,
And poor Sir Topaz hangs the while,
Till all the rout retreat.

By this the stars began to wink;
They shriek, they fly, the tapers sink,
And down ydrops the knight:
For never spell, by fairie laid,
With strong enchantment, bound a glade
Beyond the length of night.

Chill, dark, alone, adreed he lay,
Till up the welkin rose the day,
Then deem'd the dole was o'er:
But wot ye well his harder lot;
His seely back the bunch had got
Which Edwin lost afore.—

This tale a Sybil nurse ared;
She softly stroak'd my youngling head,
And, when the tale was done,
"Thus, some are born, my son," she cries,
"With base impediments to rise,
And some are born with none.

"But virtue can itself advance
To what the fav'rite fools of chance
By fortune seem'd design'd;
Virtue can gain the odds of fate,
And from itself shake off the weight
Upon th' unworthy mind."

§ 116. *Edwin and Emma.* MALLET.

FAR in the windings of a vale,
Fast by a sheltering wood,
The safe retreat of health and peace,
An humble cottage stood.

There beauteous Emma flourish'd fair,
Beneath a mother's eye;
Whose only wish on earth was now
To see her blest, and die.

The softest blush that nature spreads
Gave color to her cheek:
Such orient color smiles through heaven,
When vernal mornings break.

Nor let the pride of great ones scorn
This charmer of the plains:
That sun, who bids their diamonds blaze,
To paint our lily deigns.

Long had she fill'd each youth with love,
Each maiden with despair;
And, though by all a wonder own'd,
Yet knew not she was fair.

Till Edwin came, the pride of swains,
A soul devoid of art;
And from whose eye, serenely mild,
Shone forth the feeling heart.

A mutual flame was quickly caught,
Was quickly too reveal'd;
For neither bosom lodg'd a wish,
That virtue keeps conceal'd.

What happy hours of home-felt bliss
Did love on both bestow!
But bliss too mighty long to last,
Where fortune proves a foe.

His sister, who, like Envy form'd,
Like her in mischief joy'd,
To work them harm, with wicked skill,
Each darker art employ'd.

The father too, a sordid man,
Who love nor pity knew,
Was all unfeeling as the clod,
From whence his riches grew.

Long had he seen their secret flame,
And seen it long unmov'd:
Then with a father's frown at last
Had sternly disapprov'd.

In Edwin's gentle heart a war
Of differing passions strove:
His heart, that durst not disobey,
Yet could not cease to love.

Deny'd her sight, he oft behind
The spreading hawthorn crept,
To snatch a glance, to mark the spot
Where Emma walk'd and wept.

Oft, too, on Stanmore's wintry waste,
Beneath the moonlight shade,
In sighs to pour his soften'd soul,
The midnight mourner stray'd.

His cheek, where health with beauty glow'd,
A deadly pale o'ercast:
So fades the fresh rose in its prime,
Before the northern blast.

The parents now, with late remorse,
Hung o'er his dying bed;
And weary'd Heaven with fruitless vows,
And fruitless sorrows shed.

"'Tis past! he cry'd—but if your souls
Sweet mercy yet can move,
Let these dim eyes once more behold
What they must ever love!"

She came; his cold hand softly touch'd,
And bath'd with many a tear:
Fast-falling o'er the primrose pale,
So morning dews appear.

But, oh! his sister's jealous care—
A cruel sister she!—
Forbade what Emma came to say;
"My Edwin, live for me!"

Now homeward as she hopeless wept,
The church-yard path along,
The blast blew cold, the dark owl scream'd
Her lover's funeral song.

Amid the falling gloom of night,
Her startling fancy found
In every bush his hovering shade,
His groan in every sound.

Alone, appall'd, thus had she pass'd
The visionary vale,
When, lo! the death-bell smote her ear,
Sad sounding in the gale!

Just then she reach'd, with trembling step,
Her aged mother's door:
"He's gone!" she cry'd; "and I shall see
That angel-face no more.

"I feel, I feel this breaking heart
Beat high against my side"—
From her white arm down sunk her head;
She shiver'd, sigh'd, and dy'd.

§ 117. *William and Margaret.* MAFFIT.

WHEN all was wrapt in dark midnight,
And all were fast asleep,
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like the April morn
Clad in a wintry cloud;
And clay-cold was her lily hand,
That held the sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear
When youth and years are flown;
Such is the robe that kings must wear
When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flower
That sips the silver dew;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
And opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker-worm,
Consum'd her early prime;
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek;
She died before her time.

"Awake!" she cried, "thy true-love calls,
Come from her midnight grave;
Now let thy pity hear the maid
Thy love refus'd to save:

"This is the dark and fearful hour
When injur'd ghosts complain:
Now dreary graves give up their dead,
To haunt the faithless swain.

"Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath!
And give me back my maiden vow,
And give me back my troth.

"How could you say my face was fair
And yet that face forsake?
How could you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?

"How could you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep?
Why did you swear my eyes were bright,
Yet leave those eyes to weep?

"How could you say my lip was sweet,
And made the scarlet pale?
And why did I, young, witless maid,
Believe the flattering tale?

"That face, alas! no more is fair,
That lip no longer red;
Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
And every charm is fled.

"The hungry worm my sister is,
This winding-sheet I wear;
And cold and weary lasts our night
Till that last morn appear.

"But hark! the cock has warn'd me hence:
A long, and last adieu!
Come see, false man! how low she lies,
That died for love of you."

Now birds did sing, and Morning smil'd,
And show'd her glittering head;

Pale William shook in every limb,
Then, raving, left his bed.

He hied him to the fatal place
Where Marg'ret's body lay,
And stretch'd him on the green-grass turf
That wrapt her breathless clay:

And thrice he call'd on Marg'ret's name,
And thrice he wept full sore;
Then laid his cheek to the cold earth,
And word spoke never more!

§ 118. *Lucy and Colin.* TICKELL.

OF Leinster, fam'd for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace;
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream
Reflect so fair a face;
Till luckless love, and pining care,
Impair'd her rosy hue,
Her coral lips and damask cheeks,
And eyes of glossy blue.

O, have you seen a lily pale,
When beating rains descend?
So droop'd the slow-consuming maid,
Her life now near its end.
By Lucy warn'd, of flattering swains
Take heed, ye easy fair;
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye perjur'd swains, beware.

Three times, all in the dead of night,
A bell was heard to ring,
And, shrieking at her window thrice,
A raven flapp'd his wing.
Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
The solemn boding sound,
And thus in dying words bespoke
The virgins weeping round:

"I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says, I must not stay;
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away.
By a false heart, and broken vows,
In early youth I die:
Am I to blame because his bride
Is thrice as rich as I?

"Ah, Colin! give not her thy vows,
Vows due to me alone;
Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss,
Nor think him all thy own.
To-morrow in the church to wed,
Impatient both prepare;
But know, fond maid, and know, false man,
That Lucy will be there!

"There bear my corpse, ye comrades, bear,
The bridegroom blithe to meet;
He in his wedding-trim so gay,
I in my winding-sheet."—
She spoke, she died! her corse was borne,
The bridegroom blithe to meet,
He in his wedding-trim so gay,
She in her winding-sheet.

Then what were perjur'd Colin's thoughts?
How were those nuptials kept?

The bridemen flock'd round Lucy, dead,
And all the village wept.
Compassion, shame, remorse, despair,
At once his bosom swell;
The damps of death bedew'd his brows,
He shook, he groan'd, he fell!

From the vain bride, (ah, bride no more!)
The varying crimson fled;
When, stretch'd before her rival's corse,
She saw her husband dead.
He, to his Lucy's new-made grave
Convey'd by trembling swains,
One mould with her, beneath one sod,
For ever now remains.

Oft at this grave the constant hind,
And plighted maid are seen;
With garlands gay, and true-love knots,
They deck the sacred green.
But, swain forsworn! whoe'er thou art,
This hallow'd spot forbear;
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there.

§ 119. *Song.* DIBDIN.

I SAW what seem'd a harmless child,
With wings and bow,
And aspect mild,
Who sobb'd, and sigh'd, and pin'd,
And begg'd I would some boon bestow
On a poor little boy, stone-blind.

Not aware of the danger, I instant comply'd,
When he drew from his quiver a dart,
And cry'd, "My power you shall know!"
Then he levell'd his bow,
And wounded me right in the heart.

§ 120. *The Race-Horse.* DIBDIN.

SEE the course throng'd with gazers, the sports are begun, ["Done!"
The confusion but hear!—"I'll bet you, sir"—
Ten thousand strange murmurs resound far and near,
Lords, hawkers, and jockeys assail the tir'd ear:
While, with neck like a rainbow, erecting his crest,
Pamper'd, prancing, and pleas'd, his head touching his breast,
Scarcely snuffing the air, he's so proud and elate,
The high-mettled racer first starts for the plate.

Now Reynard's turn'd out, and o'er hedge and ditch rush [brush;
Hounds, horses, and huntsmen, all hard at his
They run him at length, and they have him at bay, [dious way:
And by scent, and by view, cheat a long, te-
While, alike born for sports of the field and the course, [fleet horse;
Always sure to come through a stanch and
When, fairly run down, the fox yields up his breath,
The high-mettled racer is in at the death.

Grown aged, us'd up, and turn'd out of the stud,
Lame, spavin'd, and wind-gall'd, but yet with some blood;

While knowing postilions his pedigree trace,
Tell his dam won this sweepstakes, his sire gain'd that race; [o'er,
And what matches he won to the ostlers count
As they loiter their time at some hedge-ale-house door;
While the harness sore galls, and the spurs his sides goad,
The high-mettled racer's a hack on the road.

Till, at last, having labor'd, drudg'd early and late,
Bow'd down by degrees, he bends to his fate;
Blind, old, lean, and feeble, he tugs round a mill,
Or draws sand, till the sand of his hour-glass stands still.
And now, cold and lifeless, expos'd to the view
In the very same cart which he yesterday drew,
While a pitying crowd his sad relics surrounds,
The high-mettled racer is sold for the hounds!

§ 121. *Poor Jack.* DIBDIN.

Go patter to lubbers and swabs, d'ye see,
'Bout danger, and fear, and the like;
A tight-water boat and good sea-room give me,
And t'ent to a little I'll strike:
Though the tempest top-gallant masts smack smooth should smite,
And shiver each splinter of wood;
Clear the wreck, stow the yards, and bouse every thing tight,
And under reef'd foresail we'll scud.
Avast! nor don't think me a milksop so soft
To be taken for trifles aback,
For they says there's a Providence sits up aloft
To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

Why, I heard the good chaplain palaver one day
About souls, heaven, mercy, and such,
And, my timbers! what lingo he'd coil and belay!
Why, 'twas just all as one as High Dutch.
But he said how a sparrow can't founder, d'ye see,
Without orders that come down below,
And many fine things that prov'd clearly to me
That Providence takes us in tow. [so oft
For, says he, do you mind me, let storms e'er
Take the top-sails of sailors aback,
There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft
To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

I said to our Poll, for you see she would cry,
When at last we weigh'd anchor for sea,
"What argufies sniv'ling, and piping your eye?
Why, what a damn'd fool you must be!
Can't you see the world's wide, and there's room for us all,
Both for seamen and lubbers ashore?
And if to old Davy I should go, friend Poll,
Why, you never will hear of me more.
What then? all's a hazard: come dont be so soft,
Perhaps I may laughing come back;
For, d'ye see, there's a cherub that sits up aloft
To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

"D'ye mind me, a sailor should be every inch
All as one as a piece of the ship,
And with her brave the world without offering to flinch,
From the moment the anchor's a-trip.
As for me, in all weathers, all times, sides and ends,
Nought's a trouble from duty that springs;
For my heart is my Poll's, and my rhino's my friend's,
And as for my life, 'tis the king's.
Even when my time comes, ne'er believe me so soft
As for grief to be taken aback:
That same little cherub that sits up aloft
Will look out a good birth for Poor Jack."

§ 122. *The Soldier's Grave.* DIBDIN.

Of all sensations pity brings
To proudly swell the ample heart,
From which the willing sorrow springs,
In others' grief that bears a part:
Of all sad sympathy's delights,
The manly dignity of grief,
A joy in mourning that excites,
And gives the anxious mind relief:
Of these would you the feeling know,
Most gen'rous, noble, greatly brave,
That ever taught a heart to glow,
'Tis the tear that bedews a soldier's grave.

For hard and painful is his lot;
Let dangers come, he braves them all;
Valiant, perhaps, to be forgot,
Or, undistinguish'd, doom'd to fall.
Yet wrapt in conscious worth secure,
The world, that now forgets his toil,
He views from a retreat obscure,
And quits it with a willing smile.
Then, trav'ller, one kind drop bestow,
'Twere graceful pity, nobly brave;
Nought ever taught the heart to glow
Like the tear that bedews a soldier's grave.

§ 123. *Yanko.* DIBDIN.

Yanko he tell, and he tell no lie,
We near one pretty brook,
Him flowing hair, him lovely eye,
Sweetly on Orra look:
Him see big world, fine warrior men,
Grand cruel king love blood;
Great king! but Yanko say, what den
If he no honest good?

Virtue in foe be virtue still;
Fine stone be found in mine;
The sun one dale, as well one hill,
Make warm where'er him shine.
You broder him, him broder you,
So all the world should call;
For nature say, and she say true,
That men be broder all.

If cruel man, like tiger grim,
Come bold in thirst of blood,
Poor man: be noble, pity him,
That he no honest good:

Virtue in foe be virtue still;
Fine stone be found in mine,
The sun one dale, as well one hill,
Make warm where'er him shine.

§ 124. *Yanko.* DIBDIN.

DEAR Yanko say, and true he say,
All mankind, one and t'other,
Negro, mulatto, and Malay,
Through all the world be broder.
In black, in yellow, what disgrace,
That scandal so he use 'em?
For dere no virtue in de face;
De virtue in de bosom.

What harm dere in a shape or make?
What harm in ugly feature?
Whatever color, form, he take,
The heart make human creature.
Then black and copper both be friend,
No color he bring beauty;
For beauty, Yanko say, attend
On him who do him duty.
Dear Yanko say, &c.

§ 125. *Let us all be unhappy together.* DIBDIN.

WE bipeds, made up of frail clay,
Alas! are the children of sorrow;
And, though brisk and merry to-day,
We may all be unhappy to-morrow.
For sunshine's succeeded by rain;
Then, fearful of life's stormy weather,
Lest pleasure should only bring pain,
Let us all be unhappy together.

I grant the best blessing we know
Is a friend, for true friendship's a treasure;
And yet, lest your friend prove a foe,
Oh! taste not the dangerous pleasure.
Thus friendship's a flimsy affair,
Thus riches and health are a bubble;
Thus there's nothing delightful but care,
Nor any thing pleasing but trouble.

If a mortal would point out that life
Which on earth could be nearest to heaven,
Let him, thanking his stars, choose a wife
To whom truth and honor are given.
But honor and truth are so rare,
And horns, when they're cutting, so tingle,
That, with all my respect to the fair,
I'd advise him to sigh, and live single.

It appears from these premises plain,
That wisdom is nothing but folly;
That pleasure's a term that means pain,
And that joy is your true melancholy;
That all those who laugh ought to cry,
That 'tis fine frisk and fun to be grieving;
And that, since we must all of us die,
We should taste no enjoyment while living.

§ 126. *Poor Peggy.* DIBDIN.

POOR Peggy lov'd a soldier lad
More, far more, than tongue can tell ye;
Yet was her tender bosom sad
Whene'er she heard the loud reveille.
The fifes were screech-owls to her ears,
The drums like thunder seem'd to rattle;
Ah! too prophetic were her fears,
They call'd him from her arms to battle
There wonders he against the foe
Perform'd, and was with laurels crown'd;
Vain pomp! for soon death laid him low
On the cold ground.

Her heart all love, her soul all truth,
That none her fears or flight discover,
Poor Peg, in guise a comely youth,
Follow'd to the field her lover.
Directed by the fife and drum
To where the work of death was doing;
Where of brave hearts the time was come,
Who, seeking honor, grasp at ruin;
Her very soul was chill'd with woe,
New horror came in every sound,
And whisper'd, death had laid him low
On the cold ground.

With mute affliction as she stood,
While her woman's fears confound her,
With terror all her soul subdued,
A mourning train came thronging round her.
The plaintive fife, and muffled drum,
The martial obsequies discover;
His name she heard, and cried, "I come,
Faithful, to meet my murder'd lover!"
Then, heart-rent by a sigh of woe,
Fell, to the grief of all around,
Where death had laid her lover low
On the cold ground!

ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

POETICAL.

BOOK THE SEVENTH.

PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

§ 1. *Epilogue to A Woman killed with Kindness.* 1617.

AN honest crew, disposed to be merry,
Came to a tavern by, and call'd for wine:
The drawer brought it, (smiling like a cherry,)
And told them it was pleasant, neat, and fine.
"Taste it," quoth one; he did: "O fie!"
(quoth he:)
"This wine was good: now 't runs too near the lee."

Another sipp'd to give the wine his due,
And said unto the rest it drank too flat;
The third said it was old; the fourth too new;
"Nay," quoth the fifth, "the sharpness likes me not."
Thus, gentlemen, you see how in one hour,
The wine was new, old, flat, sharp, sweet, and sour!

Unto this wine do we allude our play; [grave:
Which some will judge too trivial, some too
You, as our guests, we entertain this day,
And bid you welcome to the best we have.
Excuse me then; good wine may be disgrac'd,
When ev'ry sev'ral mouth has sundry taste.

§ 2. *Prologue to the Unfortunate Lovers. Spoken at Black-Friars.* 1643. DAVENANT.

WERE you but half so humble to confess,
As you are wise to know, your happiness;
Our author would not grieve to see you sit
Ruling, with such unquestion'd power, his wit:
What would I give, that I could still preserve
My loyalty to him, and yet deserve
Your kind opinion by revealing now
The cause of that great storm which clouds his brow;
And his close murmurs, which, since meant to you,
I cannot think or mannerly or true!
Well; I begin to be resolv'd, and let
My melancholy tragic Monsieur fret;
Let him the several harmless weapons use
Of that all-daring trifle call'd his Muse.
Yet I'll inform you what, this very day,
Twice, before witness, I have heard him say;
Which is, that you are grown excessive proud;
For ten times more of wit, than was allow'd
Your silly ancestors in twenty year,
Y' expect should in two hours be given you here:
For they, he swears, to th' theatre would come
Ere they had din'd, to take up the best room;
There sit on benches, not adorn'd with mats,
And graciously did vail their high-crown'd hats
To every half-dress'd player, as he still
Through th' hangings peep'd to see how the house did fill.
Good, easy-judging souls! with what delight
They would expect a gig or target fight;
A furious tale of Troy, which they ne'er thought
Was weakly written, so 'twere strongly fought;
Laugh'd at a clinch, the shadow of a jest,
And cry'd, "A passing good one, I protest!"
Such dull and humble-witted people were
Even your forefathers, whom we govern'd here;
And such had you been too, he swears, had not
The poets taught you how t' unweave a plot,

And trace the winding scenes; taught you t' admit [wit.
What was true sense, not what did sound like
Thus they have arm'd you 'gainst themselves to fight, [write.
Made strong and mischievous from what they
You have been lately highly feasted here,
With two great wits,* that grac'd our theatre.
But, if to feed you often with delight
Will more corrupt, than mend, your appetite;
He vows to use you, which he much abhors,
As others did your homely ancestors.

§ 3. *Epilogue to the Cutter of Coleman-Street, spoken by the Person who acted Cutter.* 1656. COWLEY.

METHINKS a vision bids me silence break,
[*Without his Peruke.*
And some words to this congregation speak;
So great and gay a one I ne'er did meet
At the fifth monarch's court in Coleman-Street;
But yet I wonder much not to espy a
Brother in all this court, call'd Zephaniah.
Bless me! what are we? what may this place be?
For I begin my vision now to see,
That this is a mere theatre—Well then,
If 't be e'en so, I'll Cutter be again.
[*Puts on his Peruke.*
Not Cutter the pretended cavalier;
For, to confess ingenuously here
To you, who always of that party were,
I never was of any; up and down
I roll'd, a very rake-hell of this town.
But now my follies and my faults are ended,
My fortune and my mind are both amended;
And, if we may believe one who has fail'd before,
Our author says he'll mend—that is, he'll write no more.

§ 4. *Prologue to Alcibiades.* 1675. OTWAY.

NEVER did rhymer greater hazards run,
'Mongst us by your severity undone;
Though we, alas! to oblige ye, have done most,
And bought ye pleasures at our own sad cost;
Yet all our best endeavors have been lost.
So oft a statesman lab'ring to be good,
His honesty's for treason understood;
Whilst some false, flattering minion of the court
Shall play the traitor, and be honor'd for't.
To you, known judges of what's sense and wit,
Our author swears he gladly will submit:
But there's a sort of things infest the pit,
That would be witty spite of nature too,
And, to be thought so, haunt and pester you.
Hither, sometimes, those would-be wits repair,
In quest of you; where, if you don't appear,
Cries one—"Pugh! D—n me, what do we do here?"
Straight up he starts, his garniture then puts
In order, so he cocks, and out he struts
To the coffee-house, where he about him looks;
Spies friend; cries, "Jack—I've been to-night at th' Duke's;
The silly rogues are all undone, my dear,
I'gad, not one of sense that I saw there."
Thus to himself he'd reputation gather
Of wit, and good acquaintance, but has neither.
Wit has, indeed, a stranger been, of late;
'Mongst its pretenders, nought so strange as that.
Both houses, too, so long a fast have known,
That coarsest nonsense goes most glibly down.
Thus, though this trifler never wrote before,
Yet, faith, he ventured on the common score:
Since nonsense is so generally allow'd,
He hopes that this may pass amongst the crowd.

§ 5. *Epilogue to Aurengzebe.* 1676. DRYDEN.

A PRETTY task! and so I told the fool,
Who needs would undertake to please by rule:
He thought, that, if his characters were good,
The scenes entire, and freed from noise and blood,
The action great, yet circumscrib'd by time,
The words not forc'd, but sliding into rhyme,
The passions rais'd and calm'd by just degrees,
As tides are swell'd, and then retire to seas;
He thought in hinting these his bus'ness done,
Though he, perhaps, has fail'd in ev'ry one.
But, after all, a poet must confess,
His art's like physic, but a happy guess.
Your pleasure on your fancy must depend;
The lady's pleas'd, just as she likes her friend.
No song! no dance! no show! he fears you'll say,
You love all naked beauties, but a play.
He much mistakes your methods to delight,
And, like the French, abhors our target fight:
But those damn'd dogs can never be i' th' right.
True English hate your Monsieurs' paltry arts;
For you are all silk-weavers† in your hearts.
Bold Britons, at a brave bear-garden fray,
Are rous'd, and, clatt'ring sticks, cry, "Play, play, play!"
Mean time, your fribbling foreigner will stare,
And mutter to himself, "*Ah, gens barbare!*"
And, 'gad, 'tis well he mutters, well for him;
Our butchers else would tear him limb from limb.
'Tis true, the time may come, your sons may be
Infected with this French civility:
But this in after-ages will be done;
Our poet writes a hundred years too soon.
This age comes on too slow, or he too fast;
And early springs are subject to a blast.
Who would excel, when few can make a test
Betwixt indifferent writing and the best?
For favors cheap and common who would strive,
Which, like abandon'd prostitutes, you give?
Yet, scatter'd here and there, I some behold,
Who can discern the tinsel from the gold:
To these he writes; and, if by them allow'd,
'Tis their prerogative to rule the crowd;
For he more fears (like a presuming man)
Their votes who cannot judge, than theirs who can.

* Beaumont and Fletcher.

† Alluding to the rivalry of the Spitalfields manufactures with those of France.

§ 6. *Epilogue to the Duke of Guise.* 1683. *Spoken by Mrs. Cook.* DRYDEN.

MUCH time and trouble this poor play has cost,
And, 'faith, I doubted once the cause was lost.
Yet no one man was meant, nor great nor small;
Our poets, like frank gamesters,* threw at all.
They took no single aim————
But, like bold boys, true to their prince and hearty,
Huzza'd, and fir'd broadsides at the whole party.
Duels are crimes; but, when the cause is right,
In battle every man is bound to fight:
For what should hinder me to sell my skin
Dear as I could, if once my heart were in?
Se defendendo never was a sin.
'Tis a fine world, my masters—right or wrong,
The Whigs must talk, and Tories hold their tongue.
They must do all they can—
But we, forsooth, must bear a Christian mind,
And fight like boys with one hand tied behind:
Nay, and when one boy's down, 'twere wondrous wise
To cry, "Box fair, and give him time to rise!"
When fortune favors, none but fools will dally:
Would any of you, sparks, if Nan or Mally
Tipp'd you th' inviting wink, stand, "Shall I, shall I?"
A trimmer cried, (that heard me tell the story,)
"Fie, Mistress Cook! 'faith, you're too rank a Tory! [cases;
Wish not Whigs hang'd, but pity their hard
You women love to see men make wry faces."
"Pray, sir," said I, "don't think me such a Jew;
I say no more, but give the devil his due."
"Lenitives," says he, "best suit with our condition." [cian."
"Jack Ketch," says I, "'s an excellent physi-
"I love no blood." "Nor I, sir, as I breathe;
But hanging is a fine dry kind of death."
"We trimmers are for holding all things even."
"Yes, just like him that hung 'twixt hell and heaven."
"Have we not had men's lives enough already?"
"Yes, sure; but you're for holding all things steady. [brother,
Now, since the weight hangs all on one side,
You trimmers should, to poise it, hang on t'other. [ing,
Damn'd neuters, in their middle way of steer-
Are neither fish nor flesh, nor good red-herring:
Not Whigs nor Tories they, nor this nor that;
Nor birds, nor beasts, but just a kind of bat;
A twilight animal, true to neither cause,
With Tory wings, but Whiggish teeth and claws."

§ 7. *Prologue to the Old Bachelor.* 1693. CONGREVE.

How this vile world is chang'd! In former days
Prologues were serious speeches before plays;
Grave, solemn things, (as graces are to feasts,)
Where poets begg'd a blessing from their guests.
But now no more like suppliants we come!
A play makes war, and prologue is the drum.
Arm'd with keen satire, and with pointed wit,
We threaten you, who do for judges sit,
To save our plays; or else we'll damn your pit.
But, for your comfort, it falls out to-day,
We've a young author, and his first-born play:
So, standing only on his good behaviour,
He's very civil, and entreats your favor.
Not but the man has malice, would he show it:
But, on my conscience, he's a bashful poet;
You think that strange: no matter; he'll out grow it.
Well, I'm his advocate: by me he prays you,
(I don't know whether I shall speak to please you,)
He prays—O, bless me! what shall I do now?
Hang me if I know what he prays, or how!
And 'twas the prettiest prologue, as he wrote it:
Well, the deuce take me, if I ha'n't forgot it.
O, Lord! for Heaven's sake excuse the play,
Because, you know, if it be damn'd to-day,
I shall be hang'd for wanting what to say.
For my sake then—but I'm in such confusion,
I cannot stay to hear your resolution. [*Runs off.*

§ 8. *Prologue to the Royal Mischief.* 1696. PRIOR.

LADIES, to you, with pleasure, we submit
This early offspring of a virgin-wit. [fears:
From your good nature nought our authoress
Sure you'll indulge, if not the Muse, her years;
Freely, the praise she may deserve, bestow;
Pardon, not censure, what you can't allow;
Smile on the work, be to her merits kind,
And to her faults, whate'er they are, be blind.
Let critics follow rules; she boldly writes
What Nature dictates, and what Love indites.
By no dull forms her queen and ladies move,
But court their heroes, and agnize their love.
Poor maid! she'd have (what e'en no wife would crave)
A husband love his spouse beyond the grave:
And, from a second marriage to deter, [are.
Shows you what horrid things step-mothers
Howe'er, to constancy the prize she gives,
And, though the sister dies, the brother lives.
Bless'd with success, at last he mounts a throne,
Enjoys at once his mistress and a crown.
Learn, ladies, then, from Libaraxa's fate,
What great rewards on virtuous lovers wait.
Learn too, if Heaven and Fate should adverse prove, [love,)
(For Fate and Heaven don't always smile on
Learn with Zelinda to be still the same,
Nor quit your first for any second flame:
Whatever fate, or death, or life, be given,
Dare to be true; submit the rest to Heaven.

§ 9. *Prologue to the Constant Couple.* 1700. FARQUHAR.

POETS will think nothing so checks their fury,
As wits, cits, beaux, and women, for their jury.

* This play was written jointly by Dryden and Lee.

Our spark's half-dead to think what medleys come, [doom.
With blended judgments, to pronounce his
'Tis all false fear; for in a mingled pit, [writ,
Why, what your grave don thinks but dully
His neighbor i' th' great wig may take for wit.
Some authors court the few, the wise if any:
Our youth's content, if he can reach the many,
Who go with much like ends to church and play,
Not to observe what priests or poets say—
No, no! your thoughts, like theirs, lie quite another way.
The ladies safe may smile, for here's no slander,
No smut, no lewd-tongued beau, no *double entendre*.
'Tis true, he has a spark just come from France,
But then, so far from beau—why, he talks sense, [thence.
Like coin, oft carried out, but—seldom brought
There's yet a gang to whom our spark submits,
Your elbow-shaking fool that lives by's wits,
That's only witty, though, just as he lives, by fits:
Who, lion-like, through bailiffs scours away,
Hunts, in the face of dinner, all the day,
At night with empty bowels grumbles o'er the play.
And now the modish prentice he implores,
Who, with his master's cash, stol'n out of doors,
Employs it on a brace of—honorable whores:
While their good bulky mother pleas'd sits by,
Bawd-regent of the bubble gallery.
Next to our mounted friends we humbly move,
Who all your side-box tricks are much above,
And never fail to pay us with your love.
Ah, friends! poor Dorset Garden-house is gone;
Our merry meetings there are all undone:
Quite lost to us, sure for some strange misdeeds,
That strong dog Samson's pull'd it o'er our heads, [told him,
Snaps rope like thread; but when his fortune's
He'll hear, perhaps, of rope will one day hold him:
At least, I hope that our good natur'd town
Will find a way to pull his prices down.
Well, that's all! Now, gentlemen, for the play:
On second thoughts, I've but two words to say;
Such as it is, for your delight design'd,
Hear it, read, try, judge, and speak as you find.

§ 10. *Prologue to the Inconstant.* 1702. FARQUHAR.

LIKE hungry guests a sitting audience looks:
Plays are like suppers; poets are the cooks:
The founders you: the table is the place:
The carvers we: the prologue is the grace:
Each act a course; each scene a diff'rent dish:
Though we're in Lent, I doubt you're still for flesh. [rough;
Satire's the sauce, high-season'd, sharp, and
Kind masks and beaux, I hope you're pepper-proof.
Wit is the wine; but 'tis so scarce the true,
Poets, like vintners, balderdash and brew.
Your surly scenes, where rant and bloodshed
Are butcher's meat, a battle's a sirloin: [join,
Your scenes of love, so flowing, soft, and chaste,
Are water-gruel, without salt or taste.
Bawdy's fat venison, which, though stale, can please: [French cheese.
Your rakes love *haut-gouts*, like your damn'd
Your rarity, for the fair guest to gape on,
Is your nice squeaker, or Italian capon;
Or your French virgin-pullet, garnish'd round
And dress'd with sauce of some—four hundred pound.
An opera, like an oglio, nicks the age;
Farce is the hasty-pudding of the stage:
For when you're treated with indifferent cheer,
You can dispense with slender stage-coach fare.
A pastoral's whipt-cream; stage-whims, mere trash;
And tragi-comedy, half fish and flesh.
But comedy, that, that's the darling cheer;
This night, we hope, you'll an Inconstant bear;
Wild-fowl is lik'd in play-house all the year.
Yet since each mind betrays a diff'rent taste,
And ev'ry dish scarce pleases ev'ry guest,
If aught you relish, do not damn the rest.
This favor crav'd, up let the music strike:
You're welcome all—now fall to where you like.

§ 11. *Prologue on the proposed Union of the Two Houses.* 1703. FARQUHAR.

Now all the world's ta'en up with state affairs, [wars;
Some wishing peace, some calling out for
'Tis likewise fit we should inform the age,
What are the present politics o' th' stage:
Two diff'rent states, ambitious both, and bold,
All free-born souls, the New House and the Old,
Have long contended, and made stout essays,
Which should be monarch absolute in plays.
Long has the battle held with bloody strife,
Where many ranting heroes lost their life;
Yet such their enmity, that e'en the slain
Do conquer death, rise up, and fight again.
Whilst from the gallery, box, the pit and all,
The audience look'd, and shook its awful head,
Wond'ring to see so many thousands fall,
And then look'd pale to see us look so red.
For force of numbers, and poetic spell,
We've rais'd the ancient heroes too from hell,
To lead our troops; and on this bloody field
You've seen great Cæsar fight, great Pompey yield.
Vast sums of treasure too we did advance,
To draw some mercenary troops from France;
Light-footed rogues, who, when they got their pay,
Took to their heels—*Allons*—and ran away.
Here you have seen great Philip's conqu'ring son, [run;
Who in twelve years did the whole world o'er-

Here has he fought, and found a harder job
To beat one play-house, than subdue the globe;
All this from emulation for the bays:
You lik'd the contest, and bestow'd your praise,
But now (as busy heads love something new)
They would propose an union—*O mort dieu!*
If it be so, let Cæsar hide his head,
And fight no more for glory, but for bread.
Let Alexander mourn, as once before,
Because no worlds are left to conquer more.
But if we may judge small from greater things,
The present times may show what union
You feel the danger of united kings. [brings,
If we grow one, then slav'ry must ensue
To poets, players, and, my friends, to you.
For, to one house confin'd, you then must praise
Both cursed actors, and confounded plays.
Then leave us as we are, and next advance
Bravely to break the tie 'twixt Spain and France.

§ 12. *Epilogue to the Beau's Duel.* 1703. CENTLIVRE.

YOU see, gallants, 't has been our poet's care,
To show what beaux in their perfection are;
By nature cowards, foolish; useless tools,
Made men by tailors, and by women, fools:
A fickle, false, a singing, dancing crew;
Nay, now we hear they've smiling-masters too.
Just now a Frenchman, in the dressing-room,
From teaching of a beau to smile, was come.
He show'd five guineas—Wasn't he rarely paid?
Thus all the world by smiles are once betray'd.
The statesman smiles on them he would undo,
The courtier's smiles are very seldom true,
The lover's smiles too many do believe,
And women smile on them they would deceive.
When tradesmen smile, they safely cheat with ease;
And smiling lawyers never fail of fees.
The doctor's look the patient's pains beguiles,
The sick man lives if the physician smiles.
Thus smiles with interest hand in hand do go,
He surest strikes, that smiling gives the blow.
Poets, with us, this proverb do defy:
We live by smiles, for if you frown we die.
To please you then shall be our chief endeavor
And all we ask, is but your smiles for ever.
[*Going.*
Hold—I forgot—the author bid me say,
She humbly begs protection for her play:
'Tis yours—she dedicates it to you all,
And you're too gen'rous, sure, to let it fall;
She hopes the ladies will her cause maintain,
Since virtue here has been her only aim.
The beaux, she thinks, won't fail to do her right, [fight.
Since here they're taught with safety how to
She's sure of favor from the men of war,
A soldier is her darling character:
To fear their murmurs, then, would be absurd,
They only mutiny when not preferr'd.
But yet, I see, she does your fury dread,
And, like a pris'ner, stands with fear half-dead,
While you, her judges, do her sentence give;
If you're not pleas'd, she says, she cannot live.
Let my petition then for once prevail,
And let your gen'rous hands her pardon seal.

§ 13. *Prologue to Love makes a Man.* 1704. CIBBER.

SINCE plays are but a kind of public feasts,
Where tickets only make the welcome guests;
Methinks, instead of grace, we should prepare
Your tastes in prologue, with your bill of fare.
When you foreknow each course, though this may tease you, [you.
'Tis five to one but one o' th' five may please
First, for the critics, we've your darling cheer,
Faults without number, more than sense can bear;
You're certain to be pleas'd where errors are.
From your displeasure I dare vouch we're safe;
You never frown but where your neighbours laugh. [is,
Now, you that never know what spleen or hate
Who, for an act or two, are welcome gratis,
That tip the wink, and so sneak out with *nunquam satis;*
For your smart tastes we've toss'd you up a fop,
We hope the newest that's of late come up;
The fool, beau, wit, and rake, so mix'd he carries,
He seems a ragout piping-hot from Paris.
But, for the softer sex, whom most we'd move,
We've what the fair and chaste were form'd for—love:
An artless passion, fraught with hopes and fears,
And nearest happy when it most despairs.
For masks, we've scandal, and for beaux, French airs.
To please all tastes, we'll do the best we can;
For the galleries, we've Dicky and Will Pinkethman. [fare;
Now, sirs, you're welcome, and you know your
But pray, in charity, the founder spare,
Lest you destroy at once the poet and the play'r.

§ 14. *Prologue to the Twin Rivals.* 1706. FARQUHAR.

[*An alarm sounded.*]

WITH drums and trumpets, in this warring age,
A martial prologue should alarm the stage.
New plays, ere acted, a full audience here,
Seem towns invested, when a siege they fear.
Prologues are like a forlorn hope, sent out
Before the play, to skirmish and to scout:
Our dreadful foes, the critics, when they spy,
They cock, they charge, they fire—then back they fly.
The siege is laid; there gallant chiefs abound;
Here, foes intrench'd; there, glitt'ring troops around;
And the loud batt'ries roar—from yonder rising ground.

In the first act, brisk sallies, (miss or hit,)
With volleys of small shot, or snip-snap wit,
Attack, and gall the trenches of the pit.
The next—the fire continues, but at length
Grows less, and slackens like a bridegroom's strength.
The third—feints, mines, and countermines, [abound;
Your critic engineers, safe under ground,
Blow up our works, and all our art confound.
The fourth—brings on most action, and 'tis sharp,
Fresh foes crowd on, at your remissness carp,
And desp'rate, though unskill'd, insult our counterscarp.
Then comes the last; the gen'ral storm is near,
The poet-governor now quakes for fear;
Runs wildly up and down, forgets to huff,
And would give all he's plunder'd—to get off.
So—Don, and Monsieur—Bluff, before the siege,
Were quickly tam'd—at Venlo, and at Liege:
'Twas *Viva Spagnia! Viva France!* before;
Now, *Quartier, Monsieur! Quartier! Ah, Senor!*
But what your resolution can withstand?
You master all, and awe the sea and land.
In war—your valor makes the strong submit;
Your judgment humbles all attempts in wit.
What play, what fort, what beauty, can endure
All fierce assaults, and always be secure?
Then grant 'em gen'rous terms who dare to write,
Since now—that seems as desp'rate as to fight.
If we must yield—yet, ere the day be fix'd,
Let us hold out the third, and, if we may, the sixth.

§ 15. *Prologue to the Busybody.* 1708.
CENTLIVRE.

THOUGH modern prophets were expos'd of late,
The author could not prophesy his fate:
If with such scenes an audience had been fir'd,
The poet must have really been inspir'd.
But these, alas! are melancholy days
For modern prophets, and for modern plays.
Yet since prophetic lies please fools of fashion,
And women are so fond of agitation;
To men of sense I'll prophesy anew,
And tell you wondrous things that will prove true.
Undaunted colonels will to camps repair,
Assur'd there'll be no skirmishes this year;
On our own terms will flow the wish'd-for peace,
All wars, except 'twixt man and wife, shall cease.
The Grand Monarque may wish his son a throne,
But hardly will advance to lose his own.
This season most things bear a smiling face;
But play'rs in summer have a dismal case,
Since your appearance only is our act of grace.
Court-ladies will to country seats be gone,
My lord can't all the year live great in town:
Where, wanting operas, basset, and a play,
They'll sigh, and stitch a gown to pass the time away.
Gay city-wives at Tunbridge will appear,
Whose husbands long have wished for an heir;
Where many a courtier may their wants relieve,
But by the waters only they conceive.
The Fleet-street sempstress, toast of Temple sparks,
That runs spruce neckcloths for attorneys' clerks,
At Cuper's gardens will her hours regale,
Sing Fair Dorinda, and drink bottled ale.
At all assemblies rakes are up and down,
And gamesters, when they think they are not known.
Should I denounce our author's fate to-day,
To cry down prophecies, you'd damn the play;
Yet whims like these have sometimes made you laugh,
'Tis tattling all like Isaac Bickerstaff.
Since war and places claim the bards that write,
Be kind, and bear a woman's treat to-night;
Let your indulgence all her fears allay,
And none but woman-haters damn this play.

§ 16. *Prologue to the Man's Bewitch'd.* 1710.
CENTLIVRE.

OUR female author trembling stands within,
Her fear arises from another's sin:
One of her sex has so abus'd the town,
That on her score she dreads your angry frown;
Though, I dare say, poor soul, she never writ
Lampoon, or satire, on the box or pit;
A harmless, hum'rous play is her extent of wit.
Though Bickerstaff's vast genius may engage,
And lash the vice and follies of the age;
Why should the tender Delia tax the nation,
Stickle and make a noise for reformation,
Who always gave a loose herself to inclination?
Scandal and satire's thrown aside to-day,
And humor's the sole business of our play.
Beaux may dress on, to catch the ladies' hearts,
And good assurance pass for mighty parts:
The cits may bring their spouses without fear;
We show no wife that's poaching for an heir,
Nor teach the use of fine gauze handkerchief.
Cowards may huff, and talk of mighty wonders,
And jilts set up—for twenty-thousand-pounders.
Our author, even though she knows full well,
Is so good-natur'd, she forbears to tell,
What colonels, lately, have found out the knack
To muster madam, still, by Ned or Jack;
To keep their pleasures up, a frugal way,
They give her subaltern's subsistence for her pay.
In short, whate'er your darling vices are,
They pass untouch'd in this night's bill of fare.
But if all this can't your good-nature wake,
Though here and there a scene should fail to take,
Yet spare her for the Busybody's sake.

§ 17. *Epilogue to the same. Spoken by Mrs. Oldfield.* 1710. CENTLIVRE.

[*A Porter delivers a letter, just as she is going to speak.*]

WHAT's this? a billet-doux from hands unknown?
'Tis new to send it thus 'fore all the town:
But since the poor man's so agog,
I'll read it out, by way of epilogue.
[*Reads.*

Madam,
Permit a wretch to let you know,
That he's no more *in statu quo;*
My ruin from this night commences,
Unless your smiles refund my senses;
For, with one thrust of Cupid's dart,
You've whipp'd your slave quite through the heart;
Therefore, I beg you, cast your eye
O'er boxes, pit, and gallery,
In pity of my pains and doubt,
And try if you can't find me out.

Poor soul! he seems indeed in dismal plight;
Let's see! it can't be, sure, from th' upper flight, [write:
No, no—that's plain—for—none of them can
Nor can I think it from the middle fell,
For I'm afraid as few of them can spell;
Beside, their haggling passions never gain
Beyond the passage-walking nymphs of Drury-lane: [rovers,
And then the pit's more stock'd with rakes and
Than any of these senseless, whining lovers.
The backs o' th' boxes too seem mostly lin'd
With souls whose passion's to themselves confin'd. [sparks,
In short, I can't perceive, 'mongst all your
The wretch distinguish'd by these bloody marks: [mands, sir,
But since the town has heard your kind com-
The town shall e'en be witness of my answer.
First, then, beware you prove no spark in red,
With empty purse and regimental head;
That thinks no woman can refuse t' engage in't,
While love's advanc'd with offer'd bills on agent;
That swears he'll settle from his joys commencing,
And make the babe, the day he's born, an ensign.
Nor could I bear a titled beau, that steals
From fasting spouse her matrimonial meals;
That modish sends next morn to her apartment
A civil how d'ye—far, alas! from th' heart meant:
Then powder'd for th' ensuing day's delights,
Bows through his crowd of duns, and drives to White's.
Nor could I like the wretch that all night plays,
And only takes his rest on winning days;
Then sets up, from a lucky hit, his rattler;
Then's trac'd from his orig'nal—in the Tatler.
To tell you all that are my fix'd aversion,
Would tire the tongue of malice or aspersion:
But if I find 'mongst all one gen'rous heart,
That, deaf to stories, takes the stage's part;
That thinks that purse deserves to keep the plays, [eras;
Whose fortune's bound for the support of op-
That thinks our constitution here is justly fix'd, [plex'd;
And now no more with lawyers' brawls per-
He, I declare, shall my whole heart receive;
And (what's more strange) I'll love him while I live.

§ 18. *Prologue to Lady Jane Grey.* 1715. ROWE.

TO-NIGHT the noblest subject swells our scene,
A heroine, a martyr, and a queen;
And, though the poet dares not boast his art,
The very theme shall something great impart,
To warm the gen'rous soul, and touch the tender heart.
To you, fair judges, we the cause submit;
Your eyes shall tell us how the tale is writ.
If your soft pity waits upon our woe,
If silent tears for suff'ring virtue flow;
Your grief the muses' labor shall confess,
The lively passions, and the just distress.
O! could our author's pencil justly paint,
Such as she was in life, the beauteous saint;
Boldly your strict attention might we claim,
And bid you mark and copy out the dame.
No wand'ring glance one wanton thought confess'd;
No guilty wish inflam'd her spotless breast:
The only love that warm'd her blooming youth,
Was husband, England, liberty, and truth.
For these she fell; while, with too weak a hand,
She strove to save a blind, ungrateful land.
But thus the secret laws of fate ordain,
William's great hand was doom'd to break that chain,
And end the hopes of Rome's tyrannic reign.
For ever as the circling years return,
Ye grateful Britons! crown the hero's urn;
To his just care you ev'ry blessing owe,
Which or his own, or following reigns bestow;
Though his hard fate a father's name denied,
To you a father, he that loss supplied.
Then while you view the royal line's increase,
And count the pledges of your future peace,
From this great stock while still new glories come,
Conquest abroad, and liberty at home;
While you behold the beautiful and brave,
Bright princesses to grace you, kings to save,
Enjoy the gift, but bless the hand that gave.

§ 19. *Epilogue to the Cruel Gift. Spoken by Mrs. Oldfield.* 1717. ROWE.

WELL, 'twas a narrow 'scape my lover made—
That cup and message—I was sore afraid!
Was that a present for a new-made widow,
All in her dismal dumps, like doleful Dido?

When one peep'd in—and hop'd for something good,
There was—O gad!—a nasty heart and blood.*
If the old man had show'd himself a father,
His bowl should have enclos'd a cordial rather;
Something to cheer me up amidst my trance,
L'eau de Barbade—or comfortable *Nantz*.†
He thought he paid it off with being smart,
And, to be witty, cried, he'd send the heart.
I could have told his gravity, moreover,
Were I our sex's secrets to discover,
'Tis what we never look for in a lover.
Let but the bridegroom prudently provide
All other matters fitting for a bride,
So he make good the jewels and the jointure,
To miss the heart does seldom disappoint her.
'Faith, for the fashion hearts of late are made in,
They are the vilest baubles we can trade in.
Where are the tough, brave Britons to be found,
With hearts of oak, so much of old renown'd?
How many worthy gentlemen of late
Swore to be true to mother-church and state;
When their false hearts were secretly maintaining
Yon trim king Pepin, at Avignon reigning?
Shame on the canting crew of soul-ensurers,
That Tyburn tribe of speech-making nonjurors,
Who, in new-fangled terms, old truths explaining, [meaning!
Teach honest Englishmen damn'd double-
O! would you lost integrity restore,
And boast that faith your plain forefathers bore;
What surer pattern can you hope to find
Than that dear pledge‡ your monarch left behind?
See how his looks his honest heart explain,
And speak the blessings of his future reign!
In his each feature truth and candor trace,
And read plain-dealing written in his face.

§ 20. *Epilogue to the Lying Valet.* 1740. GARRICK.

THAT I'm a lying rogue you all agree; [see,
And yet, look round the world, and you shall
That many more, my betters, *lie* as fast as me.
Against this vice we all are ever railing,
And yet, so tempting is it, so prevailing,
You'll find but few without this useful failing.
Lady or Abigail, my lord or Will,
The *lie* goes round, and the ball's never still.
My lies were harmless, told to show my parts,
And not like those when tongues belie their hearts.
In all professions you will find this flaw;
And in the gravest too, in physic and in law.
The gouty sergeant cries, with formal pause,
"Your plea is good, my friend; don't starve the cause:"
But when my lord decrees for t'other side,
Your costs of suit convince you—that he lied.
A doctor comes, with formal wig and face,
First feels your pulse, then thinks, and knows your case, [you:
"Your fever's slight, not dangerous, I assure
Keep warm, and *repetatur haustus*, sir, will cure you." [ing;
Around the bed, next day, his friends are cry-
The patient dies; the doctor's paid for lying.
The poet, willing to secure the pit,
Gives out his play has humor, taste, and wit:
The cause comes on, and, while the judges try,
Each groan and cat-call gives the bard the lie.
Now let us ask, pray, what the ladies do:
They too will fib a little, *entre nous*.
"Lord!" says the prude, (her face behind her fan,)
"How can our sex have any joy in man?
As for my part, the best could ne'er deceive me;
And were the race extinct, 'twould never grieve me!
Their sight is odious, but their touch, O gad!
The thought of that's enough to drive one mad."
Thus rails at men the squeamish Lady Dainty,
Yet weds, at fifty-five, a rake of twenty.
In short, a beau's intrigues, a lover's sighs,
The courtier's promise, the rich widow's cries,
And patriot's zeal, are seldom more than lies.
Sometimes you'll see a man belie his nation,
Nor to his country show the least relation.
For instance, now———
A cleanly Dutchman, or a Frenchman grave,
A sober German, or a Spaniard brave,
An Englishman a coward or a slave.
Mine, though a fibbing, was an honest art;
I serv'd my master, play'd a faithful part:
Rank me not, therefore, 'mongst the lying crew,
For, though my tongue was false, my heart was true.

§ 21. *Epilogue to Agamemnon.* THOMSON.

OUR bard, to modern epilogue a foe, [woe;
Thinks such mean mirth but deadens gen'rous
Dispels in idle air the moral sigh,
And wipes the tender tear from pity's eye:
No more with social warmth the bosom burns;
But all th' unfeeling, selfish man returns.
Thus he began: and you approv'd the strain,
Till the next couplet sunk to light and vain.
You check'd him there—to you, to reason, just,
He owns he triumph'd in your kind disgust.
Charm'd by your frown, by your displeasure grac'd,
He hails the rising virtue of your taste.
Wide will its influence spread, as soon as known;
Truth, to be lov'd, need only to be shown.
Confirm it, once, the fashion to be good,
(Since fashion leads the fool, and awes the rude,)
No petulance shall wound the public ear;
No hand applaud what honor shuns to hear;
No painful blush the modest cheek shall stain;
The worthy breast shall heave with no disdain.
Chastis'd to decency, the British stage
Shall oft invite the fair, invite the sage:

* This tragedy was founded upon the story of Sigismunda and Guiscardo, out of Boccace's novels; wherein the heart of the lover is sent by the father to his daughter, as a present.

† i. e. Citron-water and good brandy.

‡ The Prince of Wales, then present.

Both shall attend, well pleas'd, well pleas'd depart;
Or, if they doom the verse, absolve the heart.

§ 22. *Prologue spoken by Mr. Garrick at the opening of the Theatre in Drury-Lane, in the Year* 1747. JOHNSON.

WHEN Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes [rose;
First rear'd the stage, immortal Shakspeare
Each change of many-color'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His powerful strokes presiding Truth impress'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.
Then Jonson came, instructed from the school,
To please in method, and invent by rule:
His studious patience, and laborious art,
By regular approach, assail'd the heart:
Cold Approbation gave the ling'ring bays;
For those who durst not censure scarce could praise.
A mortal born, he met the gen'ral doom,
But left, like Egypt's kings, a lasting tomb.
The wits of Charles found easier ways to fame, [flame;
Nor wish'd for Jonson's art, nor Shakspeare's
Themselves they studied, as they felt they writ;
Intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit.
Vice always found a sympathetic friend;
They pleas'd their age, but did not aim to mend.
Yet bards like these aspir'd to lasting praise,
And proudly hop'd to pimp in future days:
Their cause was gen'ral, their supports were strong, [long;
Their slaves were willing, and their reign was
Till Shame regain'd the post that Sense betray'd,
And Virtue call'd Oblivion to her aid. [fin'd,
Then, crush'd by rules, and weaken'd as re-
For years the power of Tragedy declin'd:
From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,
Till Declamation roar'd whilst Passion slept;
Yet still did Virtue deign the stage to tread,
Philosophy remain'd, though Nature fled.
But, forc'd at length her ancient reign to quit,
She saw great Faustus lay the ghost of Wit:
Exulting Folly hail'd the joyful day,
And Pantomime and Song confirm'd her sway.
But who the coming changes can presage,
And mark the future periods of the stage?
Perhaps, if skill could distant times explore,
New Behns, new Durfeys, yet remain in store;
Perhaps, where Lear has rav'd, and Hamlet died,
On flying cars new sorcerers may ride;
Perhaps (for who can guess th' effects of chance?)
Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet may dance.
Hard is his lot, that, here by Fortune plac'd,
Must watch the wild vicissitudes of taste;
With every meteor of caprice must play,
And chase the new-blown bubble of the day.
Ah! let not Censure term our fate our choice,
The stage but echoes back the public voice;
The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,
For we, that live to please, must please to live.
Then prompt no more the follies you decry,
As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die;
'Tis yours this night to bid the reign commence
Of rescued Nature, and reviving Sense;
To chase the charms of sound, the pomp of show,
For useful mirth and salutary woe;
Bid scenic Virtue form the rising age,
And Truth diffuse her radiance from the stage.

§ 23. *Epilogue to Shakspeare's First Part of King Henry IV. Spoken by Mr. J. Y. in the Character of Falstaff,* 1748. *Acted by young Gentlemen at Mr. Newcome's School at Hackney.* HOADLEY.

[*Push'd in upon the stage by Prince Henry.*]

A PLAGUE upon all cowards, still I say—
Old Jack must bear the heat of all the day,
And be the master-fool beyond the play—
Amidst hot-blooded Hotspur's rebel strife,
By miracle of wit I sav'd my life;
And now stand foolishly expos'd again
To th' hissing bullets of the critic's brain.
Go to, old lad, 'tis time that thou wert wiser—
Thou art not fram'd for an epiloguizer.
There's Hal, now, or his nimble shadow, Poins,
Straight in the back, and lissome in the loins,
Who wears his boot smooth as his mistress' skin,
And shining as the glass she dresses in,
Can bow and cringe, fawn, flatter, cog, and lie—
Which honest Jack could never do—not I.
Hal's heir-apparent face might stand it buff,
And make (ha! ha! ha!) a saucy epilogue enough.
But I am old and stiff—nay, bashful grown,
For Shakspeare's humor is not now my own.
I feel myself a counterfeiting ass;
And if for sterling wit I give you brass,
It is his royal image makes it pass.
Fancy now works; and here I stand and stew
In mine own greasy fears, which set to view
Eleven buckram critics in each man of you;
Wights, who with no out-facings will be shamm'd,
Nor into risibility be bamm'd,
Will, though she shake their sides, think Nature treason,
And see one damn'd—ere laugh without a reason. [speed,
Then how shall one, not of the virtuous,
Who merely has a wicked wit to plead—
Wit without measure, humor without rule,
Unfetter'd laugh, and lawless ridicule?
Faith! try him by his peers, a jury chosen—
The kingdom will, I think, scarce raise the dozen.
So—be but kind, and countenance the cheat,
I'll in, and say to Hal, I've done the feat.

§ 24. *Prologue to Irene.* 1749. JOHNSON.

YE glitt'ring train! whom lace and velvet bless,
Suspend the soft solicitudes of dress;
From grov'ling business and superfluous care,
Ye sons of Avarice! a moment spare:
Vot'ries of Fame, and worshippers of Power!
Dismiss the pleasing phantoms for an hour.
Our daring bard, with spirit unconfin'd,
Spreads wide the mighty moral of mankind.
Learn here how Heaven supports the virtuous mind,
Daring, though calm; and vig'rous, though resign'd. [breast,
Learn here what anguish racks the guilty
In power dependent, in success depress'd,
Learn here that peace from innocence must flow;
All else is empty sound, and idle show. [join;
But truths like these with pleasing language
Ennobled, yet unchang'd, if Nature shine:
If no wild draught depart from Reason's rules,
Nor gods his heroes, nor his lovers fools;
Intriguing wits! his artless plot forgive;
And spare him, beauties! though his lovers live.
Be this at least his praise, be this his pride;
To force applause no modern arts are tried.
Should partial cat-calls all his hopes confound,
He bids no trumpet quell the fatal sound;
Should welcome sleep relieve the weary wit,
He rolls not thunders o'er the drowsy pit;
No snares, to captivate the judgment, spreads;
Nor bribes your eyes to prejudice your heads.
Unmov'd, though witlings sneer, and rivals rail;
Studious to please, yet not asham'd to fail,
He scorns the meek address, the suppliant strain,
With merit needless, and without it vain.
In Reason, Nature, Truth, he dares to trust;
Ye fops, be silent; and ye wits, be just.

§ 25. *Prologue to Comus, for the Benefit of Milton's Grand-daughter.* 1750. *Spoken by Mr. Garrick.* JOHNSON.

YE patriot crowds who burn for England's fame, [name,
Ye nymphs whose bosoms beat at Milton's
Whose gen'rous zeal, unbought by flatt'ring rhymes,
Shames the mean pensions of Augustan times;
Immortal patrons of succeeding days,
Attend this prelude of perpetual praise;
Let wit, condemn'd the feeble war to wage
With close malevolence, or public rage;
Let study, worn with virtue's fruitless lore,
Behold this theatre, and grieve no more. [tell
This night, distinguish'd by your smiles, shall
That never Briton can in vain excel;
The slighted arts futurity shall trust,
And rising ages hasten to be just.
At length our mighty bard's victorious lays
Fill the loud voice of universal praise;
And baffled spite, with hopeless anguish dumb,
Yields to renown the centuries to come;
With ardent haste each candidate of fame
Ambitious catches at his tow'ring name;
He sees, and pitying sees, vain wealth bestow
Those pageant honors which he scorn'd below,
While crowds aloft the laureate bust behold,
Or trace his form on circulating gold.
Unknown, unheeded, long his offspring lay,
And want hung threat'ning o'er her slow decay.
What though she shine with no Miltonian fire,
No fav'ring muse her morning dreams inspire!
Yet softer claims the melting heart engage,
Her youth laborious, and her blameless age;
Hers the mild merits of domestic life,
The patient sufferer, and the faithful wife.
Thus grac'd with humble virtue's native charms,
Her Grandsire leaves her in Britannia's arms;
Secure with peace, with competence, to dwell,
While tutelary nations guard her cell.
Yours is the charge, ye fair, ye wise, ye brave!
'Tis yours to crown desert—beyond the grave.

§ 26. *Occasional Prologue, spoken by Mr. Garrick, at the opening of Drury-Lane Theatre, September 5,* 1750.

As heroes, states, and kingdoms, rise and fall;
So, (with the mighty to compare the small,)
Through int'rest, whim, or, if you please, through fate,
We feel commotions in our mimic state:
The sock and buskin fly from stage to stage;
A year's alliance is with us an age!
And where's the wonder? all surprise must cease,
When we reflect how int'rest, or caprice,
Makes real kings break articles of peace.
Strengthen'd with new allies, our foes prepare;
"Cry, Havock! and let slip the dogs of war."
To shake our souls, the papers of the day*
Drew forth the adverse power in dread array;
A power, might strike the boldest with dismay:
Yet, fearless still, we take the field with spirit,
Arm'd *cap-a-pie* in self-sufficient merit.
Our ladies too, with souls and tongues untam'd,
Fire up like Britons when the battle's nam'd:
Each female heart pants for the glorious strife,
From Hamlet's mother† to the cobbler's wife.‡
Some few there are, whom paltry passions guide,
Desert each day, and fly from side to side:
Others, like Swiss, love fighting as their trade;
For, beat or beating, they must all be paid.
Sacred to Shakspeare was this spot design'd,
To pierce the heart, and humanize the mind:
But, if an empty house, the actor's curse,
Shows us our Lears and Hamlets lose their force,

* In which papers was this paragraph: "We hear that Mr. Quin, Mrs. Cibber, Mr. Barry, Mr. Macklin, and Mrs. Woffington, are engaged at Covent-Garden theatre for the ensuing season."—On the part of Drury-Lane theatre it was notified, "That two celebrated actors from Dublin were engaged to perform there, also Miss Bellamy, and a new actress, Signor Fauson, the comic dancer, and his wife, and a gentleman to sing, who had not been on any stage."

† Mrs. Pritchard. ‡ Mrs. Clive.

Unwilling, we must change the nobler scene,
And, in our turn, present you Harlequin;
Quit poets, and set carpenters to work,
Show gaudy scenes, or mount the vaulting Turk:
For, though we actors, one and all, agree
Boldly to struggle for our—vanity,
If want comes on, importance must retreat;
Our first great ruling passion is—to eat.
To keep the field, all methods we'll pursue;
The conflict glorious! for we'll fight for you:
And, should we fail to gain the wish'd applause,
At least we're vanquish'd in a noble cause.

§ 27. *Occasional Prologue, spoken at Covent-Garden Theatre, by Mr. Barry.* 1750.

WHEN vice or folly over-runs a state,
Weak politicians lay the blame on fate:
When rulers useful subjects cease to prize,
And damn for arts that caus'd themselves to rise;
When jealousies and fears possess the throne,
And kings allow no merit—but their own;
Can it be strange, that men for flight prepare,
And strive to raise a colony elsewhere?
This custom has prevail'd in ev'ry age,
And has been sometimes practis'd on the stage:
For—*entre nous*—these managers of merit,
Who fearless arm, and take the field with spirit,
Have curb'd us monarchs with their haughty mien,
And Herod* have out-*Herod*-ed—within.
[*Pointing to the Green Room.*
O, they can torture twenty thousand ways!
Make bouncing Bajazet† retreat from Bayes!‡
The ladies§ too, with every power to charm,
Whose face and fire an anchorite might warm,
Have felt the fury of a tyrant's arm.
By selfish arts expell'd our ancient seat,
In search of candor, and in search of *meat*,
We from your favor hope for this retreat.
If Shakspeare's passion, or if Jonson's art,
Can fire the fancy, or can warm the heart,
That task be ours; but if you damn their scenes,
And heroes must give way to Harlequins,
We too can have recourse to mime and dance;
Nay, there, I think, we have the better chance:
And, should the town grow weary of the mute,
Why, we'll produce a child upon the flute.‖
But, be the food as 'twill, 'tis you that treat!
Long they have feasted—permit us now to *eat*.

§ 28. *Epilogue spoken by Mrs. Clive, on the two occasional Prologues at Covent-Garden and Drury-Lane.* 1750.

[*Enters hastily, as if speaking to one who would oppose her.*]
I'LL do't: by Heaven, I will—Pray get you gone;
What! all these janglings, and I not make one?
Was ever woman offer'd so much wrong?
These creatures here would have me hold my tongue!
I'm so provok'd, I hope you will excuse me;
I must be heard—and beg you won't refuse me.
While our mock heroes, not so wise as rash,
With indignation hold the vengeful lash,
And at each other throw alternate squibs,
Compos'd of little wit—and some few fibs;
I, Catherine Clive, come here to attack 'em all,
And aim alike at little and at tall.
But first, ere with the buskin'd chiefs I brave it,
A story is at hand, and you shall have it.
Once on a time two boys were throwing dirt,
A gentle youth was one, and one was somewhat pert:
Each to his master with his tale retreated,
Who gravely heard their diff'rent parts repeated,
How Tom was rude, and Jack, poor lad! ill-treated.
The master paus'd—to be unjust was loath,
Call'd for a rod, and fairly whipp'd them both.
In the same master's place, lo! here I stand,
And for each culprit hold the lash in hand.
First, for our own—O, 'tis a pretty youth!
But out of fifty lies I'll sift some truth:
'Tis true, he's of a choleric disposition,
And fiery parts make up his composition.
How have I seen him rave when things miscarried!
Indeed, he's grown much tamer since he married.
If he succeeds, what joys his fancy strike!
And then he gets—to which he's no dislike.
Faults he has many—but I know no crimes;
Yes, he has one—he contradicts sometimes:
And when he falls into his frantic fit,
He blusters so, it makes e'en me submit.
So much for him—the other youth comes next,
Who shows, by what he says, poor soul! he's vex'd.
He tells you tales how cruelly this treats us,
To make you think the little monster beats us.
Would I have whin'd in melancholy phrase,
How bouncing Bajazet retreats from Bayes?
I, who am woman, would have stood the fray;
At least not snivell'd thus, and run away!
Should any manager lift arm at me,
I have a tyrant arm as well as he!———
In fact, there has some little bouncing been,
But who the bouncer was, inquire within.
No matter who—I now proclaim a peace,
And hope henceforth hostilities will cease;
No more shall either rack his brains to tease ye,
But let the contest be—who most shall please ye,

§ 29. *Prologue to Taste.* 1752. *Spoken in the Character of an Auctioneer.* GARRICK.

BEFORE this court I, Peter Puff, appear,
A Briton born, and bred an auctioneer!
Who, for myself, and eke a hundred others,
My useful, honest, learned, bawling brothers,
With much humility and fear implore ye,
To lay our present desperate case before ye.
'Tis said, this night a certain wag intends
To laugh at us, our calling, and our friends:

* Mr. Quin. † Both Quin and Barry. ‡ Mr. Garrick.
§ Mrs. Cibber, &c.
‖ A child, said to be about four years of age, had been introduced on the stage of Drury-Lane theatre, to play a tune on that instrument.

If lords and ladies, and such daiñty folks,
Are cur'd of auction-hunting by his jokes;
Should this odd doctrine spread throughout the land,
"Before you buy, be sure to understand;"
O, think on us, what various ills will flow,
When great ones purchase only what they know!
Why laugh at *taste*? It is a harmless fashion,
And quite subdues each detrimental passion:
The fair ones' hearts will ne'er incline to man,
While thus they rage for—china and japan.
The virtuoso too, and connoisseur,
Are ever decent, delicate, and pure;
The smallest hair their looser thoughts might hold,
Just warm when single, and when married, [cold.
Their blood, at sight of beauty, gently flows;
Their Venus must be old, and want a nose!
No am'rous passion with deep knowledge thrives;
'Tis the complaint, indeed, of all our wives!
'Tis said *virtù* to such a height is grown,
All artists are encourag'd—but our own.
Be not deceiv'd; I here declare on oath,
I never yet sold goods of foreign growth;
Ne'er sent commissions out to Greece or Rome:
My best antiquities are made at home.
I've Romans, Greeks, Italians, near at hand,
True Britons all, and living in the Strand.
I ne'er for trinkets rack my pericranium;
They furnish out my room from Herculaneum.
But hush———
Should it be known that English are employ'd,
Our manufacture is at once destroy'd;
No matter what our countrymen deserve,
They'll thrive as ancients, but as moderns starve;
If we should fall, to you it will be owing;
Farewell to arts—they are going, going, going!
The fatal hammer's in your hand, O town!
Then set *us* up, and knock the *poet* down.

§ 30. *Prologue to Virginia.* 1754. *Written and spoken by Mr.* GARRICK.

PROLOGUES, like compliments, are loss of time,
'Tis penning bows, and making legs, in rhyme:
'Tis cringing at the door, with simp'ring grin,
When we should show the company within—
So thinks our bard, who, stiff in classic knowledge, [lege.——
Preserves too much the buckram of the col-
"Lord, sir," said I, "an audience must be woo'd,
And, lady-like, with flattery pursued;
They nauseate fellows that are blunt and rude.
Authors should learn to dance as well as write—" [sight!
"Dance at my time of life! Zounds, what a
Grown gentlemen, ('tis advertis'd,) do learn by night. [these,
Your modern prologues, and such whims as
The Greeks ne'er knew—turn, turn to Sophocles."
"I read no Greek, sir—when I was at school,
Terence had prologues—Terence was no fool."
"He had; but why?" replied the bard, in rage:
"Exotics, monsters, had possess'd the stage;
But we have none in this enlighten'd age!
Your Britons now, from gallery to pit,
Can relish nought but sterling Attic wit.
Here, take my play, I meant it for instruction;
If rhymes are wanting for its introduction,
E'en let that nonsense be your own production."
Off went the poet.—It is now expedient
I speak as manager, and your obedient.
I, as your cat'rer, would provide your dishes,
Dress'd to your palates, season'd to your wishes.
Say but you're tir'd with boil'd and roast at home,
We too can send for niceties from Rome;
To please your tastes will spare nor pains nor money,
Discard sirloins, and get you macaroni.
Whate'er new gusto for a time may reign,
Shakspeare and beef must have their turn again.
If novelties can please, to-night we've two—
Though English both, yet spare 'em as they're new.
To one, at least, your usual favors show;
A female asks it—can a man say No?
Should you indulge our novice* yet unseen,
And crown her, with your hands, a tragic queen;
Should you, with smiles, a confidence impart,
To calm those fears which speak a feeling heart;
Assist each struggle of ingenuous shame,
Which curbs a genius in its road to fame:
With one wish more her whole ambition ends—
She hopes some merit, to deserve such friends.

§ 31. *Epilogue to the same.* 1754. GARRICK.

THE poet's pen can, like a conjurer's wand,
Or kill or raise his heroine at command:
And I shall, spirit-like, before I sink,
Not courteously inquire, but tell you, what you think.
From top to bottom I shall make you stare,
By hitting all your judgments to a hair!
And, first, with you above I shall begin——
[*To the upper gallery.*
Good-natur'd souls, they're ready all to grin.
Though twelve-pence seat you there, so near the ceiling,
The folks below can't boast a better feeling.
No high-bred prud'ry in your region lurks,
You boldly laugh and cry as nature works.
Says John to Tom, (ay—there they sit together,
As honest Britons as e'er trod on leather,)
"'Tween you and I, my friend, 'tis very vild,
That old Vergeenus should have struck his child; [ruler;
I would have hang'd him for't had I been
And duck'd that Apus too, by way of cooler."

* Mrs. Graham, afterwards Mrs. Yates, then a new actress.

Some maiden-dames, who hold the middle floor, [*To the middle gallery.*
And fly from naughty man, at forty-four,
With turn'd-up eyes applaud Virginia's 'scape,
And vow they'd do the same to shun a rape;
So very chaste, they live in constant fears,
And apprehension strengthens with their years.
Ye bucks, who from the pit your terrors send,
Yet love distressed damsels to befriend;
You think this tragic joke too far was carried,
And wish, to set all right, the maid had married:
You'd rather see, (if so the fates had will'd,)
Ten wives be kind, than one poor virgin kill'd.
May I approach unto the boxes, pray,
And there search out a judgment on the play?
In vain, alas! I should attempt to find it;
Fine ladies see a play, but never mind it.
'Tis vulgar to be mov'd by acted passion,
Or form opinions till they're fix'd by fashion.
Our author hopes this fickle goddess, Mode,
With us will make, at least, nine days' abode;
To present pleasure he contracts his view,
And leaves his future fame to time and you.

§ 32. *Occasional Prologue to the Mask of Britannia.* 1755. *Written and spoken by Mr.* GARRICK, *in the Character of a Sailor, fuddled, and talking to himself.*

Enters, singing, "How pleasant a sailor's life passes!"
WELL! if thou art, my boy, a little mellow,
A sailor, half-seas o'er, 's a pretty fellow.
What cheer, ho? Do I carry too much sail?
[*To the pit.*
No—tight and trim—I scud before the gale—
[*He staggers forward, and then stops.*
But softly though—the vessel seems to heel—
Steady! my boy—she must not show her keel.
And now, thus ballasted—what course to steer?
Shall I again to sea—and bang Mounseer?
Or stay on shore, and toy with Sall and Sue?
Dost love 'em, boy? By this right hand, I do!
A well-rigg'd girl is surely most inviting:
There's nothing better, faith—save flip and fighting.
I must away—I must——
What! shall we sons of beef and freedom stoop,
Or lower our flag to slavery and soup?
What! shall these *Parly-voos* make such a racket,
And I not lend a hand to lace their jacket?
Still shall Old England be your Frenchman's butt?—
Whene'er he shuffles we should always cut.
I'll to 'em, faith—Avast—before I go—
Have I not promis'd Sall to see the show?
[*Pulls out a play-bill.*
From this same paper we shall understand
What work's to-night—I read your printed hand.
First let's refresh a bit—for, faith, I need it—
I'll take one sugar-plum—[*takes some tobacco.*] and then I'll read it.
[*He reads the play-bill of Zara, which was acted that evening.*

"At the Theatre Royal, Drury-Lane—
Will be presen-ta-ted a tragedy called *Sarah*"—
I'm glad 'tis *Sarah*—then our Sall may see
Her namesake's tragedy: and, as for me,
I'll sleep as sound as if I were at sea—
"To which will be added—a new mask—" [maces:
Zounds! why a mask? We sailors hate gri-
Aboveboard all; we scorn to hide our faces.
But what is here, so very large and plain?
"Bri-tan-nia."——O, Britannia!———good again———
Huzza, boys! By the Royal George, I swear,
Tom Coxen, and the crew, shall straight be there.
All free-born souls must take Bri-tan-nia's part,
And give her three round cheers, with hand and heart! [*Going off, he stops.*
I wish you landmen, though, would leave your tricks,
Your factions, parties, and damn'd politics:
And, like us honest tars, drink, fight, and sing;
True to yourselves, your country, and your king!

§ 33. *Prologue to Comus. Performed for the Benefit of the General Hospital at Bath,* 1756; *and spoken by Miss Morrison, in the Character of a Lady of Fashion.* HOADLEY.
[*She enters with a number of tickets in her hand.*
WELL., I've been beating up for volunteers,
But find that charity has got no ears.
I first attack'd a colonel of the guards—
"Sir, charity—consider its rewards;
With healing hand the saddest sores it skins,
And covers—O! a multitude of sins."
He swore the world was welcome to his thoughts:
'Twas damn'd hypocrisy to hide one's faults;
And with that sin his conscience ne'er was twitted,
The only one he never had committed.
Next to my knight I plead. He shook his head, [dead.
Complain'd the stocks were low, and trade was
In these Bath charities a tax he'd found
More heavy than four shillings in the pound.
What with the play-house, hospital, and abbey,
A man was stripp'd—unless he'd look quite shabby.
Then such a train, and such expense; to wit,
My lady, all the brats, and cousin Kit—
He'd steal himself, perhaps, into the pit.
Old Lady Slipslop, at her morning cards,
Vows that all works of *genus* she regards,
Raffles for Chinese gods, card houses, shells,
Nor grudges to the music, or the bells,
But has a strange *antiquity* to nasty *ospitals*.
"I hope your lordship"—then my lord replies,
"No doubt, the governors are—very wise;"
But, for the play, he wonder'd at their choice.
In Milton's days such stuff might be the taste,
But, faith! he thought it was damn'd dull and chaste:

Then swears he to the charity is hearty,
But can't in honor break his evening party.
When to the gouty alderman I sued,
The nasty fellow (gad!) was downright rude.
"Is begging grown the fashion, with a pox?
The mayor should set such housewifes in the stocks.
Give you a guinea! Z——ds!" replied the beast,
"'Twould buy a ticket for a turtle feast.
Think what a guinea a-head might set before ye—
Surmullet, turbot, and a grand John Dory.
I'll never give a groat, as I'm a sinner,
Unless they gather 't in a dish—at dinner."
I trust, by art and more polite address,
Your fairer advocates met more success;
And not a man compassion's cause withstood,
When beauty pleaded for such *gen'ral good*.

§ 34. *Prologue to the Winter's Tale, and Catherine and Petruchio.* 1756. *Written and spoken by Mr.* GARRICK.

To various things the stage has been compar'd,
As apt ideas strike each humorous bard:
This night, for want of better simile,
Let this our theatre a tavern be;
The poets vintners, and the waiters we.
So, as the cant and custom of the trade is,
You're welcome, gemmen; kindly welcome, ladies.
To draw in customers, our bills are spread;
You cannot miss the sign; 'tis Shakspeare's Head. [vine,
From this same head, this fountain-head di-
For different palates springs a different wine;
In which no tricks, to strengthen or to thin 'em—
Neat as imported—no French brandy in 'em.
Hence for the choicest spirits flows Champagne, [vein,
Whose sparkling atoms shoot through every
Then mount in magic vapors to th' enraptur'd brain!
Hence flow for martial minds potations strong,
And sweet love-potions for the fair and young.
For you, my hearts of oak, for your regale,
[*To the upper gallery.*
There's good old English stingo, mild and stale:
For high, luxurious souls, with luscious smack,
There's Sir John Falstaff in a butt of sack;
And, if the stronger liquors more invite ye,
Bardolph is gin, and Pistol aqua-vitæ.
But should you call for Falstaff, where to find him,
He's gone—nor left one cup of sack behind him,
Sunk in his elbow-chair, no more he'll roam,
No more, with merry wags, to Eastcheap come;
He's gone—to jest and laugh, and give his sack, at home.
As for the learned critics, grave and deep,
Who catch at words, and, catching, fall asleep;
Who, in the storms of passion, hum and haw—
For such our master will no liquor draw——
So blindly thoughtful, and so darkly read,
They take Tom Durfey's for the Shakspeare's Head.
A vintner once acquir'd both praise and gain,
And sold much perry for the best Champagne.
Some rakes this precious stuff did so allure,
They drank whole nights—what's that when wine is pure?
"Come, fill a bumper, Jack."—"I will, my Lord."
"Here's cream!—damn'd fine!—immense!—upon my word!
Sir William, what say you?"—"The best, [me."
believe me.
In this—eh, Jack!—the devil can't deceive
Thus the wise critic, too, mistakes his wine;
Cries out, with lifted hands—"'Tis great! divine!" [him;
Then jogs his neighbor, as the wonders strike
"This Shakspeare! Shakspeare!—O, there's nothing like him!"
In this night's various and enchanted cup
Some little perry's mix'd, for filling up.
The five long acts, from which our three are taken,
Stretch'd out to sixteen years,* lay by, forsaken:
Lest, then, this precious liquor run to waste,
'Tis now confin'd and bottled for your taste.
'Tis my chief wish, my joy, my only plan,
To lose no drop of that immortal man!

§ 35. *Prologue to the Apprentice.* 1756. *Spoken by Mr. Murphy, Author of the Piece, dressed in black.* GARRICK.

BEHOLD a wonder for theatric story!
The culprit of this night appears before ye:
Before his judges dares these boards to tread,
"With all his imperfections on his head!"
Prologues precede the piece, in mournful verse,
As undertakers walk before the hearse;
Whose doleful march may strike the harden'd mind,
And wake its feelings for the dead behind.
Trick'd out in black, thus actors try their art,
To melt that rock of rocks, the critic's heart.
No acted fears my vanity betray!
I am, indeed—what others only play.
Thus far myself. The farce comes next in view;
Though many are its faults, at least 'tis new.
No smuggled, pilfer'd scenes from France we show;
'Tis English—English, sirs, from top to toe.
Though coarse my colors, and my hand unskill'd,
From real life my little cloth is fill'd.
My hero is a youth, by fate design'd [mind
For culling simples—but whose stage-struck
Nor fate could rule, nor his indentures bind.
A place there is, where such young Quixotes meet;
'Tis call'd the spouting-club—a glorious treat!
Where prenticed kings alarm the gaping street.

* The action of the Winter's Tale, as written by Shakspeare, comprehends sixteen years.

There Brutus starts, and stares by midnight taper,
Who all the day enacts—a woollen-draper.
Here Hamlet's ghost stalks forth with doubled fist,
Cries out, with hollow voice, "List, list, O, list!"
And frightens Denmark's prince—a young tobacconist.
The spirit too, clear'd from his deadly white,
Rises—a haberdasher to the sight!
Nor young attorneys have this rage withstood,
But change their pens for truncheons, ink for blood;
And (strange reverse!) die for their country's good.
Through all the town this folly you may trace;
Myself am witness—'tis a common case.
I've further proofs, could ye but think I wrong ye—
Look round—you'll find some spouting youths among ye.
To check these heroes, and their laurels crop,
To bring them back to reason—and their shop;
To raise a harmless laugh, was all my aim;
And—if I shun contempt—I seek not fame.
Indulge this firstling, let me but begin,
Nor nip me—in the buddings of my sin:
Some hopes I cherish, in your smiles I read 'em;
Whate'er my faults, your candor can exceed 'em.

§ 36. *Epilogue to the same.* 1756. *Spoken by Mrs. Clive.* SMART.

[*Enters, reading the play-bill.*

A VERY pretty bill—as I'm alive!
The part of—Nobody—by Mrs. Clive!
A paltry, scribbling fool—to leave me out!
He'll say, perhaps, he thought I could not spout.
Malice and envy to the last degree!
And why?—I wrote a farce as well as he,
And fairly ventur'd it, without the aid
Of prologue dress'd in black, and face in masquerade;
O, pit, have pity—see how I'm dismay'd!
Poor soul! this canting stuff will never do,
Unless, like Bayes, he brings his hangman too.
But granting that, from these same obsequies,
Some pickings to our bard in black arise;
Should your applause to joy convert his fear,
As Pallas turns to feast Lardella's bier;
Yet 'twould have been a better scheme, by half,
T' have thrown his weeds aside, and learn'd with me to laugh.
I could have shown him, had he been inclin'd,
A spouting junto of the female kind.
There dwells a milliner in yonder row,
Well-dress'd, full-voic'd, and nobly built for show,
Who, when in rage she scolds at Sue and Sarah,
Damn'd, damn'd dissembler! thinks she's more than Zara.
She has a daughter, too, that deals in lace,
And sings "O ponder well" and "Chevy Chase,"
And fain would fill the fair Ophelia's place;
And, in her cock'd-up hat, and gown of camlet,
Presumes on something——touching the lord Hamlet.
A cousin, too, she has, with squinting eyes,
With waddling gait, and voice like London cries,
Who, for the stage too short by half a story,
Acts Lady Townly—thus—in all her glory;
And, while she's traversing her scanty room,
Cries—"Lord, my lord, what can I do at home?"
In short, there's girls enough for all the fellows,
The ranting, whining, starting, and the jealous,
The Hotspurs, Romeos, Hamlets, and Othellos.
O! little do these silly people know
What dreadful trials actors undergo.
Myself, who most in harmony delight,
Am scolding here from morning until night.
Then take advice by me, ye giddy things,
Ye royal milliners, ye apron'd kings!
Young men, beware, and shun our slippery ways,
Study arithmetic, and burn your plays;
And you, ye girls, let not our tinsel train
Enchant your eyes, and turn your madd'ning brain:
Be timely wise; for, O! be sure of this:—
A shop, with virtue, is the height of bliss.

§ 37. *Prologue to the Author.* 1757. FOOTE.

SEVERE their task, who, in this critic age,
With fresh materials furnish out the stage!
Not that our fathers drain'd the comic store;
Fresh characters spring up as heretofore.
Nature with novelty does still abound;
On ev'ry side fresh follies may be found.
But then the taste of every guest to hit,
To please at once the gallery, box, and pit,
Requires, at least, no common share of wit.
Those who adorn the orb of higher life,
Demand the lively rake or modish wife;
Whilst they, who in a lower circle move,
Yawn at their wit, and slumber at their love.
If light, low mirth employs the comic scene,
Such mirth as drives from vulgar minds the spleen,
The polish'd critic damns the wretched stuff,
And cries—"'Twill please the gall'ries well enough."
Such jarring judgments who can reconcile?
Since fops will frown, where humble traders smile.
To dash the poet's ineffectual claim,
And quench his thirst for universal fame,
The Grecian fabulist, in moral lay,
Has thus address'd the writers of his day:
"Once on a time, a son and sire, we're told,
The stripling tender, and the father old,
Purchas'd a jack-ass at a country fair,
To ease their limbs, and hawk about their ware;
But, as the sluggish animal was weak,
They fear'd, if both should mount, his back would break:
Up gets the boy, the father leads the ass,
And through the gazing crowd attempts to pass:

Forth from the throng the gray-beards hobble out,
And hail the cavalcade with feeble shout.
'This the respect to rev'rend age you show,
And this the duty you to parents owe?
He beats the hoof, and you are set astride:
Sirrah! get down, and let your father ride.'
As Grecian lads are seldom void of grace,
The decent, duteous youth resign'd his place.
Then a fresh murmur through the rabble ran,
Boys, girls, wives, widows, all attack the man.
'Sure never was brute beast so void of nature!
Have you no pity for the pretty creature?
To your own baby can you be unkind?
Here—Suke, Bill, Betty—put the child behind.'
Old Dapple next the clown's compassion claim'd:
''Tis wonderment them boobies ben't asham'd!
Two at a time upon the poor dumb beast!
They might as well have carried him, at least.'
The pair, still pliant to the partial voice,
Dismount, and bear the ass—Then what a noise!
Huzzas, loud laughs, low gibe, and bitter joke,
From the yet silent sire, these words provoke:
'Proceed, my boy, nor heed their farther call;
Vain his attempts, who strives to please them all.'"

§ 38. *Prologue to the Trip to Paris. Spoken by Mr. Shuter, at one of his Benefits.* FOOTE.

IN former times there liv'd one Aristotle,
Who, as the song says, lov'd, like me, his bottle.
To Alexander Magnus he was tutor—
(A'n't you surpris'd to hear the learned Shuter?)
But let that rest—a new tale I'll advance—
A tale?—no; truth, mun—I'm just come from France. [ter;
From Paris I came; why I went there, no mat-
I'm glad that once more I'm on this side the water.
'Twas to win a large wager that hurried me over; [Dover;
But I wish'd to be off when I came down to
To swallow sea-water the doctors will tell ye,
But the sight of such water at once fill'd my belly; [sea,
They who choose it for physic may drink of the
But only to think on't is physic for me.
When I first went on board, Lord! I heard such a racket,
Such babbling and squabbling, fore and aft, through the packet;
The passengers bawling, the sailors yoho-ing,
The ship along dashing, the winds aloft blowing;
Some sick, and some swearing, some singing, some shrieking,
Sails hoisting, blocks rattling, the yards and booms creaking;
"*Stop the ship!*"—but the tars, never minding our cases,
Took their chaws, hitch'd their trowsers, and grinn'd in our faces.
We made Calais soon, and were soon set on shore,
And I trod on French ground, where I ne'er trod before. ["Yo, yo-ho,"
The scene was quite chang'd; 'twas no more,
With "Damme, Jack, yes, boy"—or, "Damme, Tom, no!" [plaisance;
'Twas quite t'other thing, mun, 'twas all com-
With cringes and scrapes we were welcom'd to France: [*ven nu,*
"*Ah Monseer Angloy*"—they cried—"*be on Tres umble servant, sir, we glad to see you.*"
I ne'er met such figures before in my rambles,
They flock'd round my carcass like flies in the shambles: [loath,
To be crowded amongst them at first I was
For fear they should seize me, and souse me for broth. [*terre,*
At last, though, they call'd me my *Lor Angle-*
(Lord, had you then seen but my strut and my stare!) [a sword;
"*Wee, wee,*" I cried, "*wee* then"—and put on
So at once Neddy Shuter turn'd into a lord.
I expected at France all the world and his wife,
But I never was balk'd so before in my life:
I should see wonders there, I was told by *Monseer;* [queer;
So I did, I saw things that were wonderful
Queer streets and queer houses, with people much queerer;
Each one was a talker, but no one a hearer.
I soon had enough of their *pallovousee;*
Its a fine phrase to some folks, but nonsense to me. [show,
All folks there are dress'd in a toyshop-like
A hodge-podging habit 'twixt fiddler and beau;
Such hats, and such heads too, such coats and such skirts— [shirts.
They sold me some ruffles—but I found the
Then, as to their dinners, their soups, and their stewings,
One ounce of meat serves for ten gallons of brewings; [agog!
For a slice of roast beef how my mind was
But for beef they produced me a fricasseed frog:
Out of window I toss'd it,—it wa'n't fit to eat,—
Then down stairs I jump'd, and ran into the street. [mine
'Twas not their palaver could make me deter-
To stay where I found it was taste to eat vermin:
Frogs in France may be fine, and their Grand Monarque clever; [for ever!
I'm for beef, and King George, and old England

§ 39. *Prologue to Polly Honeycombe.* 1760. GARRICK.

HITHER, in days of yore, from Spain or France,
Came a dread sorceress, her name Romance:
O'er Britain's isle her wayward spells she cast,
And Common Sense in magic chain bound fast.
In mad sublime did each fond lover woo,
And in heroics ran each billet-doux:
High deeds of chivalry their sole delight,
Each fair a maid distress'd, each swain a knight.

Then might Statira Oroondates see
At tilts and tournaments, arm'd cap-a-pie.
She too, on milk-white palfrey, lance in hand,
A dwarf to guard her, pranc'd about the land.
This fiend to quell, his sword Cervantes drew,
A trusty Spanish blade, Toledo true:
Her talismans and magic wand he broke;
Knights, genii, castles, vanish'd into smoke.
But now, the dear delight of later years,
The younger sister of Romance appears:
Less solemn is her air, her drift the same,
And Novel her enchanting, charming name.
Romance might strike our grave forefathers' pomp,
But Novel for our buck and lively romp!
Cassandra's folios now no longer read,
See two neat pocket-volumes in their stead!
And then, so sentimental is the style,
So chaste, yet so bewitching all the while!
Plot and elopement, passion, rape, and rapture,
The total sum of ev'ry dear—dear—chapter.
'Tis not alone the small-talk and the smart,
'Tis Novel most beguiles the female heart.
Miss reads—she melts—she sighs—love steals upon her— [Honor!
And then—alas, poor girl!—good night, poor Honor!
"Thus of our Polly having lightly spoke,
Now for our author—but without a joke.
Though wits and journals, who ne'er fibb'd before,
Have laid this bantling at a certain door,
Where, lying store of faults, they'd fain heap more,
I now declare it, as a serious truth,
'Tis the first folly of a simple youth,
Caught and deluded by our harlot plays—
Then crush not in the shell this infant Bayes!
Exert your favor to a young beginner;
Nor use the stripling like a batter'd sinner."*

§ 40. *Prologue to All in the Wrong.* 1761. *Written and spoken by Mr.* FOOTE.

TO-NIGHT, be it known to box, gall'ries, and pit,
Will be open the original warehouse of wit;
The new manufacture, Foote and Co. undertakers,
Play, opera, pantomime, farce—by the makers.
We scorn, like our brethren, our fortunes to owe [Rowe:
To Shakspeare and Southerne, to Otway and
Though our judgment may err, yet our justice is shown, [own;
For we promise to mangle no works but our
And, moreover, on this you may firmly rely,
If we can't make you laugh, that we won't make you cry;
For our monarch, who knew we were mirth-loving souls, [bowls;
Has lock'd up his lightning, his daggers, and
Resolv'd that in buskins no hero should stalk,
He has shut us quite out of the tragedy-walk.
No blood, no blank verse—in short we're undone,
Unless you're contented with frolic and fun.
If, tir'd of her round in the Ranelagh mill,
There should be one female inclin'd to sit still;
If, blind to the beauties, or sick of the squall,
A party should'nt choose to catch cold at Vauxhall; [thick,
If at Sadler's sweet Wells the wine should be
The cheesecakes be sour, or Miss Wilkinson sick, [in June,
If the fume of the pipe should prove pow'rful
Or the tumblers be lame, or the bells out of tune;
We hope you will call at our warehouse in Drury: [ye,
We've a curious assortment of goods, I assure
Domestic and foreign, indeed all kind of wares,
English cloth, Irish linens, and French *pet-en-l'airs.*
If, for want of good custom, or losses in trade,
The poetical partners should bankrupts be made; [in debt,
If, from dealings too large, we plunge deeply
And a *Whereas* comes out in the Muses' Gazette,
We'll on you, our assigns, for certificates call;
Though insolvents, we're honest, and give up our all.

§ 41. *Prologue to the Earl of Essex.* 1761. MURPHY.

WHENE'ER the brave, the gen'rous, and the just,
Whene'er the patriot sinks to silent dust,
The tragic muse attends the mournful hearse,
And pays her tribute of immortal verse.
Inspir'd by noble deeds, she seeks the plain,
In honor's cause where mighty chiefs are slain;
And bathes with tears the sod that wraps the dead,
And bids the turf lie lightly on his head.
Nor thus content, she opens death's cold womb,
And bursts the cerements of the awful tomb,
To cast him up again—to bid him live,
And to the scene his form and presence give.
Thus, once-fam'd Essex, at her voice appears,
Emerging from the sacred dust of years.
Nor deem it much, that we retrace, to-night,
A tale to which you've listen'd with delight.
How oft, of yore, to learned Athens' eyes
Did new Electras and new Phædras rise!
In France, how many Theban monarchs groan
For Laius' blood, and incest not their own!
When there new Iphigenias raise the sigh,
Fresh drops of pity gush from ev'ry eye.
On the same theme, though rival wits appear,
The heart still finds the sympathetic tear.
If there soft Pity pour her plenteous store,
For fabled kings, and empires now no more;
Much more should you, from freedom's glorious plan,
Who still inherit all the rights of man;

* These lines were added by Mr. Garrick, on its being reported that he was the author of the piece; and, however humorous and poetical, contain as strict matter of fact as the dullest prose.

Much more should you with kindred sorrows glow
For your own chiefs, your own domestic woe;
Much more a British story should impart
The warmest feelings to each British heart.

§ 42. *Prologue to the School for Lovers.* 1762. *Written and Spoken by Mr.* GARRICK.

SUCCESS makes people vain—the maxim's true,
We all confess it, and not over-new.
The veriest clown, who stumps along the streets,
And doffs his hat to each grave cit he meets,
Some twelve months hence, bedaub'd with livery lace,
Shall thrust his saucy flambeau in your face.
Not so our bard—though twice your kind applause
Has, on this fickle spot, espous'd his cause;
He owns with gratitude th' obliging debt;
Has twice been favor'd, and is modest yet.
Your giant wits, like those of old, may climb
Olympus-high, and step o'er space and time;
May stride, with seven-league boots, from shore to shore,
And, nobly by transgressing, charm ye more.
Alas! our author dares not laugh at schools—
Plain sense confines his humbler muse to rules:
He shifts no scene: But here I stopp'd him short—
"Not change your scenes?" said I—"I'm sorry for't:
My constant friends above, around, below,
Have English tastes, and love both change and show: [flat,
Without such aid even Shakspeare would be
Our crowded pantomimes are proofs of that.
What eager transport starts from ev'ry eye,
When pulleys rattle, and our genii fly!
When tin cascades, like falling waters, gleam,
Or through the canvass bursts the real stream;
While thirsty Islington laments, in vain,
Half her New-river roll'd to Drury-Lane!
Lord, sir!" said I, "for gallery, boxes, pit,
I'll back my Harlequin against your wit."
Yet still the author, anxious for his play,
Shook his wise head—"What will the critics say?"
"As usual, sir—abuse you all they can!"
"And what the ladies?"—"He's a charming man!
A charming piece!—one scarce knows what it means; [scenes!"
But that's no matter—when there's such sweet
Still he persists—and let him—*entre nous*—
I know your tastes, and will indulge 'em too.
Change you shall have: so set your hearts at ease:
Write as *he* will, we'll act it—as *you* please.

§ 43. *Prologue upon Prologues, to the Deuce is in Him. Spoken by Mr. King.* GARRICK.

And egad it will do for any other Play as well as this. *Bayes.*

AN old, trite proverb let me quote:
"As is your cloth, so cut your coat."
To suit our author, and his farce,
Short let me be, for wit is scarce;
Nor would I show it, had I any:
The reasons why are strong and many.
Should I have wit, the piece has none;
A flash in pan with empty gun,
The piece is sure to be undone.
A tavern with a gaudy sign,
Whose bush is better than the wine,
May cheat you once—Will that device,
Neat as imported, cheat you twice?
'Tis wrong to raise your expectations:
Poets, be dull in dedications!
Dulness in these to wit prefer—
But there, indeed, you seldom err.
In prologues, prefaces, be flat!
A silver button spoils your hat.
A threadbare coat might jokes escape,
Did not the blockheads lace the cape.
A case in point to this before ye;
Allow me, pray, to tell a story.
"To turn the penny, once a wit
Upon a curious fancy hit,
Hung out a board, on which he boasted,
Dinner for three-pence, boil'd and roasted.
The hungry read, and in they trip,
With eager eye, and smacking lip—
'Here, bring this boil'd and roasted, pray,'—
Enter potatoes, dress'd each way!
All star'd and rose, the house forsook,
And damn'd the dinner—kick'd the cook.
My landlord found, poor Patrick Kelly!
There was no joking with the belly."
These facts laid down, then thus I reason,
Wit in a prologue's out of season.
Yet still will you for jokes sit watching,
Like Cock-lane folks for Fanny's scratching.
And here my simile's so fit,
For prologues are but ghosts of wit;
Which mean to show their art and skill,
And scratch you to their author's will.
In short, for reasons great and small,
'Tis better to have none at all.
Prologues and ghosts!—a paltry trade:
So let 'em both at once be laid!
Say but the word—give your commands,
We'll tie our prologue-monger's hands:
Confine these culprits, bind 'em tight,
[*Holding up his hands.*
Nor girl can scratch, nor fools can write.

§ 44. *Mr. Foote's Address to the Public, after a Prosecution against him for a Libel.* 1764. FOOTE.

HUSH! let me search before I speak aloud—
Is no informer skulking in the crowd,
With art laconic noting all that's said,
Malice at heart, indictments in his head;
Prepar'd to level all the legal war,
And rouse the clamorous legions of the bar?
Is there none such?—Not one:—then, *entre nous*,
I will a tale unfold, though strange, yet true;
The application must be made by you.

At Athens once, fair queen of arms and arts,
There dwelt a citizen of moderate parts;*
Precise his manner, and demure his looks,
His mind unletter'd, though he dealt in books;
Amorous, though old; though dull, lov'd repartee;
And penn'd a paragraph most daintily:
He aim'd at purity in all he said,
And never once omitted *eth* or *ed;*
In *hath*, and *doth*, was rarely known to fail,
Himself the hero of each little tale;
With wits and lords this man was much delighted,
And once (it has been said) was near being knighted.
One Aristophanes (a wicked wit,
Who never heeded grace in what he writ)
Had mark'd the manners of this Grecian sage,
And, thinking him a subject for the stage,
Had from the lumber cull'd, with curious care,
His voice, his looks, his gesture, gait, and air,
His affectation, consequence, and mien,
And boldly launch'd him on the comic scene.
Loud peals of plaudits through the circle ran,
All felt the satire, for all knew the man.
Then Peter,—*Petros* was his classic name,—
Fearing the loss of dignity and fame,
To a grave lawyer in a hurry flies,
Opens his purse, and begs his best advice.
The fee secur'd, the lawyer strokes his band,
"The case you put I fully understand;
The thing is plain from *Cocos's* reports,
For rules of poetry a'n't rules of courts:
A libel this—I'll make the mummer know it."—
A Grecian constable took up the poet,
Restrain'd the sallies of his laughing muse,
Call'd harmless humor scandalous abuse:
The bard appeal'd from this severe decree,
Th' indulgent public set the pris'ner free:
Greece was to him what Dublin is to me.

§ 45. *Prologue to the Clandestine Marriage.* 1766. GARRICK.

POETS and Painters, who from nature draw
Their best and richest stores, have made this law,
That each should, neighborly, assist his brother,
And steal, with decency, from one another.
To-night, your matchless Hogarth gives the thought,
Which from the canvass to the stage is brought;
And who so fit to warm the poet's mind,
As he who pictur'd morals and mankind?
But not the same their characters and scenes;
Both labor for one end by diff'rent means;
Each, as it suits him, takes a sep'rate road,
Their one great object, marriage à-la-mode;
Where titles deign with cits to have and hold,
And change rich blood for more substantial gold!
And honor'd trade from int'rest turns aside,
To hazard happiness for titled pride.
The painter dead, yet still he charms the eye;
While England lives, his fame can never die:
But he who struts his hour upon the stage
Can scarce extend his fame for half an age;
Nor pen nor pencil can the actor save—
The art and artist share one common grave.
O let me drop one tributary tear,
On poor Jack Falstaff's grave and Juliet's [bier!†
You to their worth must testimony give;
'Tis in your hearts alone their fame can live;
Still as the scenes of life will shift away,
The strong impressions of their art decay.
Your children cannot feel what you have known; [own.
They'll boast of Quins and Cibbers of their
The greatest glory of our happy few,
Is to be felt, and be approv'd by you.

§ 46. *Epilogue to the English Merchant.* 1767. GARRICK.

Enter Lady Alton [*Mrs. Abington*] *in a passion; Spatter* [*Mr. King*] *following.*

L. Alton. I'LL hear no more, thou wretch!
Spatter. Attend to reason!
L. Alton. A woman of my rank, 'tis petty-treason!
Hear reason, blockhead! Reason! what is that?
Bid me wear pattens and a high-crown'd hat!
Won't you begone? What, won't you? What's your view? [you.—
Spatter. Humbly to serve the tuneful nine in
L. Alton. I renounce such things;
Not Phœbus now, but vengeance, sweeps the strings:
My mind is discord all! I scorn, detest
All human kind—you more than all the rest.
Spatter. I humbly thank you, Ma'am—but weigh the matter.
L. Alton. I won't hear reason! and I hate you, Spatter!
Myself, and ev'ry thing.
Spatter. That I deny;
You love a little mischief, so do I;
And mischief I have for you.
L. Alton. How? where? when?
Will you stab Falbridge?
Spatter. Yes, Ma'am—with my pen.
L. Alton. Let loose, my Spatter, till to death you've stung 'em,
That green-eyed monster, jealousy, among 'em.
Spatter. To dash at all, the spirit of my trade is, [ladies.
Men, women, children, parsons, lords, and
There will be danger.
L. Alton. And there shall be pay—
Take my purse, Spatter! [*Gives it him.*
Spatter. In an honest way.
[*Smiles, and takes it.*
L. Alton. Should my lord beat you—
Spatter. Let them laugh that win.
For all my bruises here's gold beater's skin.
[*Chinking the purse.*
L. Alton. Nay, should he kill you!
Spatter. Ma'am?
L. Alton. My kindness meant
To pay your merit with a monument!

* George Faulkner, bookseller.

† Mr. Quin and Mrs. Cibber both died a little before.

Spatter. Your kindness, lady, takes away my breath : [death.
We'll stop, with your good leave, on this side
L. Alton. Attack Amelia, both in verse and
Your wit can make a nettle of a rose. [prose,
Spatter. A stinging-nettle for his lordship's breast :
And to my stars and dashes leave the rest.
I'll make them miserable, never fear ;
Pout in a month, and part in half a year.
I know my genius, and can trust my plan ;
I'll break a woman's heart with any man.
L. Alton. Thanks, thanks, dear Spatter ! be severe and bold ! [purse of gold.
Spatter. No qualms of conscience with a
Though pill'ries threaten, and though crab-sticks fall, [all."
Yours are my heart, soul, pen, ears, bones, and
[*Exit Spatter.*

Lady Alton alone.

Thus to the winds at once my cares I scatter—
O, 'tis a charming rascal, this same Spatter !
His precious mischief makes the storm subside !
My anger, thank my stars ! all rose from pride ;
Pride should belong to us alone of fashion ;
And let the mob take love, that vulgar passion.
Love, pity, tenderness, are only made
For poets, Abigails, and folks in trade.
Some cits about their feelings make a fuss,
And some are better bred—who live with us.
How low lord Falbridge is !—He takes a wife,
To love, and cherish, and be fix'd for life !
Thinks marriage is a comfortable state,
No pleasure like a *vartuous tête-à-tête !*
Do our lords justice, for I would not wrong 'em,
There are not many such poor souls among 'em.
Our turtles from the town will fly with speed,
And I'll foretell the vulgar life they'll lead.
With love and ease grown fat, they face all weather, [ther :
And, farmers both, trudge arm in arm toge-
Now view their stock, now in their nursery prattle,
For ever with their children or their cattle.
Like the dull mill-horse in one round they keep ;
They walk, talk, fondle, dine and fall asleep ;
" Their custom always in the afternoon—"
He bright as Sol, and she the chaste full moon !
Wak'd with her coffee, Madam first begins,
She rubs her eyes, his lordship rubs his shins ;
She sips and smirks—" Next week's our wedding-day,
Married seven years !—and every hour more gay !" [*Yawns.*
" True, Emmy," cries my lord, " the blessing
Our hearts in ev'ry thing so sympathise !" [lies,
[*Yawns.*
The day thus spent, my lord for music calls ;
He thrums the base, to which my lady squalls ;
The children join, which so delight these ninnies,
The brats seem all Guaduccies, Lovatinis.—
What means this qualm ?—Why, sure, while I'm despising,
That vulgar passion, Envy, is not rising !
O no !—Contempt is struggling to burst out—
I'll give it vent at Lady Scalp'em's *rout.*
[*Exit hastily.*

§ 47. *Epilogue to Zenobia.* 1768. *Spoken by Mrs. Abington.* GARRICK.

[*She peeps through the curtain.*
How do you all, good folks ?—In tears, for certain ;
I'll only take a peep behind the curtain :
You're all so full of tragedy and sadness,
For me to come among you would be madness !
This is no time for giggling—when you've leisure,
Call out for me, and I'll attend your pleasure ;
As soldiers hurry at the beat of drum,
Beat but your hands, that instant I will come.
[*She enters upon their clapping.*
This is so good ! to call me out so soon—
The Comic Muse by me entreats a boon ;
She call'd for Pritchard, her first maid of honor,
And begg'd of her to take the task upon her ;
But she, I am sure you'll all be sorry for't,
Resigns her place, and soon retires from court :
To bear this loss we courtiers make a shift,
When good folks leave us, worse may have a lift.
The Comic Muse, whose ev'ry smile is grace,
And her stage sister, with her tragic face,
Have had a quarrel—each has writ a case ;
And on their friends assembled now I wait,
To give you of their diff'rence a true state.
Melpomene complains, when she appears,
For five good acts, in all her pomp of tears,
To raise your souls, and with your raptures wing 'em,
Nay, wet your handkerchiefs, that you may wring 'em—
Some flippant hussy, like myself, comes in ;
Crack goes her fan, and with a giggling grin,
" Hey ! Presto ! pass !"—all topsy-turvy see,
For " ho, ho, ho !" is chang'd to " he, he, he !"
We own'd the fault, but 'tis a fault in vogue ;
'Tis theirs who call and bawl for—Epilogue ;
O, shame upon you !—for the time to come,
Know better, and go miserable home.
What says our comic goddess ?——With reproaches,
She vows her sister Tragedy encroaches !
And, spite of all her virtue and ambition,
Is known to have an amorous disposition !
For in False Delicacy—wondrous sly,
Join'd with a certain Irishman—O fie !
She made you, when you ought to laugh, to cry.
Her sister's smiles with tears she tried to smother,
Rais'd such a tragi-comic kind of pother,
You laugh'd with one eye, while you cried with t'other. [scenes !
What can be done ?—sad work behind the
There comic females scold with tragic queens ;

Each party diff'rent ways the foe assails,
These shake the daggers, those prepare their nails.
'Tis you alone must calm these dire mishaps,
Or we shall still continue pulling caps.
What is your will?—I read it in your faces
That all hereafter take their proper places,
Shake hands, and kiss, be friends, and burn their cases.

§ 48. *Epilogue spoken by Mrs. Pritchard, on her quitting the Stage.* 1768. GARRICK.

THE curtain dropt—my mimic life is past,
That scene of sleep and terror* was my last.
Could I in such a scene my exit make,
When every real feeling is awake?
Which beating here, superior to all art,
Bursts in full tides from a most grateful heart.
I now appear myself, distress'd, dismay'd,
More than in all the characters I've play'd;
In acted passion, tears may SEEM to flow,
"But I have that within that passeth show."
Before I go, and this lov'd spot forsake,
What gratitude can give, my wishes, take:
Upon your hearts may no affliction prey,
Which cannot by the stage be chas'd away;
And may the stage, to please each virtuous mind,
Grow ev'ry day more moral, more refin'd,
Refin'd from grossness, not by foreign skill:
Weed out the poison, but be English still!
To all my brethren whom I leave behind,
Still may your bounty, as to me, be kind;
To me for many years your favors flow'd,
Humbly receiv'd—on small desert bestow'd:
For which I feel—what cannot be express'd—
Words are too weak—my tears must speak the rest.

§ 49. *Prologue to the Good-natured Man.* 1768. JOHNSON.

PREST by the load of life the weary mind
Surveys the gen'ral toil of human kind,
With cool submission joins the lab'ring train,
And social sorrow loses half its pain:
Our anxious bard without complaint may share
This bustling season's epidemic care;
Like Cæsar's pilot dignified by fate,
Toss'd in one common storm with all the great;
Distress'd alike the statesman and the wit,
When one a Borough courts, and one the Pit.
The busy candidates for power and fame
Have hopes, and fears, and wishes just the same:
Disabled both to combat or to fly,
Must hear all taunts, and hear without reply.
Uncheck'd on both loud rabbles vent their rage,
As mongrels bay the lion in a cage.
The offended burgess hoards his angry tale,
For that bless'd year when all that vote may rail;
Their schemes of spite the poet's foes dismiss,
Till that glad night when all that hate may hiss.

"This day the powder'd curls and golden coat," [vote."
Says swelling Crispin, "begg'd a cobbler's
"This night our wit," the pert apprentice cries,
"Lies at my feet; I hiss him, and he dies."
The great, 'tis true, can charm the electing tribe;
The bard may supplicate, but cannot bribe.
Yet judg'd by those whose voices ne'er were
He feels no want of all-persuading gold; [sold,
But confident of praise, if praise be due,
Trusts without fear to merit and to you.

§ 50. *Scrub's Trip to the Jubilee.* 1769. *Spoken by Mr. Weston.*

FROM Stratford arriv'd—piping hot—gentlefolks, [jokes,
From the rarest of shows, and most wonderful
Your simple acquaintance, Scrub, comes to declare, [fair;
'Twas fuller, by far, than our Lichfield great
Such crowds of fine ladies serenading and singing,
Such firing of loud patereroes, and ringing—
To tell it in London, must seem all a fable;
And yet I will tell it—as well as I'm able.
First, something in lingo of schools call'd an ode;
All critics, they told me, allow'd very good:
One said—you may take it for truth, I assure ye, [Drury,
'Twas made by the little great man of Old
By my brother *Martin*, for whose sake, (d'ye hear?) [peare;*
This night I'd a mind for a touch at Shaks-
But, honestly speaking, I take more delight in
A bit of good fun, than drums, trumpets, and fighting.
The procession, 'twas said, would have been a fine train,
But could not move forward—O la—for the rain—
Such tragical, comical folks, and so fine—
What pity it was that the sun did not shine!
Since ladies, and baronets, aldermen, squires,
All went to this Jubilee full of desires,
In crowds, as they go for to see a new play;
And when it was done—why, they all came away!
Don't let me forget—a main part of the show,
Was long-tail'd fine comets, by fam'd Angelo.
Some turtle I got, which they call'd *paspapee;*
But honest roast beef's the best turtle for me.
I hate all ragouts; and, like a bold Briton,
Prefer good plum pudding to aught I e'er bit on.
I drank too (and now I a poet may be)
From a charming fine cup of the mulberry-tree,
To bed I must go—for which, like a ninny,
I paid, like my betters, no less than a guinea,
For rolling—not sleeping—in linen so damp,
As struck my great toe, ever since, with the cramp.

* The last scene of Lady Macbeth.

* This alludes to Mr. Weston's design of playing Richard.

Thus fleec'd—in my pocket I felt a great smarting,
Yet griev'd not when I and the splinters were parting, [brother *Martin*.
'Twas worth ten times more to hear sweet
He spoke, 'till poor Scrub was just fit with one eye
To laugh, while the other was ready to cry;
Which makes me now tell you, without any brag, [wag.
He's a second to none but the Warwickshire
The Jubilee over, I came to this place,
To tell you my story, and sue for your grace:
You never refus'd it—yet never before, [more.
With granting such kindness, bound gratitude
I live but to own, with a diligent spirit,
Your favors have ever outrun my slight merit.

§ 51. *Prologue to Doctor Last in his Chariot.* 1769. *Spoken by Mr. Foote.* GARRICK.

YOUR servant, kind masters, from bottom to top, [mean hop;
Be assur'd while I breathe, or can stand—I
Be you pleased to smile, or be pleased to grumble, [humble.
Be whatever you please, I am still your most
As to laugh is a right only given to man,
To keep up that right is my pride and my plan.
Fair ladies, don't frown; I meant woman too:
What's common to man, must be common to you.
You all have a right your sweet muscles to curl,
From the old smirking prude to the titt'ring young girl;
And ever with pleasure my brains I could spin,
To make you all giggle, and you, ye gods, grin.
In this present summer, as well as the past,
To your favor again we present Dr. Last,
Who, by wonderful feats, in the papers recounted, [ed.
From trudging on foot to his chariot is mount-
Amongst the old Britons when war was begun,
Charioteers would slay ten, while the foot could slay one. [sent,
So when doctors on wheels with despatches are
Mortality bills rise a thousand per cent.
But think not to physic that quackery's confin'd; [mankind:
All the world is a stage, and the quacks are
There's trade, law, and state quacks: nay, would we but search,
We should find——Heaven bless us!——some quacks in the church! [race,
The stiff band and stiff bob of the Methodist
Give the balsam of life and the tincture of grace; [good is done 'em,
And their poor wretched patients think much
Though blisters and caustics are ever upon 'em.
As for laws and the state, if quackery's a curse,
Which will make the good bad, and the bad will make worse, [lar brother;
We should point out the quack from the regu-
They are wiser than I who can tell one from t'other!
Can the stage with its bills, puffs, and patients stand trial?
Shall we find out no quacks in the Theatre-Royal? [town,
Some dramatical drugs, that are puff'd on the
Cause many wry faces, and scarce will go down.
Nay, an audience sometimes will in quack'ry delight, [night.
And sweat down an author some pounds in one
To return to our quack—should he, help'd by the weather,
Raise laughter and kind perspiration together;
Should his nostrums of hip and of vapors but cure ye,
His chariot he well can deserve, I assure ye:
'Tis easy to set up a chariot in town,
And easier still is that chariot laid down.
He petitions by me, both as doctor and lover,
That you'll not stop his wheels, or his chariot tip over. [would be,
Fix him well, I beseech you; the worst on't
Should you overturn him, you may overset me.

§ 52. *Prologue to the Jubilee.* 1769. *Spoken by Mr. King in the Character of a Waiter.* GARRICK.

FROM London, your honors, to Stratford I'm come; [Tom:
I'm a waiter, your honors; you know bustling
Who, proud of your orders, and bowing before
Till supper is ready, I'll tell ye a story. [ye,
'Twixt Hounslow and Colnbrook, two houses of fame, [name:
Well known on that road, the two Magpies by
The one of long standing, the other a new one;
This boasts it's the old one, and that it's the true one.
Sure we, the old Magpie, as well as the younger,
May boast that our liquor is clearer and stronger.
Of bragging and puffing you make but a jest;
You taste of us both, and will stick to the best.
A race we have had for your pastime and laughter; [after.
Young Mag started first, with old Mag hopping
'Tis said the old house hath possess'd a receipt
To make a choice mixture of sour, strong, and sweet;
A Jubilee punch, which, right skilfully made,
Ensur'd the old Magpie a good running trade:
But think you we mean to monopolize?—No, no,
We are like brother Ashley, pro publico bono,
Each Magpie, your honors, will pick at his brother, [other.
And their natures were always to crib from each
Young landlords and old ones are taught by their calling [ing.
To laugh at engrossing—but practise forestall-
Our landlords are game-cocks, and fair play but grant 'em, [tam.
I'll warrant you pastime from each little ban-
Let's return to the punch—I hope from my soul,
That now the old Magpie may sell you a bowl.
We have all sorts and sizes, a quick trade to drive, [five:
As one shilling, two shilling, three shilling,

In this town of Stratford we'll have each ingredient,
Beside a kind welcome from me, your obedient.
I'll now squeeze my fruit, put sugar and rum in, [coming, a coming, a coming!
And be back in a moment. [*Bell rings*] A

§ 53. *Prologue to the Christmas Tale.* 1774. GARRICK.

[*Music plays, and enter several persons with different kinds of dishes. Enter Mr. Palmer in the Character of Christmas.*

Go on—prepare my bounty for my friends,
And see that Mirth, with all her crew, attends.
To the Audience.
Behold a personage, well known to fame,
Once lov'd and honor'd——Christmas is my name!
My officers of state my taste display;
Cooks, scullions, pastry-cooks, prepare my way;
Holly and ivy round me honors spread,
And my retinue show—I'm not ill fed;
Minc'd pies, by way of belt, my breast divide,
And a large carving-knife adorns my side,
'Tis no fop's weapon, 'twill be often drawn:
This turban for my head—is collar'd brawn.
Though old, and white my locks, my cheeks are cherry; [merry,
Warm'd by good fires, good cheer, I'm always
With carol, fiddle, dance, and pleasant tale,
Jest, gibe, prank, gambol, mummery, and ale,
I English hearts rejoic'd in days of yore;
For new strange modes, imported by the score,
You will not sure turn Christmas out of door!
Suppose yourselves well seated by a fire,
(Stuck close, you seem more warm than you desire,)
Old Father Christmas, now in all his glory,
Begs with kind hearts you'll listen to his story;
Clear well your thoughts from politics and spleen,
Hear my tale out, see all that's to be seen,
Take care, my children, that you well behave:
You, sir, in blue, red cape, not quite so grave:
That critic there in black—so stern and thin,
Before you frown, pray let the tale begin——
You in the crimson capuchin, I fear you;
Why, madam, at this time so cross appear you?
Excuse me, pray—I did not see your husband near you.
Don't think, fair ladies, I expect that you
Should hear my tale—you've something else to do;
Nor will our beaux old English fair encourage;
No foreign taste could e'er digest plum porridge.
I have no sauce to quicken lifeless sinners;
My food is meant for honest, hearty grinners.
For you, your spirits with good stomachs bring,
O make the neighb'ring roof with rapture ring:
Open your mouths, pray, swallow every thing!
Critics, beware how you our pranks despise;
Hear well my tale, or you shan't touch my pies;
The proverb change—Be merry but not wise.

§ 54. *Prologue to the Maid of the Oaks.* 1774. *Spoken by Mr. King in the Character of Fame.* GARRICK.

UNLIKE to ancient Fame, all eyes, tongues, ears,
See modern Fame, arm'd cap-a-pie, appears,
In legers, chronicles, gazettes, and gazetteers!
My soaring wings are fine election speeches,
And puffs of candidates supply my breeches.
My cap is satire, criticism, wit—
Is there a head that wants it in the pit?
[*Offering it.*
No flowing robe and trumpet me adorn;
I wear a jacket, and I wind a horn.
Pipe, song, and pastoral, for five months past,
Puff'd well by me, have been the general taste.
Now Marybone shines forth to gaping crowds;
Now Highgate glitters from her hill of clouds;
St. George's Fields, with taste and fashion struck,
Display Arcadia at the Dog and Duck:
And Drury misses here, "in tawdry pride,
Are there Pastoras by the fountain side."
To frouzy bow'rs they reel through midnight damps, [lamps.
With Fauns half drunk, and Dryads breaking
Both far and near did this new whimsy run,
One night it frisk'd, forsooth, at Islington.
And now, as for the public bound to cater,
Our manager must have his *fête champêtre.*
How is the weather?—Pretty clear and bright.
[*Looking about.*
A storm's the devil on champêtre night!
Lest it should fall to spoil the author's scenes,
I'll catch this gleam to tell you what he means:
He means a show as brilliant as at Cox's,
Laugh *for* the pit, and may be *at* the boxes;
Song, chorus, frolic, dance, and rural play,
The merry-making of a wedding day.
Whose is the piece?—'Tis all surmise, suggestion— [tion.
Is't his, or hers, or yours, sir? That's the ques-
The parent, bashful, whimsical, or poor,
Left it a puling infant at the door;
'Twas laid on flow'rs, and wrapp'd in fancied cloaks,
And on the breast was written—*Maid o' the Oaks.* [it:
The actors crowded round—the girls caress'd
Lord! the sweet pretty babe!—they prais'd and bless'd it; [dress'd it.
The master peep'd, smil'd, took it in, and
Whate'er its birth, protect it from the curse
Of being smother'd by a parish nurse: [it:
As you're kind, rear it—if you're curious, praise
And ten to one but vanity betrays it.

55. *Prologue spoken by Mr. Yates, on opening a new Theatre, built for him by the Inhabitants of Birmingham.* FOOTE.

FROM fiddling, fretting, monsieur, and sign-
And all the dangers of the Italian shore; [or,
From squeaking monarchs and chromatic queens,
And Metastasio's mix'd and mangled scenes,

Where Fashion, and not Feeling, bears the sway,
Whilst Sense and Nature coyly keep away,
I come.—All hail the consecrated earth,
Whose bounteous bosom gave our Shakspeare birth!
Gave that great master of the scenic art
To feed the fancy, and correct the heart;
To check th' unruly passions' wild career,
And draw from Pity's eye the tender tear;
Of Folly's sons t' explore the ample train,
The sot, the fop, the vicious, and the vain;
Hypocrisy to drag from her disguise,
And Affectation hunt through all her lies:
Such was your bard. Who then can deem the stage
The worthless fav'rite of an idle age?
Or judge that pleasure, with instruction join'd,
Can soil the manners, or corrupt the mind?
Far other thoughts your generous breasts inspire,
Touch'd with a spark of true Promethean fire:
Sure that the Arts with Commerce came to earth,
That the same parents gave those sisters birth,
Cold, creeping Prejudice you dar'd despise,
And bade this temple to the muses rise.
O that my tongue could utter all I feel!
Or that my powers were equal to my zeal!
Placed by your favor, not by right divine,
Th' unworthy high priest of the sacred nine,
No tainted incense should pollute their shrine,
Nor aught be offer'd to the public view,
But what was worthy them—and worthy you.

§ 56. *Prologue to Bon Ton.* 1775. COLMAN.

FASHION in every thing bears sovereign sway,
And words and periwigs have both their day;
Each have their purlieus too, are modish each,
In stated districts, wigs as well as speech,
The Tyburn scratch, thick club, and Temple tie;
The parson's feather-top, frizz'd broad and high;
The coachman's cauliflower, built tiers on tiers;
Differ not more from bags and brigadiers,
Than great St. George's or St. James's styles
From the broad dialect of Broad St. Giles.
What is Bon Ton?—"O, damme!" cries a buck,
Half drunk—"ask me, my dear, and you're in luck:
Bon Ton's to swear, break windows, beat the watch,
Pick up a wench, drink healths, and roar a catch.
Keep it up! keep it up! damme, take your swing!
Bon Ton is life, my boy; Bon Ton's *the thing!*"
"Ah! I loves life, and all the joys it yields,"
Says Madam Fussock, warm from Spitalfields,
"Bon Ton's the space 'twixt Saturday and Monday,
And riding in a one-horse chair o' Sunday!
'Tis drinking tea, on summer afternoons,
At Bagnigge Wells, with china and gilt spoons!
'Tis laying by our stuffs, red cloaks, and pattens,
To dance *cowtillions* all in silks and satins!"
"Vulgar!" cries Miss—"Observe, in higher life,
The feather'd spinster, and thrice feather'd wife:
The Club's Bon Ton. Bon Ton's a constant trade
Of rout, *festino*, ball, and masquerade! [new;
'Tis plays and puppet-shows—'Tis something
'Tis losing thousands every night at *lu!*
Nature it thwarts, and contradicts all reason,
'Tis stiff French stays, and fruit when out of season!
A rose, when half-a-guinea is the price;
A set of bays scarce bigger than six mice:
To visit friends—you never wish to see;
Marriage 'twixt those who never can agree.
Old dowagers, dress'd, painted, patch'd, and curl'd—
'This is Bon Ton, and this we call *the world!*"
"True," says my Lord, "and thou, my only son,
Whate'er your faults, ne'er sin against Bon Ton!
Who toils for learning at a public school,
And digs for Greek and Latin, is a fool.
French, French, my boy, 's the thing! *jasez!* prate, chatter!
Trim be the mode, whipt-syllabub the matter!
Walk like a Frenchman; for, on English pegs
Moves native Awkwardness with two left legs.
Of courtly friendship form a treacherous league,
Seduce men's daughters, with their wives intrigue;
In sightly semicircles round your nails, [fails:
Keep your teeth clean—and grin, if small-talk
But never laugh, whatever jest prevails:
Nothing but nonsense e'er gave laughter birth,
That vulgar way the vulgar show their mirth.
Laughter's a rude convulsion, sense that justles,
Disturbs the cockles, and distorts the muscles.
Hearts may be black, but all should wear clean faces;
The graces, boy! the graces, graces, graces!"
Such is Bon Ton! and walk this city through,
In building, scribbling, fighting, and *virtu*,
And various other shapes, 'twill rise to view:
To-night our Bayes, with bold but careless tints,
Hits off a sketch or two, like Darly's prints.
Should connoisseurs allow his rough draughts strike 'em,
'Twill be Bon Ton to see 'em, and to like 'em.

§ 57. *Prologue to the Rivals.* 1775. SHERIDAN.

Enter Sergeant at Law, and Attorney following, and giving a Paper.

Serg. WHAT's here?—a vile cramp hand! I cannot see
Without my spectacles.
Att. He means his fee.
Nay, Mr. Sergeant, good sir, try again.
[*Gives Money.*
Serg. The scrawl improves—[*more.*] O come, 'tis pretty plain.

Hey! how's this?—Dibble!—sure it cannot be!
A poet's brief! a poet—and a fee! [I know,
Att. Yea, sir! though *you* without reward,
Would gladly plead the muses' cause—
Serg. So, so!
Att. And if the fee offends, your wrath should fall
On me—
Serg. Dear Dibble, no offence at all.
Att. Some sons of Phœbus in the Courts we meet—
Serg. And fifty sons of Phœbus in the Fleet!
Att. Nor pleads he worse, who, with a decent sprig
Of bays, adorns his legal waste of wig.
Serg. Full-bottom'd heroes thus on signs
A leaf of laurel in a grove of curl! [unfurl
Yet tell your client, that, in adverse days,
This wig is warmer than a bush of bays. [ply,
Att. Do you then, sir, my client's place sup-
Profuse of robe, and prodigal of tie—
Do you, with all those blushing powers of face,
And wonted bashful, hesitating grace,
Rise in the Court, and flourish on the case.
[*Exit.*
Serg. For practice, then, suppose—this brief will show it—
Me, Sergeant Woodward—counsel for the poet.
Us'd to the ground—I know 'tis hard to deal
With this dread *Court*, from whence there's *no appeal;*
No *tricking* here to blunt the edge of *law*,
Or damn'd in *equity*—escape by *flaw;* [main;
But, *judgment* given—*your sentence* must remNo *writ of error* lies—to *Drury-Lane!*
Yet, when so kind you seem, 'tis past dispute
We gain some favor, if not *costs of suit.*
No spleen is here! I see no hoarded fury;
I think I never fac'd a milder jury! [portation,
Sad else our plight!—where frowns are trans-
A hiss the gallows—and a groan damnation!
But such the public candor, without fear
My client waves all *right of challenge* here.
No newsman from *our* session is dismiss'd,
Nor wit nor critic *we* scratch off the list;
His faults can never hurt another's ease,
His crime, at worst—a *bad attempt* to please:
Thus, all respecting, he appeals to all,
And by the general voice will *stand* or *fall.*

§ 58. *Epilogue to the Same.* 1775. SHERIDAN.

LADIES, for *you*—I heard our poet say,
He'd try to coax some *moral* from his play;
"One moral's plain," cried I, "without more
Man's social happiness all rests on us: [fuss;
Through all the drama, whether damn'd or not,
Love gilds the *scene*, and *women* guide the *plot.*
From ev'ry rank obedience is our due:
D'ye doubt?—the world's great stage shall prove it true."
The cit, well skill'd to shun domestic strife,
Will sup abroad; but first—he'll ask his *wife.*
John Trot, his friend, for once will do the same;
But then—he'll just *step home to tell his dame.*
The *surly squire* at noon resolves to rule,
And half the day—Zounds! Madam is a fool!
Convinc'd at night, the vanquish'd victor says,
"Ah, Kate! *you women have such coaxing ways!*"
The *jolly toper* chides each tardy blade,
Till reeling Bacchus calls on Love for aid:
Then with each toast he sees fair bumpers swim,
And kisses Chloe on the sparkling brim!
Nay, I have heard that statesmen, great and wise,
Will *sometimes* counsel with a lady's eyes;
The servile suitors watch her various face,
She smiles preferment—or she frowns disgrace,
Curt'sies a pension here—there nods a place.
Nor with less awe, in scenes of humbler life,
Is *view'd* the *mistress*, or is *heard* the *wife.*
The poorest peasant of the poorest soil,
The child of poverty, and heir to toil,
Early from radiant love's impartial light
Steals one small spark to cheer his world of night;
Dear spark! that oft, through winter's chilling woes,
Is all the warmth his little cottage knows!
The wand'ring *tar*, who not for *years* has press'd
The widow'd partner of his *day* of rest,
On the cold deck, far from her arms remov'd,
Still hums the ditty which his Susan lov'd:
And, while around the cadence rude is blown,
The boatswain whistles in a softer tone.
The *soldier*, fairly proud of wounds and toil,
Pants for the *triumph* of his Nancy's smile;
But ere the battle, should he list her cries,
The lover trembles—and the hero dies!
That heart, by war and honor steel'd to fear,
Droops on a sigh, and sickens at a tear!
But ye, more cautious—ye, nice-judging few,
Who give to beauty only beauty's due,
Though friends to love—*ye* view with deep regret
Our conquests marr'd, and triumphs incomplete,
Till polish'd wit more lasting charms disclose,
And judgment fix the darts which beauty throws.
In female breasts did sense and merit rule,
The lover's mind would ask no other school;
Sham'd into sense—the scholars of our eyes,
Our beaux from *gallantry* would soon be wise;
Would gladly light, their homage to improve,
The lamp of knowledge at the torch of love!

§ 59. *Epilogue to Edward and Eleonora.* 1775. SHERIDAN.

YE wedded critics, [*To the Pit.*] who have mark'd our tale,
How say you? does our plot in *nature* fail?
May we not boast that many a *modern* wife
Would lose her own, to save a *husband's* life?
Would gladly die—O monstrous and ill bred!
There's not a husband here but shakes his head!

But you, my gall'ry friends— [*First Gallery.*] come, what say you?
Your wives are with you—shake their noddles too!
Above there—hey, lads! [*Upper Gallery.*] You'll not treat us so—
You side with *us?*—They grin and grumble *No!*
Yet hold—though these plain folks traduce their doxies,
Sure we have *Eleonoras* in the *boxes!*
Inhuman beaux!—why that ill-natur'd sneer?
What, then, you think there's no such idiot here? [know,
There are, no doubt, though rare to find, I
Who could lose husbands, yet survive the blow.
Two years a wife—view Lesbia, sobbing, crying;
Her chair is waiting, but my lord is dying:
Preparing for the worst, she tells her maid
To countermand her points and new brocade;
"For, Oh! if I should lose the *best of men,*
Heaven knows when I shall see the *Club* again.
So, Lappet, should he die when I am out,
You'll send for me at Lady Basto's rout:
The doctor said he might hold out till three,
But I ha'n't spirits for the *Coterie!*" [fever,
Now change the scene—place madam in the
My lord, for comfort, at the *Sçavoir Vivre;*
His valet enters—shakes his meager head—
"Chapeau, what news?"—"Ah! sir, my lady's dead." [sick!—
"The deuce!—'tis sudden, faith—but four days
Well, seven's the main—(poor Kate!)—eleven's a nick."
But hence reflections on a senseless train,
Who, lost to real joy, should feel no pain!
'Mongst Britain's daughters still can Hymen's light
Reveal the love which charm'd your hearts to-night; [fer,
Show beauteous martyrs, who would each pre-
To die for *him,* who long has liv'd for *her;*
Domestic heroines, who, with fondest care,
Outsmile a husband's griefs, or claim a share;
Search where the rankling evils most abound,
And heal with cherub-lip the poison'd wound.
Nay, such bright virtues in a royal mind,
Were not alone to *Edward's* days confin'd;
Still, still they beam around Britannia's throne,
And grace an *Eleonora* of our own.

§ 60. *Prologue to Braganza.* MURPHY.

WHILE, in these days of sentiment and grace,
Poor Comedy, in tears, resigns her place,
And, smit with novels full of maxims crude,
She that was frolic once now turns a prude;
To her great end the Tragic Muse aspires,
At Athens born, and faithful to her sires.
The comic sister in hysteric fit,
You'd swear, has lost her memory of wit;
Folly for her may now exult on high;
Feather'd by ridicule, no arrows fly;
But, if you are distress'd, she's sure to cry.
She that could jig, and nick-name all Heaven's creatures, [tures;
With sorrows, not her own, deforms her fea-
With stale reflections keeps a constant pother;
Greece gave her one face, and she makes another—
So very pious, and so full of woe,
You well may bid her, "To a nunnery go."
Not so Melpomene; to nature true,
She holds her own great principle in view.
She, from the first, when men her power confess'd,
When grief and terror seiz'd the tortur'd breast,
She made, to strike her moral to the mind,
The stage the great tribunal of mankind.
Hither the worthies of each clime she draws,
Who founded states, or rescued dying laws;
Who, in base times, a life of glory led,
And for their country who have toil'd or bled,
Hither they come—again they breathe, they live,
And virtue's meed through every age receive.
Hither the murd'rer comes, with ghastly mien, [scene.
And the fiend conscience hunts him o'er the
None are exempted; all must re-appear,
And even kings attend for judgment here;
Here find the day, when they their power abuse,
Is a scene furnish'd to the tragic muse.
Such is her art; weaken'd perhaps at length,
And, while she aims at beauty, losing strength.
Oh! when, resuming all her native rage,
Shall her true energy alarm the stage?
This night a bard—(our hopes may rise too high—
'Tis yours to judge, 'tis yours the cause to try:)
This night a bard, as yet unknown to fame,
Once more, we hope, will rouse a genuine flame. [rule:
His no French play—tame, polish'd, dull by
Vigorous he comes, and warm from Shakspeare's school.
Inspir'd by him, he shows in glaring light
A nation struggling with tyrannic might;
Oppression rushing on with giant strides;
A deep conspiracy, which virtue guides;
Heroes, for freedom who dare strike the blow,
A tablature of honor, guilt, and woe.
If on his canvass nature's colors shine, [sign.
You'll praise the hand that trac'd the just de-

§ 61. *Epilogue by Mr.* GARRICK *on quitting the Stage, June,* 1776.

A VETERAN see! whose last act on the stage
Entreats your smiles for sickness and for age;
Their cause I plead—plead it in heart and mind;
A fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind:
Might we but hope your zeal would not be less,
When I am gone, to patronise distress,
That hope obtain'd the wish'd-for end secures,
To soothe their cares who oft have lighten'd yours.
Shall the great heroes of celestial line, [wine,
Who drank full bowls of Greek and Roman

Cæsar and Brutus, Agamemnon, Hector,
Nay, Jove himself, who here has quaff'd his nectar!
Shall they who govern Fortune, cringe and court her,
Thirst in their age, and call in vain for porter?
Like Belisarius tax the pitying street
With *date obolum* to all they meet? [gore;
Sha'n't I, who oft have drench'd my hands in
Stabb'd many, poison'd some, beheaded more;
Who numbers slew in battle on this plain—
Sha'n't I, the slayer, try to feed the slain?
Brother to all, with equal love I view
The men who slew me, and the men I slew:
I must, I will this happy project seize,
That those too old to die may live with ease.
Suppose the babes, I smother'd in the Tow'r,
By chance, or sickness, lose their acting-pow'r,
Shall they, once princes, worse than all be serv'd— [starv'd?
In childhood murder'd, and, when murder'd,
Matrons half-ravish'd for your recreation,
In age should never want some consolation.
Can I, young Hamlet once, to nature lost,
Behold, O, horrible! my father's ghost,
With grisly beard, pale cheek, stalk up and down,
And he, the royal Dane, want half a crown?
Forbid it, ladies! gentlemen, forbid it!
Give joy to age, and let 'em say—you did it.
To you, ye gods! [*to the Upper Gallery.*] I make my last appeal;
You have a right to judge, as well as feel;
Will your high wisdoms to our scheme incline,
That kings, queens, heroes, gods, and ghosts may dine?
Olympus shakes!—that omen all secures;
May every joy you give be tenfold yours!

§ 62. *Prologue to the Capuchin.* 1776. *Spoken by Mr. Foote.* COLMAN.

CRITICS, whene'er I write, in ev'ry scene
Discover meanings that I never mean;
Whatever character I bring to view,
I am the father of the child, 'tis true,
But ev'ry babe his christ'ning owes to you.
"The comic poet's eye, with humorous air
Glancing from Watling-Street to Grosvenor-Square,
He bodies forth a light, ideal train,
And turns to shape the phantoms of his brain:
Meanwhile your fancy takes more partial aim,
And gives to airy nothing place and name."
A limner once, in want of work, went down
To try his fortune in a country town:
The wagon, loaded with his goods, convey'd
To the same spot his whole dead stock in trade,
Originals and copies—ready made.
To the new painter all the country came;
Lord, lady, doctor, lawyer, squire and dame,
The humble curate, and the curate's wife,
All ask a likeness—taken from the life.
Behold the canvass on the easel stand!
A pallet grac'd his thumb, and brushes fill'd his hand:
But, ah! the painter's skill they little knew,
Nor by what curious rules of art he drew.
The wagon-load unpack'd, his ancient store
Furnish'd for each a face drawn long before,
God, dame, or hero, of the days of yore.
The Cæsars, with a little alteration,
Were turn'd into the mayor and corporation:
To represent the rector and the dean,
He added wigs and bands to Prince Eugene:
The ladies, blooming all, deriv'd their faces
From Charles the Second's beauties, and the Graces.
Thus done, and circled in a splendid frame,
His works adorn'd each room, and spread his fame;
The countrymen of taste admire and stare,
"My lady's leer! Sir John's majestic air!
Miss Dimple's languish too!—extremely like!
And in the style and manner of Vandyke!
Oh! this new limner's pictures always strike!"
Old, young; fat, lean; dark, fair; or big or little,
"The very man or woman to a tittle!"
Foote and this limner in some points agree,
And thus, good sirs, you often deal by me.
When, by the royal license and protection,
I show my small academy's collection,
The connoisseur takes out his glass to pry
Into each picture with a curious eye;
Turns topsy-turvy my whole composition,
And makes mere portraits all my exhibition.
But still the copy's so exact, you say;
Alas! the same thing happens ev'ry day!
How many a modish, well-dress'd fop you meet,
Exactly suits his shape in Monmouth-Street;
In Yorkshire warehouses and Cranbourn-Alley,
'Tis wonderful how shoes and feet will tally!
As honest Crispin understands his trade,
On the true human scale his lasts are made,
The measure of each sex and age to hit,
And ev'ry shoe, as if bespoke, will fit.
My warehouse thus, for nature's walks supplies
Shoes for all ranks, and lasts of ev'ry size.
Sit still, and try them, sirs—I long to please ye—
How well they fit! I hope you find them easy:
If the shoe pinches, swear you cannot bear it:
But if well-made—I wish you health to wear it.

§ 63. *Epilogue to the Runaway.* 1776. GARRICK.

POSTHASTE from Italy arrives my lover!
Shall I to you, good friends, my fears discover?
Should foreign modes his virtues mar and mangle,
And *caro sposo* prove—Sir Dingle Dangle;
No sooner join'd than separate we go;
Abroad—we never shall each other know,
At home—I mope above—he'll pick his teeth below.
In sweet domestic chat we ne'er shall mingle,
And, wedded though I am, shall still live single.
However modish, I detest this plan;
For me no mawkish creature, weak and wan;
He must be English—and an English *man*.

To nature and his country false and blind,
Should Belville dare to twist his form and mind,
I will discard him—and, to Britain true,
A Briton choose—and may be one of you—
Nay, don't be frighten'd; I am but in jest;
Freemen, in love or war, should ne'er be press'd.
If you would know my utmost expectation,
'Tis one unspoil'd by travell'd education;
With knowledge, taste, much kindness, and some whim, [him.
Good sense to govern me—and let me govern
Great love of me must keep his heart from roving;
Then I'll forgive him, if he proves to loving.
If in these times I should be bless'd by fate
With such a phœnix, such a matchless mate,
I will by kindness, and some small discerning,
Take care that Hymen's torch continues burning.
At weddings, now-a-days, the torch, thrown down,
Just makes a smoke, then stinks throughout the town!
No married Puritan, I'll follow pleasure,
And even the fashion—but in moderate measure;
I will of opera ecstasies partake,
Though I take snuff to keep myself awake:
No rampant plumes shall o'er my temples play,
Foretelling that my brains will fly away;
Nor from my head shall strange vagaries spring,
To show the soil can teem with ev'ry thing;
No fruits, roots, greens, shall fill the ample space,
A kitchen-garden to adorn my face!
No rocks shall there be seen, no windmill, fountain;
Nor curls, like guns set round to guard the mountain!
O, learn, ye fair, if this same madness spreads,
Not to hold up, but to keep down your heads!
Be not misled by strange fantastic Art,
But in your dress let Nature take some part:
Her skill alone a lasting pow'r ensures,
And best can ornament such charms as yours.

§ 64. *Epilogue to Semiramis.* 1776.
SHERIDAN.

DISHEVELL'D still, like Asia's bleeding queen,
Shall I with jests deride the tragic scene?
No, beauteous mourners!—from whose downcast eyes
The Muse has drawn her noblest sacrifice!
Whose gentle bosoms, *Pity's altars*, bear
The crystal incense of each falling tear!—
There lives the poet's praise!—no critic art
Can match the comment of a feeling heart!
When gen'ral plaudits speak the fable o'er,
Which mute attention had approv'd before,
Though ruder spirits love th' accustom'd jest
Which chases sorrow from the vulgar breast,
Still hearts refin'd their sadden'd tints retain—
The sigh is pleasure! and the jest is pain!
Scarce have they smiles to honor grace or wit,
Though Roscius spoke the verse himself had writ! [ceive
Thus through the time when vernal fruits re-
The grateful show'rs that hang on April's eve;
Though every coarser stem of forest birth
Throws with the morning-beam its dews to earth,
Ne'er does the gentle *rose* revive so soon—
But, bath'd in nature's tears, it droops till noon.
O, could the Muse one simple moral teach,
From scenes like these, which all who heard might reach!
Thou child of sympathy—whoe'er thou art,
Who with Assyria's queen has wept thy part—
Go search where keener woes demand relief,
Go—while thy heart yet beats with fancied grief—
Thy lip still conscious of the recent sigh,
The graceful tear still lingering in thine eye—
Go—and on real misery bestow
The bless'd effusion of fictitious woe!
So shall our Muse, supreme of all the Nine,
Deserve indeed the title of—*divine!*
Virtue shall own her favor'd from above,
And *Pity* greet her with a sister's love!

§ 65. *Prologue to the School for Scandal.* 1777.
GARRICK.

A SCHOOL for scandal!—Tell me, I beseech you, [you?
Needs there a school this modish art to teach
No need of lessons now—the knowing think—
We might as well be taught to eat and drink.
Caus'd by a dearth of scandal, should the vapors
Distress our fair ones, let them read the papers;
Their powerful mixtures such disorders hit,
Crave what they will, there's *quantum sufficit.*
"Lord!" cries my Lady Wormwood, (who loves tattle,
And puts much salt and pepper in her prattle,)
Just risen at noon, all night at cards when threshing, [freshing!
"Strong tea and scandal—bless me, how re-
Give me the papers, Lisp—how bold and free! [*sips.*] [Lady D.'
'Last night Lord L. [*sips.*] was caught with
For aching heads, what charming *sal volatile*! [*sips.*]
'If Mrs. B. will still continue flirting,
We hope she'll draw, or we'll undraw, the curtain.'—
Fine satire, poz! in public all abuse it!
But, by ourselves, [*sips.*] our praise we can't refuse it.
Now, Lisp, read you—there, at that dash and star."—
"Yes, ma'am—'A certain lord had best beware,
Who lives not twenty miles from Grosvenor-Square;
For, should he Lady W. find willing—
Wormwood is bitter.'"—"O! that's me—the villain!
Throw it behind the fire, and never more
Let that vile paper come within my door."

Thus at our friends we laugh, who feel the dart;
To reach our feelings, we ourselves must smart.
Is our young bard so young, to think that he
Can stop the full spring-tide of calumny?
Knows he the world so little, and its trade?—
Alas! the devil's sooner rais'd than laid.
So strong, so swift, the monster there's no gagging;
Cut Scandal's head off—still the tongue is wagging.
Proud of your smiles, once lavishly bestow'd,
Again our young Don Quixotte takes the road;
To show his gratitude, he draws his pen,
And seeks this hydra, Scandal, in its den;
From his fell gripe the frighted fair to save—
Though he should fail, th' attempt must please the brave.
For your applause, all perils he would through,
He'll fight—that's write—a cavaliero true,
Till ev'ry drop of blood—that's ink—is spilt for you.

§ 66. *Epilogue to the same.* 1777. *Spoken by Mrs. Abington, in the Character of Lady Teazle.* COLMAN.

I, WHO was late so volatile and gay,
Like a trade-wind, must now blow all one way;
Bend all my cares, my studies and my vows,
To one old rusty weather-cock—my spouse:
So wills our virtuous bard!—the pie-bald Bayes
Of crying epilogues and laughing plays.
Old bachelors, who marry smart young wives,
Learn from our play to regulate your lives;
Each bring his dear to town—all faults upon her—
London will prove the very source of honor;
Plung'd fairly in, like a cold bath, it serves,
When principles relax, to brace the nerves.
Such is my case—and yet I must deplore
That the gay dream of dissipation's o'er;
And say, ye fair, was ever lively wife,
Born with a genius for the highest life,
Like me untimely blasted in her bloom?
Like me condemn'd to such a dismal doom?
Save money—when I just knew how to *waste* it!
Leave London—just as I began to taste it!
Must I then watch the early-crowing cock?
The melancholy ticking of a clock?
In the lone rustic hall for ever bounded,
With dogs, cats, rats, and squalling brats surrounded?
With humble curates can I now retire,
(While good Sir Peter boozes with the squire,)
And at backgammon mortify my soul,
That pants for loo, or flutters at a vole?
Seven's the main—dear sound!—that must expire,
Lost at hot-cockles round a Christmas fire!
The transient hour of fashion too soon spent,
"Farewell the tranquil mind, farewell content!
Farewell the *plumed* head—the cushion'd *tête*,
That takes the cushion from his proper seat!
The spirit-stirring drum!—card-drums I mean:
Spadille, odd trick, pam, basto, king, and queen!
And you, ye knockers, that with brazen throat
The welcome visitor's approach denote—
Farewell! all *quality* of high renown,
Pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious town,
Farewell!—your revels I partake no more,
And Lady Teazle's occupation's o'er."
All this I told our bard—he smil'd, and said
'twas clear
I ought to play deep tragedy next year:
Meanwhile he drew wise morals from his play,
And in these solemn periods stalk'd away:
"Bless'd were the fair, like you her faults who stopp'd,
And clos'd her follies when the curtain dropp'd!
No more in vice or error to engage,
Or play the fool at large on life's great stage!"

§ 67. *Prologue to A Word to the Wise, performed for the Benefit of Mr. Kelly's Family.* 1777. JOHNSON.

THIS night presents a play which public rage,
Or right or wrong, once hooted from the stage.*
From zeal or malice now no more we dread,
For English vengeance *wars not with the dead.*
A generous foe regards with pitying eye
The man whom fate has laid where all must lie.
To wit reviving from its author's dust
Be kind, ye judges, or at least be just:
For no renew'd hostilities invade
Th' oblivious grave's inviolable shade.
Let one great payment every claim appease,
And him who cannot hurt allow to please;
To please by scenes unconscious of offence,
By harmless merriment, or useful sense.
Where aught of bright or fair the piece displays,
Approve it only—'tis too late to praise;
If want of skill or want of care appear,
Forbear to hiss—the poet cannot hear:
By all, like him, must praise and blame be found
At best a fleeting gleam, or empty sound.
Yet then shall calm reflections bless the night,
When liberal pity dignified delight;
When pleasure fir'd her torch at virtue's flame,
And mirth was bounty with an humbler name.

§ 68. *Prologue to Sir Thomas Overbury.* 1777. SHERIDAN.

Too long the Muse, attach'd to regal show,
Denies the scene to tales of humbler woe;
Such as were wont, while yet they charm'd the ear,
To steal the plaudit of a silent tear;
When Otway gave domestic grief its part,
And Rowe's familiar sorrows touch'd the heart.
A sceptred traitor, lash'd by vengeful fate,
A bleeding hero, or a falling state,
Are themes (though nobly worth the classic song) [long;
Which feebly claim your sighs, nor claim them
Too great for pity, they inspire respect,
Their deeds astonish, rather than affect;
Proving how rare the heart that woe can move,
Which reason tells us we can never prove.

* Upon the first representation of this play, 1770, it was damned from the violence of party.

Other the scene, where sadly stand confess'd
The private pang that rends the sufferer's breast.
When sorrow sits upon a parent's brow,
When fortune mocks the youthful lover's vow,
All feel the tale—for who so mean but knows
What fathers' sorrows are, what lovers' woes?
On kindred ground our bard his fabric built,
And placed a mirror there for private guilt;
Where, fatal union! will appear combin'd
An angel's form and an abandon'd mind;
Honor attempting passion to reprove,
And friendship struggling with unhallow'd love!
Yet view not, critics, with severe regard,
The orphan offspring of an orphan bard,
Doom'd, whilst he wrote, unpitied to sustain
More real mis'ries than his pen could feign!
Ill-fated Savage! at whose birth was giv'n
No parent but the Muse, no friend but Heaven!
Whose youth no brother knew, with social care
To soothe his suff'rings, or demand to share;
No wedded partner of his mortal woe,
To win his smile at all that fate could do;
While, at his death, nor friend's nor mother's tear
Fell on the track of his deserted bier!
So pleads the tale* that gives to future times
The son's misfortunes, and the parent's crimes;
There shall his fame (if own'd to-night) survive,
Fix'd by the hand that bids our language live!

§ 69. *Prologue to the Princess of Parma.* 1778. CUMBERLAND.

ERE dark November, with his dripping wings,
Shuts out the cheerful face of men and things,
You all can tell how soon the dreary scene
Affects your wives and daughters with the spleen.
Madam begins: "My dear, these odious rains
Will bring on all my old rheumatic pains;
In fifty places it came in last night—
This vile old crazy mansion's such a fright!"
"What's to be done?"—"In very truth, my love,
I think 'twere better for us to remove."
This said, if as it chance that gentle spouse
Bears but a second int'rest in the house,
The bill is pass'd—no sooner said than done—
Up springs the hen-bird, and the covey's gone:
Then hey for London! there the game begins;
Bouquets, and diamond stars, and golden pins,
A thousand freakish wants, a thousand sighs,
A thousand poutings, and ten thousand lies.
Trim, and new-rigg'd, and launch'd for pleasure's gale,
Our madam comes, her goslings at her tail;
Away they scamper to present their faces
At Johnson's citadel, for side-box places.
He to their joint and supplicating moan
Presents a face of brass, a heart of stone;
Or, monarch-like, while their address is stating,
Sends them a "*veto*" by his lord in waiting.

* Life of Richard Savage, by Dr. Samuel Johnson.

Returning thence, the disappointed fleet
Anchors in Tavistock's fantastic street;
There, under folly's colors, gayly rides,
Where humor points, or veering passion guides.
In vain the steward racks, and tenants rave:
Money she wants, and money she will have.
Meanwhile, terrific hangs the unpaid bill,
Long as from Portman-Square to Ludgate-Hill.
The squire, exhausted, in desponding plight
Creeps to his chambers to avoid the sight,
Or at the *Mount* with some old *snarler* chimes
In damning wives, and railing at the times.
Such is the scene!—If, then, we fetch you down
Amusements which endear the smoky town,
And through the peasant's poor but useful hands
We circulate the produce of your lands;
In this voluptuous, dissipated age,
Sure there's some merit in our rural stage.†
Happy the call, nor wholly vain the play,
Which weds you to your acres but a day.

§ 70. *Epilogue to Percy.* 1778. GARRICK.

I MUST, will speak—I hope my dress and air
Announce the man of fashion, not the play'r:
Though gentlemen are now forbid the scenes,
Yet I have rush'd through heroes, kings, and queens:
Resolv'd, in pity to this polish'd age,
To drive these ballad-heroes from the stage—
"To drive the deer with hound and horn,
Earl Percy took his way;
The child may rue that is unborn
The hunting of that day."
A pretty basis truly, for a maudlin play!
What! shall a scribbling, senseless woman, dare
To offer to your tastes such tasteless fare?
Is Douglas, or is Percy, fir'd with passion,
Ready, for love or glory, death to dash on,
Fit company for modern still-life men of fashion? [graze;
Such madness will our hearts but slightly
We've no such frantic nobles now-a-days.
Could we believe old stories, those strange fellows [ous—
Married for love, could of their wives be jeal-
Nay, constant to 'em too—and, what is worse,
The vulgar souls thought cuckoldom a curse!
Most wedded pairs had then one purse, one mind,
One bed too—so preposterously join'd!
From such barbarity (thank Heaven!) we're refin'd.
Old songs at home their happiness record,
From home they sep'rate carriages abhorr'd—
One horse serv'd both—my lady rode behind my lord. [der:
'Twas death alone could snap their bonds asun-
Now tack'd so slightly, not to snap's the wonder.
Nay, death itself could not their hearts divide;
They mix'd their love with monumental pride;
For, cut in stone, they still lay side by side.

† This prologue was spoken at the private theatre of Mr. Hanbury, of Kelmarsh, in Northamptonshire.

But why these Gothic ancestors produce?
Why scour their rusty armors? what's the use?
'Twould not your nicer optics much regale,
To see us beaux bend under coats of mail:
Should we our limbs with iron doublets bruise,
Good Heaven! how much court-plaster we should use!
We wear no armor now—but on our shoes.
Let not with barbarism true taste be blended;
Old, vulgar virtues cannot be defended;
Let the dead rest—we living can't be mended.

§ 71. *Epilogue to Fatal Falsehood.* 1779. SHERIDAN.

UNHAND me, gentlemen! By Heaven, I say,
I'll make a ghost of him who bars my way!
[*Behind the scenes.*
Forth let me come—a poetaster true,
As lean as Envy, and as baneful too;
On the dull audience let me vent my rage,
Or drive these female scribblers from the stage.
For sense or history, we've none but these:
The law of liberty and wit they seize;
In tragic—comic—pastoral—they dare to please.
Each puny bard must surely burst with spite,
To find that women with such fame can write:
But, oh! your partial favor is the cause,
Who feed their follies with such full applause;
Yet still our tribe shall seek to blast their fame,
And ridicule each fair pretender's aim,
Where the dull duties of domestic life
Wage with the muse's toils eternal strife.
What motley cares Corilla's mind perplex,
While maids and metaphors conspire to vex!
In studious dishabille behold her sit,
A letter'd gossip, and a housewife wit;
At once invoking, though for different views,
Her gods, her cook, her milliner, and muse.
Round her strew'd room a frippery chaos lies,
A chequer'd wreck of notable and wise;
Bills, books, caps, couplets, combs, a varied mass,
Oppress the toilet, and obscure the glass;
Unfinish'd here an epigram is laid,
And there a mantua-maker's bill unpaid;
Here new-born plays foretaste the town's applause,
There, dormant patterns lie for future gauze:
A moral essay now is all her care;
A satire next, and then a bill of fare:
A scene she now projects, and now a dish;
Here's act the first—and here—Remove with fish.
Now, while this eye in a fine phrensy rolls,
That, soberly, casts up a bill for coals;
Black pins and daggers in one leaf she sticks,
And tears, and thread, and bowls, and thimbles mix.
Sappho, 'tis true, long vers'd in epic song,
For years esteem'd all household studies wrong;
When, dire mishap! though neither shame nor sin,
Sappho herself, and not her muse, lies in.
The virgin Nine in terror fly the bow'r,
And matron Juno claims despotic pow'r:
Soon Gothic hags the classic pile o'erturn,
A caudle-cup supplants the sacred urn;
Nor books nor implements escape their rage,
They spike the ink-stand, and they rend the page:
Poems and plays one barbarous fate partake;
Ovid and Plautus suffer at the stake;
And Aristotle's only sav'd—to wrap plum-cake.
Yet shall a woman tempt the tragic scene?
And dare—but hold—I must repress my spleen:
I see your hearts are pledg'd to her applause,
While Shakspeare's spirit seems to aid her cause,
Well pleas'd to aid—since o'er his sacred bier
A female hand did ample trophies rear,
And gave the gentlest laurel that is worshipp'd there.

§ 72. *Prologue to the Miniature-Picture.* 1780. SHERIDAN.

CHILL'D by rude gales, while yet reluctant May
Withholds the beauties of the vernal day;
As some fond maid, whom matron-frowns reprove,
Suspends the smile her heart devotes to love;
The season's pleasures, too, delay their hour,
And winter revels with protracted power:
Then blame not, critics, if thus late we bring
A winter's drama; but reproach—the spring.
What prudent cit dares yet the season trust,
Bask in his whisky, and enjoy the dust?
Hous'd in Cheapside, scarce yet the gayer spark
Achieves the Sunday triumph of the Park:
Scarce yet you see him, dreading to be late,
Scour the New-Road, and dash through Grosvenor-Gate.
Anxious—and fearful too—his steed to show,
The hack'd Bucephalus of Rotten-Row,
Careless he seems, yet vigilantly sly,
Woos the stray glance of ladies passing by;
While his off-heel, insidiously aside,
Provokes the caper which he seems to chide.
Scarce rural Kensington due honor gains:
The vulgar verdure of her walk remains,
Where white-rob'd misses amble two by two,
Nodding to booted beaux—"How do, how do?"
With gen'ral questions, that no answer wait,
"How vastly full! A'n't you come vastly late?
Isn't it quite charming? When do you leave town?
An't you quite tir'd? Pray, can we set you down?"
These suburb pleasures of a London May
Imperfect yet, we hail the cold delay:
But if this plea's denied, in our excuse,
Another still remains you can't refuse;
It is a lady writes—and, hark—a noble muse!
But see a critic starting from his bench—
"A noble author!" Yes, sir, but the play's not French;
Yet, if it were, no blame on us could fall;
For we, you know, must follow fashion's call:

And true it is, things lately were in train
To woo the Gallic Muse at Drury-Lane;
Not to import a troop of foreign elves,
But treat you with French actors—in ourselves.
A friend we had, who vow'd he'd make us speak
Pure flippant French—by contract—in a week;
Told us 'twas time to study what was good,
Polish, and leave off being understood:
That crowded audiences we thus might bring
To Monsieur Parsons, and Chevalier King;
Or, should the vulgar grumble now and then,
The prompter might translate—for country gentlemen.
Straight all subscrib'd—kings, gods, mutes, singer, actor;
A Flanders figure-dancer, our contractor.
But here I grieve to own, though 't be to you,
He acted—e'en as most contractors do:
Sold what he never dealt in; and, th' amount
Being first discharg'd, submitted his account.
And what th' event? Their industry was such,
Dodd spoke good Flemish, Bannister bad Dutch:
Then the rogue told us, with insulting ease,
So it was foreign, it was sure to please:
Beaux, wits, applaud, as fashion should command,
And misses laugh—to seem to understand.
So from each clime our soil may something gain; [Spain;
Manhood from Rome, and sprightliness from
Some Russian Roscius next delight the age,
And a Dutch Heinel skate along the stage.
Exotic fopperies, hail! whose flatt'ring smile
Supplants the sterner virtues of our isle!
Thus while with Chinese firs and Indian pines
Our nurs'ries swarm, the British oak declines.
Yet vain our Muse's fear—no foreign laws
We dread, while native beauty pleads our cause;
While you, too, judge, whose smiles are honors higher [inspire.
Than verse should gain, but where those eyes
But if the men presume your power to awe,
Retort their churlish senatorial law:
This is your house—and move—the gentlemen withdraw.
Then they may vote with envy never-ceasing,
Your influence has increas'd and is increasing:
But there, I trust, the resolution's finish'd;
Sure none will say—it ought to be diminish'd.

§ 73. *Epilogue to the same.* 1780. JEKYLL.

THE men, like tyrants of the Turkish kind,
Have long our sex's energy confin'd;
In full-dress black, and bows, and solemn stalk,
Have long monopoliz'd the Prologue's walk.
But still the flippant Epilogue was ours:
It ask'd, for gay support, the female powers;
It ask'd a flirting air, coquet and free,
And so, to murder it, they fix on *me*.
Much they mistake my talents—I was born
To tell, in sobs and sighs, some tale forlorn;
To wet my handkerchief with Juliet's woes;
Or turn to Shore's despair my tragic nose.
Yes, gentlemen, in education's spite,
You still shall find that we can read and write;
Like you, can swell a debt or a debate,
Can quit the card-table to steer the state,
And bid our Belle Assemblée's rhet'ric flow,
To drown your dull declaimers at Soho.
Methinks e'en now I hear my sex's tongues,
The shrill, smart melody of female lungs!
The storm of Question, the division calm,
With "Hear her hear! her! Mrs. Speaker, ma'am!
O, order! order!" Kates and Susans rise,
And Marg'ret moves, and Tabitha replies.
Look to the camp—Coxheath and Warley Common
Supplied, at least, for ev'ry tent a woman;
The cartridge-paper wrapp'd the billet-doux,
The rear and piket form'd the rendezvous;
The drum's stern rattle shook the nuptial bed,
The knapsack pillow'd *Lady Sturgeon's* head:
Love was the watch-word, till the morning fife
Rous'd the tame major and his warlike wife.
Look to the stage—to-night's example draws
A female dramatist to grace the cause—
So fade the triumphs of presumptuous man!
And would you, ladies, but complete my plan,
Here should ye sign some patriot petition
To mend our constitutional condition.
The men invade our rights, the mimic elves
Lisp and nick-name God's creatures like ourselves, [fret,
Rouge more than we do, simper, flounce, and
And they *coquet, good gods! how they coquet!*
They, too, are coy; and, monstrous to relate,
Their's is a coyness in a *tête-à-tête.*
Yes, ladies, yes; *I could a tale unfold,*
Would harrow up your—cushions—were it told; [tum,
Part *your combined curls, and freeze*—poma-
At griefs, and grievances, as I could state 'em.
But *such eternal blazon must not* speak;
Besides, the House adjourns some day next week.
This fair *committee* shall detail the rest,
And then let monsters, if they dare, *protest.*

§ 74. *Prologue to Fatal Curiosity.* 1782. COLMAN.

LONG since, beneath this humble roof, this play,
Wrought by true English genius, saw the day.
Forth from this humble roof it scarce has stray'd;
In prouder theatres 'twas never play'd.
There you have gap'd and doz'd o'er many a piece
Patch'd up from France, or stolen from Rome or Greece,
Or made of shreds from Shakspeare's golden fleece.
There scholars, simple nature cast aside,
Have trick'd their heroes out in classic pride;
No scenes where genuine passion runs to waste,
But all hedg'd in by shrubs of modern taste!
Each tragedy laid out like garden grounds,
One circling gravel marks its narrow bounds.

Lillo's plantations were of *forest* growth—
Shakspeare's the same—great nature's hand in both.
Give me a tale the passions to control,
"Whose slightest word may harrow up the soul!"
A magic potion, of charm'd drugs commix'd,
Where pleasure courts, and honor comes betwixt!
Such are the scenes that we this night renew,
Scenes that your fathers were well-pleas'd to view.
Once we half-paus'd—and, while cold fears prevail,
Strive with faint strokes to soften down the tale;
But soon, attir'd in all its native woes,
The shade of Lillo to our fancy rose: [say—
"Check thy weak hand," it said, or seem'd to
"Nor of its manly vigor rob my play!
From British annals I the story drew,
And British hearts shall *feel*, and *bear* it too.
Pity shall move their souls, in spite of rules;
And terror take no lesson from the schools.
Speak to their *bosoms*, to their *feelings* trust,
You'll find their sentence *generous* and *just*."

§ 75. *Prologue to the Election of Managers.* 1784. COLMAN.

"CURST be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe;
Gives virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-eyed virgin steals a tear!"
Thus sung sweet Pope, the vigorous child of satire; [nature.
Our Bayes less genius boasts, not less good-
No poison'd shaft he darts with partial aim,
Folly and Vice are fair and general game;
No tale he echoes, on no scandal dwells,
Nor plants on one fool's head the cap and bells;
He paints the living manners of the time,
But lays at no man's door reproach or crime.
Yet some, with critic nose, and eye too keen,
Scent double meaning out, and blast each scene:
While squint Suspicion holds her treacherous lamp,
Fear moulds base coin, and Malice gives the stamp.
Falsehood's vile gloss converts the very Bible
To *scandalum magnatum*, and a libel.
Thus once, when sick, Sir Gripus, as we're told,
In grievous usury grown rich and old,
Bought a good book that, on a Christian plan,
Inculcates the Whole Duty of a Man.
To every sin a sinner's name he tack'd,
And through the parish all the vices track'd:
And thus, the comment and the text enlarging,
Crowds all his friends and neighbors in the margin.
Pride was my lord, and drunkenness the squire;
My lady, vanity and loose desire;
Hardness of heart, no misery regarding,
Was overseer; luxury, churchwarden.
All, all he damn'd; and, carrying the farce on,
Made fraud the lawyer, gluttony the parson.
'Tis said, when winds the troubled deep deform,
Pour copious streams of oil, 'twill lay the storm:
Thus here, let mirth and frank good-humor's balm
Make censure mild, scorn kind, and anger calm!
Some wholesome bitter if the bard produces,
'Tis only wormwood to correct the juices.
In this day's contest, where, in colors new,
Three play-house candidates are brought to view,
Our little Bayes encounters some disgrace:
Should you reject him too, I mourn his case—
He can be chosen for no other place.

§ 76. *Prologue to the Jealous Wife.* LLOYD.

THE Jealous Wife—a comedy! poor man!
A charming subject, but a wretched plan.
His skittish wit, o'erleaping the due bound,
Commits flat trespass upon tragic ground.
Quarrels, upbraidings, jealousies, and spleen,
Grow too familiar in the comic scene.
Tinge but the language with heroic chime,
'Tis passion, pathos, character, sublime!
What round, big words had swell'd the pompous scene,
A king the husband; and the wife a queen!
Then might Distraction rend her graceful hair,
See sightless forms, and scream, and gape, and stare.
Drawcansir Death had rag'd without control,
Here the drawn dagger, there the poison'd bowl. [woe!
What eyes had stream'd at all the whining
What hands had thunder'd at each *Ah!* and *Oh!*
But peace! the gentle prologue custom sends,
Like drum and sergeant, to beat up for friends.
At vice and folly, each a lawful game,
Our author flies, but with no partial aim.
He read the manners, open as they lie
In nature's volume to the gen'ral eye.
Books too he read, nor blush'd to use their store—
He does but what his betters did before.
Shakspeare has done it, and the Grecian stage
Caught truth of character from Homer's page.
If in his scenes an honest skill is shown,
And, borrowing little, much appears his own;
If what a master's happy pencil drew
He brings more forward in dramatic view;
To your decision he submits his cause,
Secure of candor, anxious for applause.
But if, all rude, his artless scenes deface
The simple beauties which he meant to grace,
If, an invader upon others' land,
He spoil and plunder with a robber's hand;
Do justice on him—as on fools before—
And give to blockheads past one blockhead more.

§ 77. *Prologue to Runnamede.*

BEFORE the records of renown were kept,
Or theatres for dying heroes wept,

The race of fame by rival chiefs was run,
The world by former Alexanders won;
Ages of glory in long order roll'd,
New empires rising on the wreck of old;
Wonders were wrought by Nature in her prime,
Nor was the ancient world a wilderness of time.
Yet lost to fame is virtue's orient reign;
The patriot liv'd, the hero died, in vain.
Dark night descended o'er the human day,
And wip'd the glory of the world away:
Whirl'd round the gulf, the acts of time were tost,
Then in the vast abyss for ever lost.
Virtue from Fame disjoin'd began to 'plain
Her votaries few, and unfrequented fane.
Her voice ascended to almighty Jove;
He sent the Muses from the throne above.
The bard arose; and, full of heavenly fire,
With hand immortal, touch'd th' immortal lyre;
Heroic deeds in strains heroic sung,
All earth resounded, all heaven's arches rung:
The world applaud what they approv'd before,
Virtue and Fame took sep'rate paths no more.
Hence to the bard, interpreter of Heaven,
The chronicle of fame by Jove is given;
His eye the volume of the past explores,
His hand unfolds the everlasting doors:
In Minos' majesty he lifts the head,
Judge of the world, and sov'reign of the dead;
On nations and on kings in sentence sits,
Dooms to perdition, or to heaven admits;
Dethrones the tyrant though in triumph hurl'd,
Calls up the hero from th' eternal world,
Surrounds his head with wreaths that ever bloom,
And vows the verse that triumphs o'er the tomb.
While here the Muses warble from the shrine,
Oft have you listen'd to the voice divine.
A nameless youth beheld, with noble rage,
One subject still a stranger to the stage;
A name that's music to the British ear,
A name that's worshipp'd in the British sphere;
Fair Liberty! the goddess of the isle,
Who blesses England with a guardian smile.
Britons! a scene of glory draws to-night!
The fathers of the land arise to sight;
The legislators and the chiefs of old,
The roll of patriots and the barons bold,
Who, greatly girded with the sword and shield,
At storied Runnamede's immortal field,
Did the grand charter of your freedom draw,
And found the base of liberty on law.
Our author, trembling for his virgin muse,
Hopes in the fav'rite theme a fond excuse.
If, while the tale the theatre commands,
Your hearts applaud him, he'll acquit your hands;
Proud on his country's cause to build his name,
And add the patriot's to the poet's fame.

§ 78. *Prologue to the Heiress.* FITZPATRICK.

As sprightly sun-beams gild the face of day,
When low'ring tempests calmly glide away,
So, when the poet's dark horizon clears,
Array'd in smiles the Epilogue appears.
She, of that house the lively emblem still,
Whose brilliant speakers start what themes they will,
Still varying topics for her sportive rhymes,
From all the follies of these fruitful times,
Uncheck'd by forms, with flippant hand may cull:—
Prologues, like peers, by privilege are dull—
In solemn strain address th' assembled pit,
The legal judges of dramatic wit,
Confining still, with dignified decorum,
Their observations—to the play before 'em.
Now, when each bachelor a helpmate lacks,
(That sweet exemption from a double tax,)
When laws are fram'd with a benignant plan
Of light'ning burdens on the married man,
And Hymen adds one solid comfort more
To all those comforts he conferr'd before;
To smooth the rough, laborious road to fame,
Our bard has chosen—an alluring name.
As wealth in wedlock oft is known to hide
The imperfections of a homely bride,
This tempting title he, perhaps, expects,
May heighten beauties—and conceal defects:
Thus Sixty's wrinkles, view'd through Fortune's glass,
The rosy dimples of Sixteen surpass.
The modern suitor grasps his fair one's hand,
O'erlooks her person, and adores—her land;
Leers on her houses with an ogling eye,
O'er her rich acres heaves an am'rous sigh,
His heart-felt pangs through groves of—timber vents,
And runs distracted for—her three per cents.
Will thus the poet's mimic Heiress find
The bridegroom critic to her failings blind,
Who claims, alas! his nicer taste to hit,
The lady's portion paid in sterling wit?
On your decrees, to fix her future fate,
Depends our Heiress for her whole estate:
Rich in your smiles, she charms th' admiring town;
A very bankrupt, should you chance to frown:
O, may a verdict given, in your applause,
Pronounce the prosp'rous issue of her cause,
Confirm the name an anxious parent gave her,
And prove her *Heiress* of the public favor!

§ 79. *Prologue to the Ambitious Step-mother.* ROWE.

If dying lovers yet deserve a tear;
If a sad story of a maid's despair
Yet move compassion in the pitying fair;
This day the poet does his arts employ,
The soft accesses of your souls to try.
Nor let the stoic boast his mind unmov'd;
The brute philosopher, who ne'er has prov'd
The joy of loving and of being lov'd;
Who scorns his human nature to confess,
And, striving to be more than man, is less.
Nor let the men the weeping fair accuse,
Those kind protectors of the tragic muse,
Whose tears did moving Otway's labors crown,
And made the poor Monimia's grief their own:

Those tears their art, not weakness, has confess'd,
Their grief approv'd the niceness of their taste,
And they wept most, because they judg'd the best.
O, could this age's writers hope to find
An audience to compassion thus inclin'd,
The stage would need no farce, nor song, nor dance,
Nor cap'ring Monsieur brought from active France;
Clinch, and his organ-pipe, his dogs and bear,
To native Barnet might again repair,
Or breathe, with Captain Otter, Bankside air:
Majestic Tragedy should once again
In purple pomp adorn the swelling scene;
Her search should ransack all the ancient store,
The fortunes of their loves and arms explore,
Such as might grieve you, but should please the more. [should do,
What Shakspeare durst not, this bold age
And famous Greek and Latin beauties show:
Shakspeare, whose genius, to itself a law,
Could men in ev'ry height of nature draw,
And copied all but woman that he saw.
Those ancient heroines your concern should move, [love:
Their grief and anger much, but most their
For in th' account of ev'ry age we find
The best and fairest of that sex were kind,
To pity always, and to love, inclin'd.
Assert, ye fair ones, who in judgment sit,
Your ancient empire over love and wit;
Reform your sense, and teach the men t' obey:
They'll leave their tumbling, if you lead the way.
Be but what those before to Otway were:
O, were you but as kind! we know you are as fair.

§ 80. *Epilogue to the same.* ROWE.

THE spleen and vapors, and this doleful play,
Have mortified me to that height to-day,
That I am almost in the mortal mind
To die indeed, and leave you all behind.
Know then, since I resolve in peace to part,
I mean to leave to one alone my heart:
(Last favors will admit of no partage,
I bar all sharing but upon the stage:)
To one who can with one alone be bless'd,
The peaceful monarch of a single breast:
To one—but, oh! how hard 'twill be to find
That phœnix in your fickle, changing kind!
New loves, new interests, and religions new,
Still your fantastic appetites pursue.
Your sickly fancies loathe what you possess,
And ev'ry restless fool would change his place.
Some, weary of their peace, and quiet grown,
Want to be hoisted up aloft, and shown;
Whilst from the envied height the wise get safely down.
We find your wav'ring temper to our cost,
Since all our pains and care to please are lost.
Music in vain supports with friendly aid
Her sister Poetry's declining head;
Show but a mimic ape, or French buffoon,
You to the other house in shoals are gone,
And leave us here to tune our crowds alone.
Must Shakspeare, Fletcher, and laborious Ben,
Be left for Scaramouch and Harlequin?
Allow you are inconstant; yet 'tis strange,
For sense is still the same, and ne'er can change;
Yet even in that you vary, as the rest—
And ev'ry day new notions are profess'd.
Nay, there's a wit* has found, as I am told,
New ways to heaven, despairing of the old:
He swears he'll spoil the clerk and sexton's trade,
Bells shall no more be rung, nor graves be made:
The hearse and six no longer be in fashion,
Since all the faithful may expect translation.
What think you of the project? I'm for trying;
I'll lay aside these foolish thoughts of dying,
Preserve my youth and vigor for the stage,
And be translated to a good old age.

§ 81. *Prologue to the Tender Husband, or the Accomplished Fools.* ADDISON.

IN the first rise and infancy of Farce,
When fools were many, and when plays were scarce,
The raw, unpractis'd author could with ease
A young and inexperienc'd audience please;
No single character had e'er been shown,
But the whole herd of fops were all their own:
Rich in originals, they set to view,
In ev'ry piece, a coxcomb that was new.
But now our British theatre can boast
Drolls of all kinds, a vast unthinking host!
Fruitful of folly and of vice, it shows
Cuckolds, and cits, and bawds, and pimps, and beaux;
Rough country-knights are found of ev'ry shire,
Of every fashion gentle fops appear;
And punks of diff'rent characters we meet,
As frequent on the stage as in the street:
Our modern wits are forc'd to pick and cull,
And here and there, by chance, glean up a fool:
Long ere they find the necessary spark,
They search the town and beat about the Park;
To all his most frequented haunts resort,
Oft dog him to the ring, and oft to court,
As love of pleasure or of place invites;
And sometimes catch him taking snuff at White's.
Howe'er, to do you right, the present age
Breeds very hopeful monsters for the stage;
That scorn the paths their dull forefathers trod,
And won't be blockheads in the common road.
Do but survey this crowded house to-night:—
Here's still encouragement for those that write.
Our author, to divert his friends to-day,
Stocks with variety of fools his play;
And, that there may be something gay and new,
Two ladies-errant has expos'd to view:
The first a damsel travell'd in romance;
The other more refin'd; she comes from France.

* Asgill.

Rescue, like courteous knights, the nymph
from danger; [stranger.
And kindly treat, like well-bred men, the

§ 82. *Epilogue to the same.* STEELE.

BRITONS, who constant war, with factious rage,
For liberty, against each other wage,
From foreign insults save this English stage.
No more th' Italian squalling tribe admit,
In tongues unknown; 'tis popery in wit.
The songs (themselves confess) from Rome they bring, [sing.
And 'tis high-mass, for aught you know, they
Husbands, take care; the danger may come nigher;
The women say their eunuch is a friar.
But is it not a serious ill to see
Europe's great arbiters so mean can be;
Passive, with an affected joy to sit,
Suspend their native taste of manly wit;
Neglect their comic humor, tragic rage,
For known defects of nature and of age?
Arise! for shame! ye conqu'ring Britons, rise!
Such unadorn'd effeminacy despise;
Admire (if you will dote on foreign wit)
Not what Italians sing, but Romans writ;
So shall less works, such as to-night's slight play,
At your command, with justice die away;
Till then forgive your writers, that can't bear
You should such very tramontanes appear,
The nations, which contemn you, to revere.
Let Anna's soul be known for all its charms;
As fam'd for lib'ral sciences as arms:
Let those derision meet, who would advance
Manners, or speech, from Italy or France.
Let them learn you, who would your favor find,
And English be the language of mankind.

§ 83. *Prologue to Tancred and Sigismunda.* THOMSON.

BOLD is the man, who, in this nicer age,
Presumes to tread the chaste, corrected stage.
Now, with gay tinsel arts we can no more
Conceal the want of nature's sterling ore:
Our spells are vanish'd, broke our magic wand,
That us'd to waft you over sea and land:
Before your light the fairy people fade;
The demons fly—the ghost itself is laid.
In vain of martial scenes the loud alarms;
The mighty Prompter thund'ring out to arms,
The playhouse posse clattering from afar,
The close-wedg'd battle, and the din of war:
Now e'en the senate seldom we convene;
The yawning fathers nod behind the scene.
Your taste rejects the glitt'ring false sublime,
To sigh in metaphor, and die in rhyme.
High Rant is tumbled from his gallery throne:
Description, dreams—nay, similes are gone.
What shall we then? to please you how devise,
Whose judgment sits not in your ears and eyes?
Thrice happy, could we catch great Shakspeare's art,
To trace the deep recesses of the heart;
His simple, plain sublime, to which is given
To strike the soul with darted flame from heaven;
Could we awake soft Otway's tender woe;
The pomp of verse, and golden lines of Rowe!
We to your hearts apply; let them attend:
Before their silent, candid bar we bend.
If warm'd they listen, 'tis our noblest praise,—
If cold, they wither all the muse's bays.

§ 84. *Epilogue to the same.* THOMSON.

CRAMM'D to the throat with wholesome moral stuff;
Alas! poor audience! you have had enough.
Was ever hapless heroine of a play
In such a piteous plight as ours to-day?
Was ever woman so by love betray'd?
Match'd with two husbands, and yet—die a maid!
But, bless me!—hold—what sounds are these I hear?—
I see the Tragic Muse herself appear!
[*The back scene opens, and discovers a romantic sylvan landscape, from which Sigismunda, in the character of the Tragic Muse, advances slowly to music, and speaks the following lines:*
Hence with your flippant epilogue, that tries
To wipe the virtuous tears from British eyes;
That dares my moral, tragic scene profane,
With strains—at best, unsuiting, light, and vain. [play
Hence from the pure, unsullied beams, that
In yon fair eyes, where virtue shines—Away!
Britons, to you, from chaste Castalian groves,
Where dwelt the tender, oft unhappy Loves;
Where shades of heroes roam, each mighty name,
And court my aid, to rise again to fame;
To you I come; to Freedom's noblest seat;
And in Britannia fix my last retreat. [weal;
In Greece, and Rome, I watch'd the public
The purple tyrant trembled at my steel;
Nor did I less o'er private sorrows reign,
And mend the melting heart with softer pain.
On France and you then rose my bright'ning star
With social ray—The Arts are ne'er at war.
O! as your fire and genius stronger blaze;
As yours are gen'rous Freedom's bolder lays;
Let not the Gallic taste leave yours behind,
In decent manners and in life refin'd;
Banish the motley mode, to tag low verse,
The laughing ballad, to the mournful hearse.
When through five acts your hearts have learn'd to glow,
Touch'd with the sacred force of honest woe,
O keep the dear impression on your breast,
Nor idly lose it for a wretched jest!

§ 85. *Epilogue to Zara.* AARON HILL.

HERE, take a surfeit, sirs, of being jealous,
And shun the pains that plague those Turkish fellows:

Where Love and Death joined hands, their darts confounding!
Save us, good Heaven! from this new way of wounding! [woman
Curs'd climate!—where to cards a lone-left
Has only one of her black guards to summon!
Sighs, and sits mop'd, with her tame beast to gaze at:
And that cold treat is all the game she plays at!
For—should she once some abler hand be trying, [dying!
Poiniard's the word! and the first deal is—
'Slife! should the bloody whim get round in Britain, [sit on;
Where women's freedom has such heights to
Daggers, provok'd, would bring on desolation,
And murder'd belles unpeople half the nation!
Fain would I hope this play to move compassion—
And live to hunt suspicion out of fashion.—
Four motives strongly recommend to lovers,
Hate of this weakness, that our scene discovers.
First, then: A woman will or won't—depend on't: [on't.
If she will do't, she will—and there's an end
But, if she won't—since safe and sound your trust is,
Fear is affront, and jealousy injustice.
Next: He who bids his dear do what she pleases,
Blunts wedlock's edge, and all its torture eases.
For—not to feel your suff'rings is the same
As not to suffer—all the diff'rence—name.
Thirdly: The jealous husband wrongs his honor; [her:
No wife goes lame, without some hurt upon
And the malicious world will still be guessing,
Who oft dines out dislikes her own cook's dressing.
Fourthly, and lastly, to conclude my lecture:
If you would fix th' inconstant wife—respect her.
She who perceives her virtues over-rated,
Will fear to have th' account more justly stated;
And, borrowing from her pride the good wife's seeming,
Grow really such—to merit your esteeming.

§ 86. *Epilogue to the Comedy of Better Late than Never.* ANDREWS.

THE drama done, and all its int'rest over,
Content the husband, and secure the lover,
Our timid bard, who dreads the critic ire,
And thinks my little tongue can never tire,
Would have me re-assume the wig and gown,
To plead his goose-quill cause before the town.
"Lord, sir," says I, "some better counsel bring,
For females in a wig are not the thing.
Your bearded barrister, if smartly made, is
A surer advocate among the ladies."
"Madam," he cried, "or periwigg'd or bare,
So you but talk, I never need despair."
Suppose, ye fair, as I'm so smooth a prater,
I take a line so consonant to nature;
Give up the vain attempt your hearts to warm,
And 'gainst the men with female weapon arm.
Oft have the wits, unmindful whom they vex,
Expos'd the foibles of the softer sex,
Laugh'd at their dress, their well-shap'd cork, their feathers,
Their steady bloom, unchanging in all weathers;
Swore locks were grey, that seem'd a comely brown,
And, though all paid for, deem'd them not their own.
Why not retort, avenge th' insulted fair,
And show these men what wondrous things they are?
Now don't be frighten'd—poor eccentric elves!
I only show what most you like—yourselves.
How! tremble at a woman? shame betide!
Though I look fierce, like you—I'm all outside;
Yet, ere my efforts your attention call
To that dear portrait which should hit you all,
Let me delineate what was once a beau,
The Band-box Billy of some years ago.
Sweet image of mamma in every feature,
The youth came forth a most delicious creature,
With full-dress'd skirts, not quite unlike a hoop,
Hat under arm, fine button, and gilt loop—
Stiff stock, long sword still dangling in the way,
He sometimes ventur'd to a first-night play;
Tripp'd through the lobby, most completely curl'd;
Nor did a paw-paw thing for all the world!
Thus he discours'd: "Sir Dilberry, ods so,
Dear, dear, good luck! have you a place below?
Dem it, don't crowd so, fellow!—O, how shocking! [ing."
He's spoil'd my hair, and dirtied all my stock-
Such was the smart our grandmammas would praise,
Rather unlike the smart of present days:
For I defy all history to show
One thing in nature like a modern beau;
Hat slouch'd, short stick, knee-trappings that bring back
The memory of renown'd Sixteen-String Jack;
Eternal boots, and collar you'd suppose
Cut in kind contact with his buckship's nose.
Thus trimly deck'd, each night among the doxies
He storms the lobby, and assails the boxes;
With gait and manner—something in this way,
Proves his rare taste, and descants on the play—
"Here, box-keeper! why don't the rascal come?
Halloo—Tom Gerkin! can you give us room?
What's this?——The farce——Macbeth——an opera?—Oh!
Came out last season—stupid stuff—damn'd low!
Zounds, let's be off!"—"Zounds, be a little calmer!"
"Who's that—the Jordan?"—"No, you fool,—R. Palmer."
Thus some are found, by ev'ry act revealing
Perfect indifference to sense and feeling.

To such our play not sues: but you, ye fair,
Ye wise, whom nature form'd with happier care,
Whose tender bosoms, though by passions rent,
Feel the soft virtues in their full extent,
Cherish our author's plan, which aims to prove
Life's best exertions spring from virtuous love.

§ 87. *Epilogue to the Liar; between Miss Grantham and Old Wilding.*

M. Gr. HOLD, sir!
Our plot concluded, and strict justice done,
Let me be heard, as counsel for your son.
Acquit I can't; I mean to mitigate;
Proscribe all lying, what would be the fate
Of this and every other earthly state?
Consider, sir, if once you cry it down,
You'll shut up every coffee-house in town;
The tribe of politicians will want food,
Even now half-famish'd—for the public good;
All Grub-Street murderers of men and sense,
And every office of intelligence,
All would be bankrupts, the whole lying race,
And no Gazette to publish their disgrace.

O. Wild. Too mild a sentence! Must the good and great
Patriots be wrong'd, that booksellers may eat?

M. Gr. Your patience, sir; yet hear another word: [sword;
Turn to that hall where Justice wields her
Think in what narrow limits you would draw,
By this proscription, all the sons of law:
For 'tis the fix'd, determin'd rule of courts,
(Viner will tell you—nay, even Coke's Reports,)
All pleaders may, when difficulties rise,
To gain one truth, expend a hundred lies.

O. Wild. To curb this practice I am somewhat loath;
A lawyer has no credit but on oath.

M. Gr. Then to the softer sex some favor show;
Leave us possession of our modest No!

O. Wild. O freely, ma'am, we'll that allowance give,
So that two noes be held affirmative:
Provided ever, that your Pish and Fie,
On all occasions, should be deem'd a lie.

M. Gr. Hard terms!
On this rejoinder, then, I rest my cause:
Should all pay homage to truth's sacred laws,
Let us examine what would be the case;
Why, many a great man would be out of place.

O. Wild. 'Twould many a virtuous character restore.

M. Gr. But take a character from many more.

O. Wild. Strong are your reasons; yet, ere I submit,
I mean to take the voices of the pit.
Is it your pleasures that we make a rule,
That ev'ry liar be proclaim'd a fool,
Fit subject for our author's ridicule?

§ 88. *Verses written to be spoken by Mrs. Siddons, at her Benefit, April 27, 1795.* ROGERS.

YES, 'tis the pulse of life! my fears were vain!
I wake, I breathe, and am myself again,
Still in this nether world! no seraph yet—
Nor walks my spirit when the sun is set,
With troubled step to haunt the fatal board
Where I died last—by poison or the sword;
And blanch each honest cheek with deeds of night,
Done here so oft by dim and doubtful light.
To drop all metaphor, that little bell
Call'd back reality, and broke the spell.
No heroine claims your tears with tragic tone;
A very woman—scarce restrains her own!
Can she, with fiction, charm the cheated mind,
When to be grateful is the part assign'd?
Ah, no! she scorns the trappings of her art;
No theme but truth, no prompter but the heart.
But, ladies, say, must I alone unmask?
Is here no other actress, let me ask?
Believe me, those, who best the heart dissect,
Know, every woman studies stage-effect:
She moulds her manners to the part she fills,
As instinct teaches, or as humor wills;
And, as the grave or gay her talent calls,
Acts in the drama, till the curtain falls.
First, how her little breast with triumph swells,
When the red coral rings its silver bells!
To play in pantomime is then the rage
Along the carpet's many-color'd stage;
Or lisp her merry thoughts with loud endeavor,
Now here, now there—in noise and mischief ever! [pers,
A school-girl next—she curls her hair in pa-
And mimics father's gout, and mother's vapors;
Discards her doll, bribes Betty for romances,
Playful at church, and serious when she dances;
Tramples alike on customs and on toes,
And whispers all she hears to all she knows;
Terror of caps and wigs and sober notions!
A romp! that *longest* of *perpetual motions!*
Till, tam'd and tortur'd into foreign graces,
She sports her lovely face at public places,
And, with blue laughing eyes, behind her fan,
First acts her part with that great actor—man.
Too soon a flirt—approach her and she flies;
Frowns when pursued, and when entreated sighs;
Plays with unhappy men as cats with mice,
Till fading beauty hints the late advice.
Her prudence dictates what her pride disdain'd,
And now she sues to slaves herself had chain'd.
Then comes that good old character, a wife,
With all the dear distracting cares of life;
A thousand cards a-day at doors to leave,
And, in return, a thousand cards receive;
Rouge high, play deep; to lead the ton aspire,
With nightly blaze set Portland-Place on fire;
Snatch half a glimpse at concert, opera, ball,
A meteor trac'd by none, though seen by all;
And when her shatter'd nerves forbid to roam,
In very spleen—rehearse the girl at home.
Last—the gray dowager in ancient flounces,
With snuff and spectacles the age denounces;
Boasts how the sires of this degenerate isle
Knelt for a look, and duell'd for a smile;

The scourge and ridicule of Goth and Vandal,
Her tea she sweetens, as she sips, with scandal;
With modern belles eternal warfare wages,
Like her own birds, that clamor from their cages;
And shuffles round to bear her tale to all,
Like some old ruin "nodding to its fall."
Thus woman makes her entrance and her exit,
Then most an actress when she leasts suspects it.
Yet nature oft peeps out, and mars the plot;
Each lesson lost, each poor pretence forgot;
Full oft with energy that scorns control,
At once lights up the features of the soul;
Unlocks each thought chain'd down by coward art,
And to full day the latent passions start.
But she, whose first, best wish is your applause,
Herself exemplifies the truth she draws.
Born on the stage, through ev'ry shifting scene,
Obscure or bright, tempestuous or serene,
Still has your smile her trembling spirit fir'd;
And can she act, with thoughts like these inspir'd?
Thus from her mind all artifice she flings,
All skill, all practice, now unmeaning things!
To you, uncheck'd, each genuine feeling flows,
For all that life endears—to you she owes.

§ 89. *Verses to the Memory of Mr. Garrick. Spoken as a Monody by Mrs. Yates, at the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane.* SHERIDAN.

IF dying excellence deserves a tear,
If fond remembrance still is cherish'd here,
Can we persist to bid our sorrows flow
For fabled suff'rers and delusive woe;
Or with quaint smiles dismiss the plaintive strain,
Point the quick jest—indulge the comic vein—
Ere yet to buried Roscius we assign
One kind regret, one tributary line?
His fame requires we act a tend'rer part:
His memory claims the tear you gave his art.
The gen'ral voice, the meed of mournful verse,
The splendid sorrows that adorn'd his hearse,
The throng that mourn'd as their dead fav'rite pass'd,
The grac'd respect that claim'd him to the last;
While Shakspeare's image, from its hallow'd base, [place:
Seem'd to prescribe the grave, and point the
Nor these, nor all the sad regrets that flow
From fond fidelity's domestic woe, [due,
So much are Garrick's praise—so much his
As, on this spot—one tear bestow'd by you.
Amid the arts which seek ingenuous fame,
Our toil attempts the most precarious claim;
To him, whose mimic pencil wins the prize,
Obedient fame immortal wreaths supplies:
Whate'er of wonder Reynolds now may raise,
Raphael still boasts contemporary praise:
Each dazzling light and gaudier bloom subdued,
With undiminish'd awe his works are view'd:
E'en beauty's portrait wears a softer prime,
Touch'd by the tender hand of mellowing time.
The patient sculptor owns an humbler part,
A ruder toil, and more mechanic art;
Content with slow and timorous stroke to trace
The ling'ring line, and mould the tardy grace:
But once achiev'd, though barb'rous wreck o'erthrow
The sacred fane, and lay its glories low,
Yet shall the sculptur'd ruin rise to-day,
Grac'd by defect, and worshipp'd in decay;
Th' enduring record bears the artist's name,
Demands his honors, and asserts his fame.
Superior hopes the poet's bosom fire,
O, proud distinction of the sacred lyre!
Wide as th' inspiring Phœbus darts his ray,
Diffusive splendor gilds his votary's lay.
Whether the song heroic woes rehearse
With epic grandeur, and the pomp of verse;
Or, fondly gay, with unambitious guile
Attempt no prize but fav'ring beauty's smile;
Or bear dejected to the lonely grove
The soft despair of unprevailing love; [clime,
Whate'er the theme, through ev'ry age and
Congenial passions meet the according rhyme,
The pride of glory, pity's sigh sincere,
Youth's earliest blush, and beauty's virgin tear.
Such is their meed—their honors thus secure,
Whose arts yield objects, and whose works endure:
The actor only shrinks from time's award;
Feeble tradition is his memory's guard;
By whose faint breath his merits must abide,
Unvouch'd by proof, to substance unallied!
E'en matchless Garrick's art, to heaven resign'd,
No fix'd effect, no model leaves behind.
The grace of action, the adapted mien,
Faithful as nature to the varied scene;
Th' expressive glance, whose subtle comment draws
Entranc'd attention, and a mute applause;
Gesture that marks, with force and feeling fraught,
A sense in silence, and a will in thought;
Harmonious speech, whose pure and liquid tone
Gives verse a music scarce confess'd its own,
As light from gems assumes a brighter ray,
And, cloth'd with orient hues, transcends the day; [sense,
Passion's wild break, and frowns that awe the
And ev'ry charm of gentle eloquence,—
All perishable!—like th' electric fire,
But strike the frame, and, as they strike, expire;
Incense too pure a bodied flame to bear, [air.
Its fragrance charms the sense, and blends with
Where then, while sunk in cold decay he lies,
And pale eclipse for ever veils those eyes,
Where is the blest memorial that ensures
Our Garrick's fame?—whose is the trust?—'tis yours.
And, O! by ev'ry charm his art essay'd
To soothe your cares! by ev'ry grief allay'd!
By the hush'd wonder which his accents drew!
By his last, parting tear, repaid by you!

By all those thoughts, which, many a distant night,
Shall mark his memory with a sad delight!
Still in your hearts' dear record bear his name,
Cherish the keen regret that lifts his fame;
To you it is bequeath'd: assert the trust,
And to his worth—'tis all you can—be just.
What more is due from sanctifying time,
To cheerful wit, and many a favor'd rhyme,
O'er his grac'd urn shall bloom, a deathless wreath,
Whose blossom'd sweets shall deck the mask beneath.
For these, when sculpture's votive toil shall rear
The due memorial of a loss so dear,
O loveliest mourner, gentle Muse! be thine
The pleasing woe, to guard the laurell'd shrine.
As Fancy oft, by Superstition led
To roam the mansions of the sainted dead,
Has view'd, by shadowy eve's unfaithful gloom,
A weeping cherub on a martyr's tomb,
So thou, sweet Muse, hang o'er his sculptur'd bier,
With patient woe, that loves the ling'ring tear;
With thoughts that mourn, nor yet desire relief,
With meek regret, and fond, enduring grief;
With looks that speak, He never shall return!
Chilling thy tender bosom, clasp his urn!
And with soft sighs disperse th' irrev'rent dust,
Which Time may strew upon his sacred bust.

§ 90. *Monody on the Death of the Right Hon. R. B. Sheridan.* BYRON.

WHEN the last sunshine of expiring day
In summer's twilight weeps itself away,
Who hath not felt the softness of the hour
Sink on the heart, as dew along the flower?
With a pure feeling which absorbs and awes
While Nature makes that melancholy pause—
Her breathing moment on the bridge where Time,
Of light and darkness, forms an arch sublime:
Who hath not shared that calm so still and deep—
The voiceless thought, which would not speak, but weep
A holy concord, and a bright regret—
A glorious sympathy with suns that set?
'Tis not harsh sorrow, but a tenderer woe—
Nameless, but dear to gentle hearts below;
Felt without bitterness—but full and clear;
A sweet dejection—a transparent tear
Unmix'd with worldly grief or selfish stain;
Shed without shame—and secret without pain.
Even as the tenderness that hour instils,
When summer's day declines along the hills,
So feels the fulness of our heart and eyes
When all of Genius, which can perish, dies.
A mighty Spirit is eclipsed; a Power [hour
Hath pass'd from day to darkness—to whose
Of light no likeness is bequeath'd—no name!
Focus at once of all the rays of Fame.
The flash of Wit—the bright Intelligence—
The beam of Song—the blaze of Eloquence,
Set with their Sun! but still have left behind
The enduring produce of immortal Mind;
Fruits of a genial morn, and glorious noon,
A deathless part of him who died too soon.
But small that portion of the wondrous whole,
These sparkling segments of that circling soul,
Which all embraced—and lighten'd over all,
To cheer, to pierce, to please, or to appal:
From the charm'd council to the festive board,
Of human feelings the unbounded lord;
In whose acclaim the loftiest voices vied,
The praised—the proud—who made his praise their pride.
When the loud cry of trampled Hindostan
Arose to Heaven in her appeal from man,
His was the thunder—his the avenging rod,
The wrath—the delegated voice of God!
Which shook the nations through his lips—and blazed
Till vanquish'd senates trembled as they praised.
And here, oh! here, where yet, all young and warm,
The gay creations of his spirit charm:
The matchless dialogue, the deathless wit,—
Which knew not what it was to intermit
The glowing portraits, fresh from life, that bring
Home to our hearts the truth from which they spring:
These wondrous beings of his Fancy, wrought
To fulness by the fiat of his thought,
Here in their first abode you still may meet,
Bright with the hues of his Promethean heat;
A halo of the light of other days,
Which still the splendor of its orb betrays.
But should there be to whom the fatal blight
Of failing wisdom yields a base delight,
Men who exult when minds of heavenly tone
Jar in the music which was born their own;
Still let them pause—Ah! little do they know
That what to them seem'd Vice might be but Woe.
Hard is his fate on whom the public gaze
Is fix'd for ever to detract or praise;
Repose denies her requiem to his name,
And Folly loves the martyrdom of Fame.
The secret enemy whose sleepless eye
Stands sentinel, accuser, judge, and spy;
The foe, the fool, the jealous, and the vain,
The envious, (who but breathe in others' pain,)
Behold the host! delighting to deprave,
Who track the steps of Glory to the grave;
Watch every fault that daring Genius owes
Half to the ardor which its birth bestows,
Distort the truth, accumulate the lie,
And pile the pyramid of calumny!
These are his portion—but if, join'd to these,
Gaunt Poverty should league with deep Disease,
If the high Spirit must forget to soar,
And stoop to strive with Misery at the door,
To soothe Indignity—and, face to face,
Meet sordid Rage—and wrestle with Disgrace,
To find in Hope but the renew'd caress,
The serpent-fold of further Faithlessness,—
If such may be the ills which men assail,
What marvel if at last the mightiest fail?

Breasts to whom all the strength of feeling given,
Bear hearts electric—charged with fire from Heaven,
Black with the rude collision, inly torn,
By clouds surrounded, and on whirlwinds borne,
Driven o'er the lowering atmosphere that nurs'd
Thoughts which have turn'd to thunder—scorch—and burst.
But far from us and from our mimic scene
Such things should be—if such have ever been;
Ours be the gentler wish, the kinder task,
To give the tribute Glory need not ask,
To mourn the vanish'd beam—and add our mite
Of praise in payment of a long delight.
Ye Orators! whom yet our councils yield,
Mourn for the veteran hero of your field!
The worthy rival of the wondrous *Three!**
Whose words were sparks of Immortality!
Ye Bards! to whom the Drama's Muse is dear,
He was your master—emulate him *here!*
Ye men of wit and social eloquence!
He was your brother—bear his ashes hence!
While Powers of mind almost of boundless range,
Complete in kind—as various in their change,
While Eloquence—Wit—Poesy—and Mirth,
That humbler harmonist of care on earth,—
Survive within our souls—while lives our sense
Of pride in Merit's proud pre-eminence,
Long shall we seek his likeness—long in vain,
And turn to all of him which may remain,
Sighing that Nature form'd but one such man,
And broke the die—in moulding Sheridan!

§ 91. *Prize Address; spoken by Mr. Simpson, at the opening of the Park Theatre, New York, Sept.* 1, 1820. SPRAGUE.

WHEN mitred Zeal, in wild, unholy days,
Bared his red arm, and bade the fagot blaze,
Our patriot sires the pilgrim sail unfurl'd,
And Freedom pointed to a rival world.
Where prowl'd the wolf, and where the hunter roved,
Faith raised her altars to the God she loved;
Toil, linked with Art, explored each savage wild,
The forest bowed, the desert bloomed and smiled;
Taste reared her domes, fair Science spread her page,
And Wit and Genius gathered round the stage:
The stage! where Fancy sits creative queen,
And spreads gay web-work o'er life's mimic scene; [sight,
Where young-eyed Wonder comes to feast his
And quaff instruction while he drinks delight:
The stage! that threads each labyrinth of the soul,
Wakes Laughter's peal, and bids the tear-drop roll;
That hoots at Folly, mocks proud Fashion's slaves,
And brands with shame the world's vile drove of knaves.
The child of Genius, catering for the stage,
Rifles the stores of every clime and age.
He speaks, the sepulchre unsigns its prey,
And crimson life runs through the sleeping clay:
The grave, the gibbet, and the battle-field,
At his command, their festering tenants yield.
Here Wisdom's heir, released from Death's embrace,
Reads awful lessons to another race;
Pale, bleeding Love comes weeping from the tomb,
That kindred Softness may bewail her doom;
Murder's dry bones, re-clothed, desert the dust,
That after times may own his sentence just;
And the mad tyrant of some mouldering page
Stalks here to warn, who once could curse an age!
May this fair dome, in classic beauty reared,
By Taste be fostered, and by Worth revered.
May chastened Wit here bend to Virtue's cause,
Reflect her image, and repeat her laws;
And Vice, that slumbers o'er the sacred page,
Hate his own likeness, shadowed from the stage.
Here let the guardian of the drama sit
In righteous judgment o'er the realm of wit.
Not his the shame, with servile pen to wait
On private friendship, or on private hate;
To flatter fools, or Satire's javelin dart,
Tipp'd with a lie, at proud Ambition's heart.
His be the nobler task to herald forth
Young, blushing Merit and neglected Worth;
To stamp with scorn the prostituted page,
And lash the fool who lisps it from the stage.
Here shall bright Genius wing his eagle flight—
Rich dew-drops shaking from his plumes of light,
Till high in mental worlds, from vulgar ken,
He soars, the wonder and the pride of men.
Cold Censure here to decent Mirth shall bow,
And Bigotry unbend his monkish brow.
Here Toil shall pause, his ponderous sledge thrown by,
And Beauty bless each strain with melting eye:
Grief, too, in fiction lost, shall cease to weep,
And all the world's rude cares be laid to sleep.
Each polished scene shall Taste and Truth approve,
And the stage triumph in the people's love.

* Fox—Pitt—Burke.

The Subscribers to this work will please accept the thanks of the Publisher for their patronage.—The number of pages given in the six volumes exceeds the quantity promised in the Prospectus by about thirty pages.—The following plan is submitted for placing the engravings. Those persons who wish the plates placed otherwise will give notice to the binder.

Vol. I.	Portrait of	Knox,	to face	engraved title page.
"	"	Blair,	"	page 43.
Vol. II.	"	Jefferson,	"	engraved title page.
"	"	Hamilton,	"	page 16.
"	"	Ames,	"	page 162.
"	"	Irving,	"	page 374.
Vol. III.	"	Pope,	"	engraved title page.
Vol. IV.	"	Washington,	"	engraved title page.
"	"	Johnson,	"	page 38.
"	"	Fox,	"	page 238.
"	"	Franklin,	"	page 333.
Vol. V.	"	Milton,	"	engraved title page.
"	"	Addison,	"	page 2.
"	"	Dryden,	"	page 276.
"	"	Scott,	"	page 326.
Vol. VI.	"	Shakspeare,	"	engraved title page.
"	"	Byron,	"	page 118.
"	"	Goldsmith,	"	page 225.

SUPERIOR EDITION OF MALTE-BRUN'S GEOGRAPHY.

IN THE PRESS, AND SPEEDILY WILL BE PUBLISHED,

BY S. WALKER, BOSTON,

PART FIRST

OF

A SYSTEM

OF

UNIVERSAL GEOGRAPHY,

BY M. MALTE-BRUN,

EDITOR OF THE "ANNALES DES VOYAGES," &c. &c.

WITH

ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS,

BY JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

CONDITIONS.

1st. This work will be printed in two volumes quarto, on fine paper, and embellished with an Atlas, and Views of some of the principal cities in the world.

2d. The work is expected to make about *sixteen* parts, each part to contain *two* engravings and *ninety-six* pages of letter-press; price, one dollar each. From such parts as contain more than two engravings, a sheet of letter-press will be deducted for every additional engraving given. The work will also be published in numbers, at twelve and a half cents each,—each number containing twelve pages of letter-press, and every *fourth* number an engraving. Nos. 5 and 6, and the succeeding numbers, will be put into double numbers, for the convenience of delivery, and will contain the same quantity as two single numbers. Such double numbers as have *two* engravings will contain sixteen pages of letter-press.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

My object in preparing a new edition of Malte-Brun's Geography was, at first, simply to communicate such additional information, and make such corrections in matters of fact, in the form of notes, or otherwise, as I might deem important to adapt this edition to the present state of geographical knowledge. As it is some years since the publication of this translation was begun in Great Britain, (1821,) there was room for improvement in these particulars. The voyages of Parry, and the journeys of Franklin and Denham, have alone furnished materials for very considerable additions to our previous stock of knowledge. Such were the limits of my engagements; nor did I expect to find myself necessitated to undertake a new task. I took it for granted that the English translation was, what it professed to be, faithful and exact. Before commencing my editorial labors, I carefully perused this translation, and, in the course of this perusal, I observed many passages so false and absurd, that I felt confident they could not have been so written in the original. I procured a copy of the original, and, on comparison, I found my previous opinions confirmed, and that every passage which I had marked was a mistranslation.

Convinced of the inaccuracy of the English translation, I have revised it on the original, and I must say, that the amount of its errors has surprised me. Scarce a page is without its errors, and many pages are literally crowded with them. Any one, interested in observing them, may compare this edition with the Boston 8vo. edition, which has faithfully followed the English edition, even in the greater part of its typographical errors. Any one, who makes such a comparison, cannot fail to observe the difference, particularly in Books VII.—XII. inclusive; and in Books XX. and XXI. I do not choose to make these assertions without proof, and for this purpose I have collected a number of the more important errors, in which I have given, first, the original; then, the English translation; and, lastly, my own revision. The reader will see, from these examples, that the errors are by no means trifling. I have endeavored to give the exact meaning of the original in every instance, and, if I have failed in point of elegance, I trust I have not in accuracy.

" C'est après les substances volcaniques qu'il convient de nommer celles qui *doivent* à l'action des incendies souterrains *des dépôts de charbon de terre.*" p. 271.

" It is proper, after volcanic substances, to mention those which *owe* to the action of subterraneous fires *their deposits of coal.*" p. 262.

It is proper, after volcanic substances, to mention those which *owe their origin* to subterraneous fires *in beds of coal;* e. g. *porcelain jasper.*

" On a remarqué, surtout dans la grotte de Fingal, que les pans de chacun des prismes, quoique inégaux entre eux, étaient égaux aux pans correspondans des prismes adjacens; que les inégalités qui étaient en relief sur *les pans* de l'un des prismes, se trouvaient vis-à-vis des dépressions ou des petites concavités, dans les pans du prisme voisin, comme si l'un s'était moulé dans l'autre; enfin, on a observé que, dans l'île de Staffa, où les prismes s'élèvent l'un sur l'autre, comme *les assises* d'une colonne, la base convexe de l'un s'emboîte dans le sommet concave de l'autre." p. 262, 3.

" It has been remarked, particularly in the cave of Fingal, that though the prisms themselves are unequal, the faces of each are equal to the corresponding faces of the adjacent prisms, that the inequalities which are in relief upon *the top or end* of one of the prisms, are adapted to the depressions or little concavities, on the top or end of the next opposite prism, as if the one was moulded into the other; lastly, it is worthy of notice, that in the island of Staffa, where the prisms are raised one upon another, like *a series* of columns, the convex base of the one is inserted into the concave summit of the other." 254, 5.

It has been remarked, particularly in the cave of Fingal, that, though the faces of the same prism are unequal, they are each of them equal to the corresponding faces of the adjacent prisms; that the inequalities, which are in relief upon *the faces* of one of the prisms, are adapted to the depressions or little concavities, on the corresponding faces of the adjoining prisms, as if the one was moulded into the other; lastly, it is worthy of notice, that in the island of Staffa, where the prisms are raised one upon another, like *the blocks* of columns, the convex base of the one is inserted into the concave summit of the other.

" Tantôt c'est la pâte qui n'est point homogène, tantôt ce sont les cristaux empâtés qui varient d'espèce." p. 251.
" Sometimes it is the paste which is not homogenous, and sometimes the imbedded crystals which constitute the species or the variety." p. 244.
Sometimes it is the paste which is not homogeneous, and sometimes the imbedded crystals are of different species.

" Telles sont les mines d'or de Berezof en Sibérie," &c. p. 240.
" Such is the method employed in the gold mines of Berezof in Siberia," &c. p. 233.
Such are the gold mines of Berezof in Siberia, &c.

" De même que le cuivre, le fer semble encore abonder dans l'Afrique méridionale."
" Southern Africa, it would seem, abounds still more in iron, than the places just mentioned do in copper." p. 232.
Southern Africa, it would seem, abounds in iron equally as in copper.

" Dans les tems modernes, les Russes seuls ont essayé, avec succès, de filer l'asbeste." p. 218.
" In modern times, the Russians alone have attempted, but without success, to spin the asbestos." p. 211.
In modern times, the Russians alone have attempted, with success, to spin the asbestos.

" —— l'ayant *perdue* par accident." p. 218.
" —— having *wet* it by accident." p. 211.
—— having *lost* it by accident.

" Les minéraux et métaux ne s'y rencontrent plus ni en filons ni en couches, mais seulement en petites particules dissoutes et disséminées." p. 197.
" But neither minerals nor metals, either in strata or veins, are met with, except in small detached and separate particles." p. 190.
Minerals and metals are no longer met with, either in beds or veins, but only disseminated in minute particles.

" Les cavernes les plus intéressantes pour les simples curieux sont sans doute celles dont les toits laissent dégoutter des eaux imprégnées de matières calcaires, qui, bientôt durcies, restent suspendues aux voûtes de la caverne," &c. p. 189, 190.
" The most interesting caverns are certainly those from whose roofs water, impregnated with calcareous matter, has dropped, and which, either becoming hardened by degrees, remains suspended from the vaults of the caverns," &c. p. 183.
The most interesting caverns are certainly those from whose roofs water drops, impregnated with calcareous matter, and which, either soon hardening, remains suspended from the vaults of the caverns, &c.

" Les masses que *nous venons d'indiquer*," &c. p. 187.
" The different masses which *we are about to describe*," &c. p. 180.
The different masses which *we have just indicated.*

" Du moins, cette chaîne [Lupata] *court* du cap de Bonne-Espérance à celle de Guardafui." p. 182.
" At least the *short* chain from the Cape of Good Hope to that of Guardafui." p. 175.
At least, this chain [Lupata] *runs* from the Cape of Good Hope to that of Guardafui.

" Nous pouvons regarder les monts de l'Arabie-Heureuse très-élevés et escarpés, comme le chaînon qui lie les monts Lupata aux plateaux et montagnes de la Perse *qui viennent du Thibet*," p. 183.

"We may consider the lofty and steep mountains of Arabia Felix as the link which connects the mountains of Lupata with the plateaus and mountains of Persia, *on the side of Thibet.*" p. 175, 6.

We may consider the lofty and steep mountains of Arabia Felix as the link which connects the mountains of Lupata with the plateaus and mountains of Persia, *which come from Thibet.*

"—— on n'y trouve que de petites falaises calcaires." p. 179.
"—— consisting chiefly of calcareous matter." p. 171.
—— we find there only low limestone bluffs.

"—— d'anciennes côtes par collines." p. 179.
"—— the ancient sides of low hills." p. 171.
—— coasts originally formed by hills.

"Les côtes escarpées et dentelées: elles sont ceintes de rochers, soit au-dessus, soit au-dessous de l'eau." p. 178.
"We have those which are abrupt and broken, and as it were notched, formed by various masses of rocks united at their bases, either above or beneath the surface of the water." p. 170.
Steep and indented coasts: these are girt with rocks, either above or below the surface of the water.

"Rarement on voit les hautes vallées *s'élargir* successivement et s'identifier peu à peu avec les plaines. *La plupart du tems* elles sont presque barrées par un angle saillant de la chaîne de montagnes qui leur sert de ceinture." p. 176.
"In a few instances these high valleys *have been* observed *to enlarge themselves at different and successive periods,* and gradually to become identified with the plains. *They have been for ages* almost completely barred, and confined by some projecting angle of the chain of mountains, which girds them in." p. 169.
In a few instances these high valleys *are* observed to *widen* gradually, and so to become identified with the plains. *They are usually* almost completely barred, and confined by some projecting angle of the chain of mountains, which girds them in. —This I consider a memorable example.

"La construction des deux problèmes précédens demande, par rapport à la réduction des lieues parcourues dans le sens *est* et *ouest, en* degrés de longitude, l'emploi *des tables des latitudes croissantes,*" &c. p. 143.
"The construction of the two preceding problems requires, with respect to the reduction of leagues gone over in the direction *east* and *west, in* degrees of longitude, the employment *for the tables for measuring latitudes,*" &c. p. 137.
The construction of the two preceding problems requires, with respect to the reduction of leagues gone over in the direction east and west, *to* degrees of longitude, the employment *of the tables of increasing latitudes,* &c.

"—— à négliger." p. 113.——"in regulating." p. 109.——in neglecting.

"—— offrent, outre les zoophytes, des belemnites," &c. p. 278, 279.
"—— contain also zoophytes, belemnites," &c. p. 270.
—— contain not only zoophytes, but also belemnites, &c.

"—— partout où il y a du *calcaire,* il y a des coquillages." p. 279.
"Wherever there is *chalk,* there also are shells." p. 271.
Wherever there is *limestone,* &c.

"On connaît les vastes amas d'échinites de la Libye; ceux de la Barbarie ont été décrits par Shaw." p. 279.
"The vast heaps of echini which exist in Lybia, and in Barbary, have been described by Shaw." p. 271.
Vast heaps of echini exist in Lybia. Those of Barbary have been described by Shaw.

"Amphibies fossiles." p. 281.——"Amphibious fossils." p. 273.——Fossil amphibia.

"—— ayant la taille d'un bœuf." p. 285.
"—— having the shape of an ox." p. 277.
—— of the size of an ox.

"Ici, les superbes portails de cristal tombent *en ruines.*" p. 299.
"Here superb portals of crystal appear fallen *into rivers.*" p. 290.
Here superb portals of crystal appear fallen *in ruins.*

"La France offre en petit beaucoup d'exemples de ces diverses espèces de fleuves qui se perdent." p. 305, 6.
"France affords very few examples of these disappearing rivers." p. 297.
France affords, on the small scale, many examples, &c.

"—— et ballotter les navires." Le mascaret. p. 306.
"—— and stopping vessels in their progress both up and down." p. 297.
—— and agitating vessels.

"Il lui [*eau*] faut un certain tems pour s'en [*air*] saturer." p. 313.
"A certain time is necessary before it becomes saturated with salt." p. 305.
A certain time is necessary before it [*water*] becomes saturated with air.

"Plus l'air jouit de son elasticité, plus il occupe d'espace." p. 360.
"The greater the elasticity possessed by the air, the larger space it occupies." p. 351.
The less the elasticity of the air is counteracted, the larger the space it occupies.

"Il y a d'autres feux semblables qui se montrent immobiles dans un certain endroit." p. 381.
"There are other similar fires, which appear to be immoveable when viewed from a particular spot." p. 372.
There are other similar fires, which appear to be immoveable in one particular spot.

"Ces glaces, qui se montrent vers les 50e et 60e degrés de latitude, ne marqueraient pas la circonscription d'une calotte sphérique de glaces fixées autour du pôle, mais elles formeraient seulement une enceinte variable," &c. p. 430.
"This ice, which appears towards the 50th and 60th degrees of latitude, would form but a very small part as to quantity when compared with a single mass of fixed ice around the pole, indeed they would consist of only a girdle or belt of variable thickness," &c. p. 421.
The ice, which appears about the 50th and 60th degrees of latitude, would not mark the circumference of a spherical cap of fixed ice around the pole, but would only form a girdle or belt of variable width, &c.

"Cependant les habitans y font des trous de deux à quatre pieds de profondeur," &c. p. 439.
"At the same time the inhabitants have only to make two or three holes, four feet deep," &c. p. 430.
At the same time the inhabitants have only to make holes, from two to four feet deep.

"La Crimée et l'île de Taman qui en est voisine, renferment," &c. p. 473.
"The town and port of Taman, in the Crimea, upon the border of the Black Sea, contain," &c. p. 462.
The Crimea and the neighboring island of Taman contain, &c.

"—— ce qui donna aux animaux marins le tems de déposer leurs dépouilles au sein de la mer." p. 488.
"—— which gave to the marine animals time to retire into the bosom of the sea." p. 478.
—— which gave to marine animals time to deposit *their exuviæ* in the bosom of the sea.

I have given the above as examples of the inaccuracies in the English translation. I might have increased the number to a much greater amount; but these will suffice to substantiate the assertion that the translation is by no means an accurate one. I have attempted to correct this evil, and I trust I have, at least in part, succeeded. The present edition will, therefore, not only contain a body of notes, embracing such additional information and corrections of fact as I have thought essential, but an entire revision of the translation on the original.

AUGUST 14th, 1827. JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

EDINBURGH AND LONDON EDITION

OF THIS WORK.

The History and Theory of Geography, and the description of Asia, Africa, and of the Continent of Europe, will be corrected and improved by the Author, expressly for this translation.—The description of the British Empire, and of North and South America, is to be revised by gentlemen belonging to these countries, whose access to official documents will enable them to supply such important and valuable information as will render this part of the work in a great measure original.

A COMPLETE geographical work should comprise the substance of whatever is most interesting and authentic in the relations of voyagers and travellers—in the topographical works published in different countries—and in the statistical inquiries which have occasionally been made, by governments, societies, or individuals. It should describe, with accuracy, the situation, soil, and climate, raw and manufactured products, religious and political institutions, of the different countries of the world, and should give its readers every information respecting the number and *social condition* of their inhabitants. The extreme difficulty of properly executing a work of this kind is sufficiently obvious. It requires an extent and variety of reading and acquirements, to which very few can have any pretensions; and a patience of investigation, and soundness of judgment, still more rarely to be met with. Notwithstanding the popularity of geographical works, it is not, therefore, at all surprising, that they should be so very generally defective. Previous to the publication of Mr. Pinkerton's work, geographical science was, in this country, at the very lowest ebb. The *grammars* of Salmon and Guthrie, and the bulkier, but less valuable compilations of Martin, Gordon, Bankes, &c., presented only a confused mass of historical and statistical details, mixed together without the least regard to order, or to the relative importance of the subjects. But the inaccuracy of these publications was their principal and radical defect. The last slavishly copied the errors of those by which it had been preceded; statements were frequently inserted directly contradictory to each other; no authorities were ever referred to; and the reader had either to trust implicitly to the accuracy of the accounts before him, or to disregard them altogether. Mr. Pinkerton made some improvements on this method of compiling. He excluded the long historical details, which merely swell the size of geographical books, without adding to their real value; and he engrossed into his publication a considerable body of information derived from the relations of Spanish voyagers and travellers, and other works, which had not been consulted by former compilers. But Mr. Pinkerton's, though undoubtedly the best system of geography in the English language, is extremely imperfect. It often consists of little else than long extracts, clumsily put together, from the most common books of travels; only a very few authorities are referred to, and these frequently in such a manner as to render it impossible to verify the reference, and to occasion a doubt whether they had ever been consulted by the author; many of the most important statements have been shewn to be altogether erroneous; while the repulsive and affected style of the work is but ill calculated to recommend it to the general reader. By referring to vol. 10th of the Edinburgh Review, p. 154, it will be seen that this is very far, indeed, from being either a partial or an unjust character of Mr. Pinkerton's work.

But although Mr. Pinkerton's work had been as complete as it is defective, the extraordinary changes which have taken place since its publication would require the greater part of it to be entirely recomposed. The political constitution and territorial boundaries of the greater part of the kingdoms of Europe have been totally changed

since the overthrow of Napoleon Bonaparte. The purely regal governments of France, Spain, and Portugal, have given place to constitutional and limited monarchies; and in the newly erected kingdoms of Bavaria and Wirtemberg, the representatives of the people share the supreme legislative authority with the king and the nobles. Italy is, at this moment, in the crisis of a revolution. The ancient republic of Holland has been definitively united to the Netherlands, Norway to Sweden, the most valuable part of Saxony to Prussia, and the Duchy of Warsaw and Finland to Russia. These, and an infinite variety of other changes, which have taken place in Europe, joined to the rapid progress of the republic of the United States, and the emancipation of South America from the dominion of Old Spain, have essentially altered the political and social condition of the inhabitants of the two most important quarters of the globe.

But it is an unquestionable fact, that there is no geographical work in the English language (except mere compilations for the use of schools should be considered as such) accommodated to this new order of things. When such is the low state of this most useful and attractive science in this country, it cannot be doubted that a translation of M. Malte-Brun's *System of Universal Geography* will be acceptable to the public. This gentleman was peculiarly well qualified for executing a work of this kind. In conjunction with M. Mentelle, he had a considerable share in the compilation of the "Geographie de toutes les parties du Monde," in 16 vols. Subsequently, M. Malte-Brun edited the "Annales des Voyages," a publication continued for several years, and which contains more original and important information on geographical and statistical subjects than is to be found in any similar production. The work, which it is now intended to translate, was begun in 1812, and, it is expected, will be completed in about two years. *Five* volumes are already published; the *first* contains the History of Geography, and of the Progress of Discovery, from the earliest ages to the present day; the *second* contains the Theory of Mathematical, PHYSICAL, and Political Geography; and the *three* last contain the description of Asia, Africa, and America; the description of Europe will be comprised in *two* additional volumes, which will complete the work.

The character of Malte-Brun's Geography is now so well established as to render it unnecessary to enter into any particular examination of its contents. Every part of it has been elaborated with the utmost care and diligence: and it is impossible to peruse a single chapter without being satisfied of the variety and solidity of the author's acquirements. References are constantly given for every fact of any importance; and the author's intimate acquaintance with the German, Danish, and other northern languages, as well as with those of the more southern countries of Europe, has enabled him to avail himself of the information imbodied in various works of very great merit, which had not been consulted by any preceding French or English writer on geography. The volumes containing the History and the Theory of Geography cannot fail of being peculiarly acceptable to the English reader. They are executed with the greatest ability, and there are no works of the same kind in our language. Two large impressions of the first three volumes of the Paris edition have already been sold off.

Malte-Brun's Geography has been translated into German, (a sufficient proof of its merit,) and very valuable notes have been added by the German editors. It is intended to incorporate the greater part of these notes in the English edition. And as arrangements have been made for procuring the assistance of the author himself, and of gentlemen of distinguished literary attainments, both in this country and America, in the revising and correcting of the present translation, the Publishers entertain a confident expectation that it will be in every respect preferable to the original, and that it will form the most complete body of geographical science ever given to the public.